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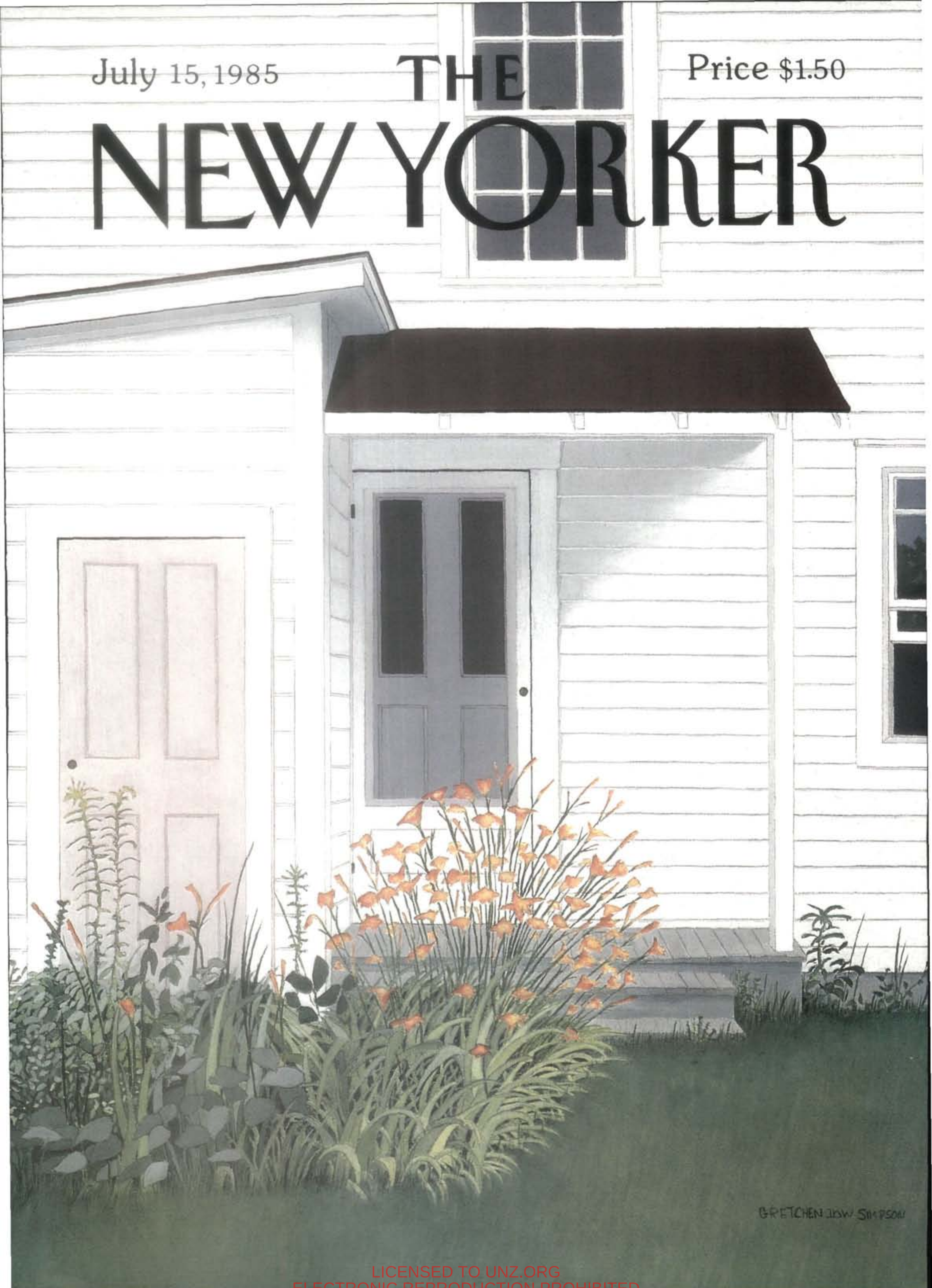

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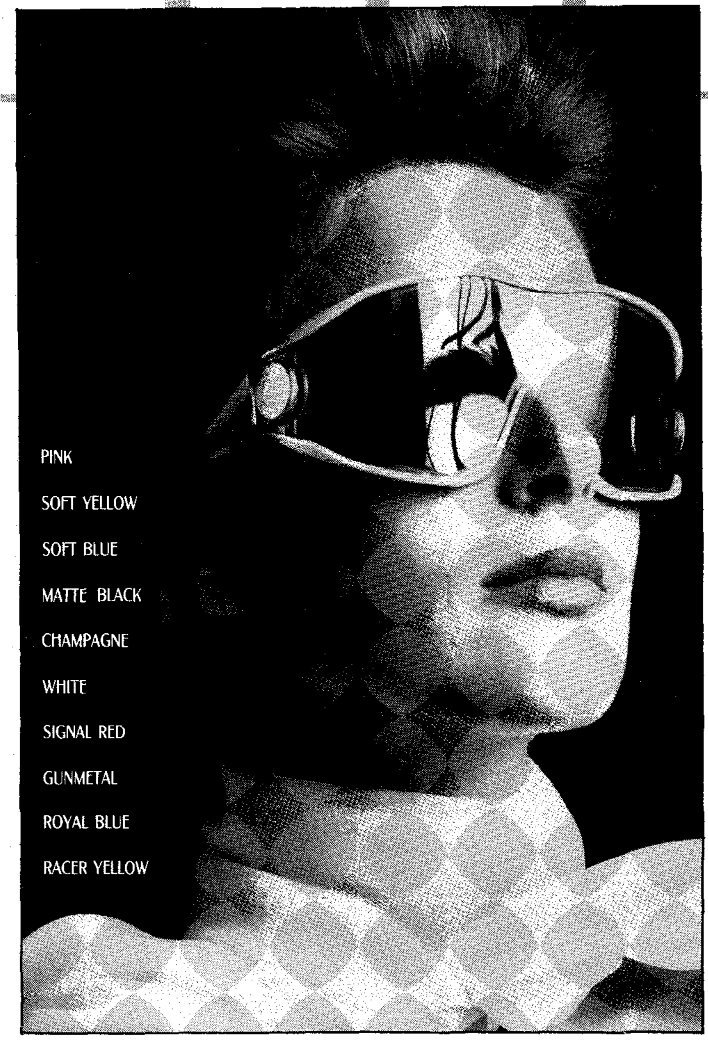
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

American Theatre Exchange—A festival of three productions by American regional theatre companies which will run through Saturday, Aug. 31. The second play, from Houston's Alley Theatre, is SEASON'S GREETINGS, by Alan Ayckbourn. Previews Wednesday, July 10. Opens officially on Thursday, July 11, and will run through Saturday, July 27. (Joyce, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 9; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 5.)

Aren't We All?—Claudette Colbert, Rex Harrison, Leslie O'Hara, Jeremy Brett, and George Rose in a revival of Frederick Lonsdale's London drawing-room comedy of 1923. Delightful nonsense, not to be missed. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/13/85.) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 21.)

Arms and the Man—A charming early Shaw comedy has been given an exaggerated, overly energetic production, directed by John Malkovich. Kevin Kline is admirable as Captain Bluntschli; the rest of the cast is showing off. (6/10/85) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

As Is—This touching play by William M. Hoffman concerns a personable young homosexual who is afflicted with AIDS, and is also a documentary of sorts about his milieu in this city. The lively, impressionistic performance was directed by Marshall W. Mason, and the acting by the large cast, several of whom appear in multiple roles, is just right. With Jonathan Hogan and Jonathan Hadary. (3/25/85) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Big River—A musical version of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." Twain's great novel has been respectfully dealt with in a book by William Hauptman, with music and lyrics by Roger Miller. Daniel H. Jenkins plays Huck, Ron Richardson plays Jim, and John Short plays Tom Sawyer. Heidi Landesman has provided an unusually evocative setting—somehow, she has managed to put the Mississippi River on a stage. (5/13/85) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Biloxi Blues—A comedy that verges on autohagiography, the hero being the author, Neil Simon, as a young Army draftee who, in 1943, is struggling to assume the mantle of writer. Matthew Broderick is the attractive star, and Barry Miller is superb as a young but already wizened Jewish intellectual. (4/8/85) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Dames at Sea—A revival of a musical by Jim Wise (score) and George Haimsohn and Robin Miller (book and lyrics). (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Doubles—The scene is a locker room in a tennis club in Connecticut, where four men undress and dress and undress while they talk over their more or less miserable lives. This is a comedy. The author is David Wiltse, and the four men are played by Austin Pendleton, John Cullum, Ron Leibman, and Tony Roberts. (5/20/85) (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Foreigner—A very funny play by Larry Shue, with a super performance by Anthony Heald and good performances by every single member of the company, most notably by Kevin Geer as a lovable half-wit. Jerry Zaks was the admirable director. (11/19/84) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Grand Kabuki—A company of ninety-one male actors, dancers, and musicians from Tokyo in a two-week engagement of six plays. The first program (SHIBARAKU, TACHI NUSO-BITO, KOJO, and KASANE) will play Wednesday and Thursday evenings, July 10-11; Friday evening, July 19; and Saturday matinée and evening, July 20. The second program (SAKURA-HIME AZUMA BUNSHO and TSHUCHIGUMO) will play Friday evening, July 12; Saturday matinée and evening, July 13; and Monday through Thursday evenings, July 15-18. A limited number of simultaneous-translation sets may be rented at each performance. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Closes Saturday, July 20.)

Hannah Senesh—A monologue based on the diaries and poems of the Zionist heroine. Lori Wilner is the monologuist. Written and directed by David Schechter, with music by Steven Lutvak, Elizabeth Swados, and Mr. Schechter. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30.)

I'm Not Rappaport—Herb Gardner's rather synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park is given an expert performance by Cleavon Little and Judd Hirsch. (6/17/85) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 869-4731. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Leader of the Pack—A mock-musical devoted to performing two dozen songs of the early sixties written by Ellie Greenwich, who turns up in person. (4/22/85) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Rudolf Friml's THE VAGABOND KING. (Norman Thomas Theatre, 111 E. 33rd St. 532-6180. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

The Lisbon Traviata—Terrence McNally's play about the end of a homosexual love affair, accompanied by operatic recordings and gossipy jokes about opera stars. Mr. McNally is a clever writer, but his bitchy dialogue soon grows tiresome. With Seth Allen. John Tillinger directed. (Theatre Off Park, 28 E. 35th St. 679-6283. Wednesday through Friday at 8, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Closes Saturday, July 13.)

The Marriage of Bette and Boo—Christopher Durang's very funny, mordant satire on a Catholic "Marriage à la Mode," with the playwright himself as the luckless son of the

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couple being examined. The performance, under Jerry Zaks' direction, is absolutely first-rate. (5/27/85) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Mayor—A musical based on the best-seller of the same name by Edward I. Koch. With a score and lyrics by Charles Strouse and a book by Warren Leight. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

New York Shakespeare Festival—Directed by Joseph Papp himself, a buoyant, witty, heartfelt production of **MEASURE FOR MEASURE** is a triumph for his Festival and for William Shakespeare, whose every point is made and whose every idea, emotion, and line are realized. The acting is flawless, top to bottom. Richard Jordan is Angelo, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio is Isabella, John Getz is the Duke, and Laura MacDermott is Mariana. Among the comic lowlifes are William Duff-Griffin, Nathan Lane, Gregory Salata, Robert Stanton, Tom Toner, and Rosemary DeAngelis. The enchanting musical interludes are by Allen Shawn. Handsome setting, costumes, and lighting by Robin Wagner, Lindsay W. Davis, and Richard Nelson. The first of two productions to be presented in the Delacorte Theatre this summer. (Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Through Sunday, July 21. For information about free tickets, call 861-7277.)

The Normal Heart—An interminable, trashy non-play about AIDS, and its victims in the homosexual community of this city, who are compared to the Jews under the Nazis. The names Hitler, Roosevelt, Morgenthau, and, eventually, Mayor Koch are dropped with equal contempt. The evening is an insult to its audience and, what is far more serious, to the sufferers from this dreadful, seemingly hopeless disease. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Odd Couple—Neil Simon has turned his successful comedy of twenty years ago, which was about a couple of male bachelors, into an unsuccessful comedy about a couple of female bachelors. The cast is headed by Rita Moreno and Sally Struthers. (6/24/85) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

One Man Band—A musical starring James Lecesne, with a score by Marc Elliot and Larry Hochman, lyrics by Mr. Elliot, and a book by Mr. Lecesne. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Options—A musical revue with lyrics by Walter Willison and a score by Jefrey Silverman. The authors, along with Jo Anna Rush and Julie Budd, make up the cast. Opens Wednesday, July 10, at 7. (Circle Repertory Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Orphans—A melodrama, by Lyle Kessler, about two young brothers—one a street thief and pickpocket, the other an apparent dimwit—and an older mobster who takes over their house and their lives. The first act works quite well, the second is merely serviceable, but what really counts is the performance, under the dynamic direction of Gary Sinise. The actors are Kevin Anderson, Terry Kinney, and John Mahoney, and the show is an import from the Steppenwolf Company of Chicago. (5/20/85) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Penn & Teller—A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. (5/6/85) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sunday, July 14, at 7. Matinées Thursdays at 1 and Sundays at 3.)

Raw Youth—A play by Neal Bell. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

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Singin' in the Rain—What can only be called a watered-down version of the celebrated M-G-M original. The show, directed and choreographed by Twyla Tharp, tries to do too many things at once, with a cast that is hardworking but not very winsome; the absence of the incomparable Gene Kelly becomes a rueful presence. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** A remembrance of things past, by Neil Simon. The hero is a sex-obsessed fifteen-year-old. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A dazzling production of a musical that has little wit and a lot of phony sentimentality about the tenderhearted family life of homosexuals. The music, by Jerry Herman, is Broadway-romantic. The two stars are Van Johnson and George Hearn. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CATS:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** The slickest possible production of a musical comedy whose book, music, and lyrics are almost totally lacking in character. If Michael Bennett, the director, had been a Union general, the Civil War would have lasted about twenty minutes. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,488 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOOL FOR LOVE:** Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Thursdays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **ISN'T IT ROMANTIC:** A spirited production of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.) . . . **SUNDAY IN THE PARK WITH GEORGE:** Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine have invented a highly entertaining musical about Georges Seurat and his celebrated painting of the island of La Grande Jatte. Harry Groener is Seurat and Maryann Plunkett is Seurat's model and mistress. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE TAP DANCE KID:** An attractive cast does much to brighten what is otherwise a curiously gloomy musical about a black family making good. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Forbidden Broadway 1985—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

Catherine Mapp—With Sheila Jordan and Harvie Swartz in a program of dance and jazz. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Monday, July 15, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**PEGGY LEE** is singing here Tuesdays at eight-thirty, and Wednesdays through Saturdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A Latin-jazz festival is in progress: conga drummer **RAY BARRETTO'S** Salsa Jazz Orchestra and pianist **JORGE DALTO** & his Inter-American Band through Sunday, July 14; pianist **HILTON RUIZ** and the Latin Jazz All-Stars on Monday, July 15; and **TITO PUENTE** and his Latin Jazz Ensemble and **MONGO SANTAMARIA'S** band starting Tuesday, July 16. Music from nine. Trumpeter **TED CURSON** conducts after-hours (real late, after the last set) jam sessions every night but Monday. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The oh-so-varied lineup: Friday, July 12, **DOC WATSON** and Last Roundup; Saturday, July 13, a benefit concert, with Steve and Tom Chapin participating; Sunday, July 14, high-wire trumpeter **MAYNARD FERGUSON** and his orchestra and comic Mike Rowe; Monday, July 15, mandolinist **DAVID GRISMAN'S** quartet and John McEuen; Thursday through Saturday, July 18-20, singer **CISSY HOUSTON** & the Sweet Inspirations. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—The jazz, in the form of duos: pianist HILTON RUIZ and bassist RON MC CLURE perform through Saturday, July 13; pianist KENNY BARRON will arrive with his bass player on Monday, July 15. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—ADAM MAKOWICZ is at the piano Mondays through Fridays from eight to midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Bluegrass and Irish music: Wednesday, July 10, John Whelan & Eileen Ivers, with Mark Simos; Saturday, July 13, SKYLINE, with banjoist TONY TRISCHKA; and Saturday, July 20, the Neon Valley Boys. There is Irish music on Mondays and Fridays. Music from eight on Wednesdays and Thursdays and from nine Mondays, Fridays, and Saturdays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The surviving home on the block for traditional small-band jazz. Music nightly from eight-thirty. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Electric violinist Noel Pointer is sequestered here Thursday through Sunday, July 11-14; Thursday through Sunday, July 18-21, will be given over to singer ANNIE ROSS and her trio. Mondays are claimed by guitarist and inventor LES PAUL, the Thomas Edison of reverb who was once known as Rhubarb Red. No doubt his garage and household effects and recording-studio implements will someday be found in the Smithsonian. Sets begin Sundays, Mondays, and Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)— Considerably more musical than Tie City or Food City. Wednesday, July 10, Eugene Chadbourne, Pianosaurus, and the Wild Hyenas; Thursday, July 11, comedian Bill McLaughlin; Friday, July 12, the PERSUASIONS; Saturday, July 13, Carolyn Mas and Tom Intondi; Tuesday, July 16, Parker MacDonald in a benefit program; Wednesday, July 17, the Nightmares and Scruffy the Cat; Friday, July 19, Danny O'Keefe; Saturday, July 20, guitar specialist STEFAN GROSSMAN. Shows are usually at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Wednesdays through Saturdays, Kitt Moran sings with pianist Mike Moran and bassist John Arbo; Mondays belong to pianist Baba Motta and bassist John Belzaguy; and Tuesdays are reserved for guitarist CHUCK WAYNE'S trio. All these groups begin about ten.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A spiffy bar and back-room restaurant with a piano in it. DICK WELLSTOOD is at the keyboard through Saturday, July 13, and JUDY CARMICHAEL will take charge on Tuesday, July 16. Sundays Keith MacDonald owns the keyboard, and on Mondays, you can hear John Colianni. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners listening to good musicians. Pianist ROGER KELLAWAY and bassist MICHAEL MOORE work together through Saturday, July 13; pianist KIRK LIGHTSEY and bassist CECIL MC BEE will collaborate starting Tuesday, July 16. Music from nine-thirty.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Folk, rock, country, blues, regional food (chili and guacamole), and regional dress (Bermuda shorts). The lineup: Wednesday, July 10, Lonnie Mack and Joady Guthrie; Thursday, July 11, Lonnie Mack and the Mallet Playboys; Friday, July 12, Fat City and the Carter Brothers; Saturday, July 13, the Carter Brothers and Soozie Tyrell; Monday, July 15, QUEEN IDA & THE BON TEMPS ZYDECO BAND, a bayou-blues-and-Cajun outfit; Tuesday and Wednesday, July 16-17, ALBERT COLLINS, a moving, modern blues singer and guitarist, and blues guitarist and singer LONNIE BROOKS; Thursday, July 18, New Riders of the Purple Sage; Friday, July 19, La Bamba & the Hubcaps and Steel Angel; and Saturday, July 20, the Mindy J. Band and Steel Angel. Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Eddy Davis and the Turn of the Century Minstrels are presenting a program called "The Roots of American Jazz" Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen usually drops by to play clarinet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The music scene here is cooler than a Columbus Avenue gelato and the music hotter than a Columbus Avenue taco. The lineup: Wednesday, July 10, pianist Bob Sardo & Firemist; Thursday, July 11, Roland Vazquez; Friday and Saturday, July 12-13, Brazilian singer Leny Andrade; and Thursday, July 18, Steve Bargonetti. Music from about ten until two.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock from the eighties in a half-century-old ballroom: Thursday, July 11, Fiona and the Ravyns; Friday, July 12, Sylvain Sylvain, the Rattlers, and Ten-Ten; Monday, July 15, New Orleans' own NEVILLE BROTHERS; and Friday, July 19, China Crisis. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven. Dancing.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Jazz and fusion: Wednesday, July 10, singer Connie James, with Tony Bridges and Yves Gerard; Thursday, July 11, KELVYNATOR, with guitarist KELVYN BELL; Friday and Saturday, July 12-13, saxophonist RONNIE CUBER; Sunday, July 14, Stretch; Tuesday, July 16, Night Shift; Wednesday, July 17, alto saxophonist David Bond's quartet; Thursday, July 18, drummer Mike Clark; and Friday and Saturday, July 19-20, MIKE STERN and LARRY WILLIS. Mondays are reserved for the TOM PIERSON orchestra. Music from nine-thirty.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian, Caribbean, and African music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* and generally wildly rhythmic music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday, July 10, saxophonist OLIVER LAKE & JUMP UP; Thursday, July 11, calypsonian Lord Nelson & Designer; Friday, July 12, Tabou Combo; Saturday, July 13, PE-DE-BOI; Sunday, July 14, Bocca Thiam; Wednesday, July 17, Skah Shah; Thursday, July 18, the AFRICAN CONNECTION; and Friday and Saturday, July 19-20, LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—The swinging jazz theorist GEORGE RUSSELL & THE LIVING TIME ORCHESTRA are occupying these quarters through Sunday, July 14; on Tuesday, July 16, the NEW YORK JAZZ QUARTET—FRANK WESS, ROLAND HANNA, GEORGE MRAZ, and MARVIN SMITH—will move in with some lilting, straight-ahead stuff. Mondays are GIL EVANS nights: when his experienced but unjaded BIG BAND, with its unmistakable Evansian blur of instruments, plays Charlie Parker tunes on top of a heavy rock beat, it sounds like bebop march music. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Mondays after nine are salsa nights in the barnlike downstairs room. On July 15, LUIS (PERICO) ORTIZ, the GRUPO FASCINACIÓN, and tenor saxophonist FRANK FOSTER, the guest jazz soloist, will all be here. On Fridays and Saturdays pianist DR. JOHN and his New Orleans Jazz Band occupy the stage at ten and midnight. . . . ¶ Meanwhile, out on the Terrace, pianist JUNIOR MANCE and bassist MARTY RIVERA perform every night but Monday after nine-thirty. And, in addition, jazz harpist DAPHNE HELLMAN plays Tuesdays with her combo.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world are attracted to this famous, unpretentious basement establishment, fifty years old this year. Saxophonist JOE HENDERSON works with pianist FRED HERSCH, bassist RON CARTER, and drummer AL FOSTER through Sunday, July 14, and tenor saxophonists CHICO and VON FREEMAN will bring in a quintet on Tuesday,

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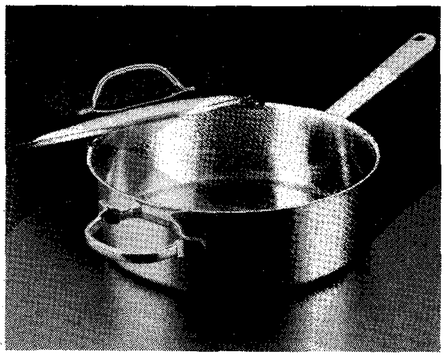

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July 16. **BOB MINTZER'S** Big Band will play on Monday, July 15. Music after ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food (Columbia University is just across Broadway), beyond the pinball machines is a room full of live jazz. Saxophonist **DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN** heads a foursome through Sunday, July 14; Monday and Tuesday, July 15-16, belong to singer Lodi Carr, saxophonist **PEPPER ADAMS,** and pianist **ROLAND HANNA;** and drummer **CHARLI PERSIP** will begin leading a quartet on Wednesday, July 17. Music from about nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and pianists or guitarists and bassists in it. The music schedule: pianist Larry Vuckovich and bassist **WALTER BOOKER** through Saturday, June 13; guitarist **JACK WILKINS** and bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ** Tuesday through Saturday, July 16-20; and pianist Jim Roberts and bassist Brian Torff every Monday. Music from eight. Closed Sundays.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

IRVING PLAZA—Thursday, July 11: Dream Syndicate. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 18: The Textones. (17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728. Shows start about 10.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

BILL BARRELL—Abstract Expressionist oils that have figurative elements. Through Saturday, July 20. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway. Closed Mondays, open Saturdays.)

THOMAS DOWNING—Geometric abstractions, mostly from the sixties. Through Saturday, July 20. (Bouckaert, 100 Hudson St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

ALICE FORMAN—Colorful still-lifes in oil. Through Thursday, July 18. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALBERTO AND DIEGO GIACOMETTI—Elegant tables, chairs, lampstands, andirons, and so on, made of cast bronze by the sculptor and his brother. Through July 26. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

MICHAEL HEIZER—Paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs in a show that coincides with his installation at the Whitney Museum. Through Sept. 14. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

GARY KAHN / CATHERINE KOENIG—Freestanding geometric sculptures in painted wood or Corten steel. / Large seashells, derby hats crowned with bridal wreaths, and trompe-l'oeil collages, all painted in egg tempera or pastels. Through Friday, July 19. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

ANDREWS KELLY—Abstract paintings. Through July 26. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St.)

GEORGE PETTY (1894-1975)—More than a hundred renderings (most air-brushed) of the Petty Girl, who was the star *Esquire* pinup of the early thirties and forties but looks sadly out of it today, especially in the light of current centerfolds. Through July 26. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

JANET STAYTON—Tiger lilies, tulips, and irises stand out in this group of floral monotypes. Through Friday, July 19. (Heesy, 50 W. 57th St.)

FROM THE COLLECTION OF SOL LEWITT—Conceptual and Minimalist works in the artist's collection, which includes a plywood-box sculpture by Donald Judd and a tape recording of birdcalls by Louise Lawler. Through Aug. 26. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, 33 Washington Pl.)

ART ON THE BEACH—Ten installations, each created by a different group of individuals (for instance, an artist, an architect, and a dancer) and each the site of a performance, are the summer tenants on a plot of sand next to the Hudson River. The show is Creative Time's last project at this place. (Battery Park Landfill, Gate 18, Chambers and West Sts. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5:30. Performances are held Sunday and Wednesday evenings at 6:30. Tickets at the gate.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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14	15	16	17	18	19	20

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 20 W. 57th St.: The gallery's annual Old Master print exhibition includes fourteen etchings by Rembrandt and nine engravings and woodcuts by Dürer. Through Aug. 7. . . . **BLUM HELMAN,** 20 W. 57th St.: Big, powerful figurative paintings in wax and oils by Bruno Ceccobelli and Jeff Gompertz, and big, powerful paintings of droopy tulips, in acrylics, by José María Sicilia. Through July 26. . . . **BROWN,** 100 Greene St.: An assortment of drawings by ten sculptors, Abraham David Christian, Joel Fisher, and Italo Scanga among them. Through July 26. . . . **CONDESO-LAWLER,** 76 Greene St.: Abstract paintings by nearly two dozen artists, including Robert Mangold, Elizabeth Harms, Agnes Martin, and Sean Scully. Through July 27. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER,** 137 Greene St.: Drawings on loan from the Museo Correr, in Venice, which represent work done in that city from the Renaissance through the nineteenth century. Through July 27. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **FRANKLIN FURNACE,** 112 Franklin St.: More than two hundred artists' books, other autographic works, and periodicals that were added to the archives in the past year; early Gilbert and George postcards, for instance. Also, sound installations by James Green and Stephanie Rowden. Through July 27. (Opens Tuesdays through Fridays at noon; Saturdays at 1.) . . . **FRUMKIN,** 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings and constructed works, each based on either an outline or silhouette. Contributors to the show include Luis Cruz Azaceta, Robert Warrens, and Dan Rice. Through Aug. 16. . . . **GLADSTONE,** 152 Wooster St.: Six artists' views of life in our times—Sue Coe's collage painting of a subway vigilante is one. Through July 26. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **HERSTAND,** 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Emil Schumacher, Antoni Tàpies, and Emilio Vedova; sculptures by Gonzalo Fonseca, Joan Miró, and Isamu Noguchi. Through Aug. 9. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **HOFFMAN,** 429 West Broadway: The joys of summer (a hammock, a beach, a pool) are captured in the photographs, paintings, and sculptures of Joan Brown, Malcolm Morley, Juan González, Alan Siegel, and others. Through Aug. 2. . . . **KENNEDY,** 40 W. 57th St.: Traditional American still-lifes from the eighteenth century to the twentieth. Through Monday, July 15. . . . **MC COY,** 19 E. 71st St.: Multilayered abstract drawings by Michael Hurson, figure and head studies by Grégoire Müller, and surreal pastels of eyes and noses by Alan Turner. Through Monday, July 15. . . . **PEARL,** 38 E. 57th St.: Paintings by James Hennessey and Ellen Wiener and sculptures by Joseph Militello, Charles Spurrier, and Josephine Bentivegna. Through July 26. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PLUMB,** 81 Greene St.: A reconstruction by Dennis Oppenheim of his 1979 sculptural work "Jail Break," plus paintings by Gregory Botts, Jeff Gompertz, and Jacques Flechemuller, in the inaugural show of this gallery, formerly Manhattan Art, under its new name. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **RYAN,** 452 Columbus Ave., at 81st St.: Prints of New York by Stow Wengenroth, Louis Lozowick, Edward Hopper, and many others. Through Sunday, July 14. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . **TATISTCHEFF,** 50 W. 57th St.: Figure paintings by six artists, William Clutz and Kathryn Freeman among them. Through Aug. 15. . . . **VANDERWOUDE TANANBAUM,** 24 E. 81st St.: Surrealist paintings and sculptures by seven young artists, including Cheryl Laemmle, Mike Berg, and Nick Ghiz. Through July 31. . . . **WUNDERLICH,** 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings and bronzes of the American West from the Bierstadt and Remington era. Through Sept. 20. . . . **ZABRISKIE,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Paintings of imaginative flying machines, some of them done on pieces of airplanes, by Jean-Luc Poivret; bits of discarded industrial machinery arranged as still-lifes, touched up with paint, and photographed in Cibachrome by Pascal Kern; and hand-forged metal sculptures, plus ceramic pieces, by Peter Briggs. Through July 26. . . . **ZARRE,** 41 E. 57th St.: Abstract paintings and sculptures by Elizabeth de Cuevas, Michael Malpass, Esteban Vicente, Deborah Remington, and others. Through Saturday, July 20. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

¶ Following is an arbitrary list of other galleries that are open, usually with changing exhibitions of works pulled from their stock: **ACA,** 21 E. 67th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PAM ADLER,** 578 Broadway. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **DE NAGY,** 41 W. 57th St. . . . **DEUTSCH,** 20 W. 57th St. . . . **FRENCH,** 41 W. 57th St. . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE,** 24 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GRAHAM,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. . . . **GRUENEBAUM,** 38 E. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **KIND,** 136 Greene St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MC KEE,** 41 E. 57th St. . . . **METRO PICTURES,** 150 Greene St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **OSCARSSON HOOD,** 41 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PROTETCH,** 37 W. 57th St. . . . **ALEX ROSENBERG,** 20 W. 57th St. . . . **WILLARD,** 29 E. 72nd St.

PHOTOGRAPHY

JULIA MARGARET CAMERON (1815-79) / **MICHAEL LEVINE**—A travelling show from Great Britain of more than a hundred prints, including portraits of Carlyle, Darwin, Tennyson, and Alice (in Wonderland) Liddell. / Color prints, constructions, and paintings by an artist who looks to the urban environment for his subjects—smokestacks and building façades, for instance. Through July 28. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

SANDI FELLMAN—Large-format Polaroids of human figures, primarily body builders and tattooed Japanese men and women. Through Aug. 23. (Witkin, in a new location at 415 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

GEORGE FORSS—Familiar city locations such as Rockefeller Center, the Bronx Zoo, and Wall Street by a photographer who sells his work on the sidewalks of midtown. At the New York Public Library; see below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

EIKOH HOSOE—Black-and-white portraits of the Japanese writer Yukio Mishima. Through July 27. (Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. Opens Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1.)

MILTON ROGOVIN—A retrospective of photographs has been mounted by the Brooklyn Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

GROUP SHOWS—At the **LAURENCE MILLER,** 38 E. 57th St.: Self-portraits by Anne Rowland, Elizabeth Turk, Lee Friedlander, and others. Through Aug. 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PFEIFER,** 568 Broadway: Charles Gatewood was the juror who chose about fifty photographs he describes as "humorous and off-beat." From the Catskill Center for Photography. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **URDANG,** 23 E. 74th St.: Photographs by nine artists; sculptures by James Acevedo. Through July 27. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **WOLF,** 30 W. 57th St.: Summertime photographs by Josef Sudek, Eugène Atget, Helen Levitt, Edward Weston, and others. Through Aug. 23.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—From the museum's collection of seventy pianos, a kind of genealogical selection—the oldest existing piano (1720), built by the instrument's inventor, Cristofori, and about thirty of its progeny; audioguides are available on which visitors can hear them being played. . . . ¶ An exhibit of a hundred pre-Columbian gold objects from the collection of Jan Mitchell. Through Aug. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A Kurt Schwitters retrospective that includes a comprehensive selection of collages by one of the first artists to use that form. . . . ¶ Nearly sixty works on paper (not strictly) by six contemporary Americans: Robert Morris, Bruce Nauman, James Rosenquist, Robert Ryman, Pat Steir, and Robert Wilson. (Ryman has used anodized aluminum instead of paper.) Through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ A display of works by two European architects; Ricardo Bofill is represented by photographs of apartment buildings in France, and Leon Krier, who designs but does not build, is necessarily represented by drawings. Through Sept. 3. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 14 W. 54th St., is open, free, Friday and Saturday evenings from 6 to 10, with entertainment on Fridays (rain date Saturdays) at 8.

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A show of a hundred paintings which could be said to deliver a cram course in the principal styles used by American and European artists of the past forty years. From the museum's collections and from private donors. Through Sept. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A selection of more than ninety of the drawings that have entered the collection over the past few years. Through Sept. 22. . . . ¶ A sixteen-foot-high corrugated-cardboard reproduction of one of Michael Heizer's earthworks fills the fourth-floor gallery. Through Sept. 1. A complementary exhibit is at Xavier Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. (The museum is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—An exhibition of Japanese folk art. Starts Friday, July 12. . . . ¶ A show of photographs by Milton Rogovin. Through July 22. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The ancient Mayan civilization is recaptured and documented in an exhibit of objects (in gold, wood, jade, and shell), plus maps and photographic blowups. Through July 28. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

ASIA SOCIETY, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—A show devoted to seventeenth- to nineteenth-century Japanese artists who re-created supernatural figures in Japanese folklore—the Taoist Immortals, Shūki the Demon Queller, and Kabuki ghosts among them. Paintings, scrolls, screens, etc. Organized by the Spencer Museum of Art, University of Kansas. Through Sept. 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An all-purpose exhibit about wine as a creative stimulant: Chalices, decanters, goblets, and vessels of every kind; wallpaper, prints, textiles, and other decorative objects using grapevine patterns. Also, equipment for harvesting and processing—for instance, a large copper-and-brass still from the Cognac region of France. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) . . . ¶ Music in the garden: On Tuesday, July 16, at 6:30, Oliver Lake will present jazz compositions for string quartet.

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A show of paintings and drawings by German artist Felix Nussbaum (1904-44), many from the period when he lived in hiding during the Second World War. The artist died at Auschwitz. Through Aug. 4. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of drawings and watercolors by Théodore Géricault, including fourteen preliminary studies for his best-known painting, "The Raft of the Medusa" (at the Louvre). Through July 31. (Open daily except Sundays and Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 125 W. 55th St.—High points in Southern folk art have been gathered for a show of ninety pieces, including paintings, sculptures, textiles, furniture, and pottery. Through Aug. 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Still-lifes by Luis Meléndez, an eighteenth-century Spanish painter. Through Sept. 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—The bicentennial of Audubon's birth is cause for celebration at the society, which owns and has mounted all four hundred and thirty-three remaining original watercolors for "Birds of America." (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.; temporary entrance on 42nd St.—A show that commemorates England's colonial exploits in North America four hundred years ago, with emphasis on the Roanoke voyages initiated by Sir Walter Raleigh. Documentation: John White's 1585 watercolors depicting Indians and nature; a copy of a book written about an exploration of Virginia which has engravings based on the White watercolors; the first map of North Carolina; and a paper with the signatures of Queen Elizabeth I and Raleigh authorizing payment for arrows for the British Army. A hundred of the items come from the British Museum and British Library; fifty are from the New York library. Through Aug. 20. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6.) . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Prints by George Forss. Through Aug. 31. (This show is open Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

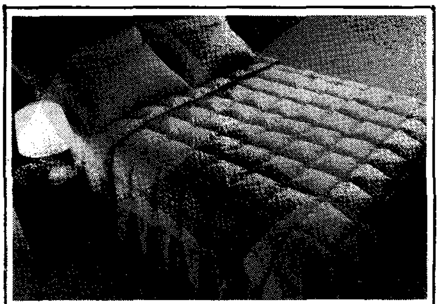
ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Betsy Hulton (dance), Friday through Sunday, July 12-14, at 9. . . . ¶ David Marquis (performance), Thursday through Saturday, July 18-20, at 9.

MUSIC

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Thursday, July 11, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Gianna Rolandi, Barry McCauley, Frederick Burchinal, and Harry Dworchak; conducted by Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Friday, July 12, at 8: "Carmen," with Elizabeth Hynes, Victoria Vergara, Harry Theyard, and William Dansby; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 13, at 2: "The Mikado," with Leigh Munro, Jane Shaulis, Rico Serbo, and William Wildermann; David Stahl. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 13, at 8: "The Mikado," with Claudette Peterson, Joyce Castle, David Eisler, and William Wildermann; David Stahl. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 14, at 1: "The Mikado," with Claudette Peterson, Jane Shaulis, Rico Serbo, and William Wildermann; David Stahl. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 14, at 7: "La Cenerentola," with Leigh Munro, Judith Forst, Joyce Castle, Michael Cousins, and Alan Titus; Alessandro Siciliani. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 16, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Gianna Rolandi, Barry McCauley, Frederick Burchinal, and Harry Dworchak; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 17, at 8: "La Rondine," with Elizabeth Knighton, Claudette Peterson, Jon Garrison, and David Eisler; Alessandro Siciliani. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 18, at 8: "La Cenerentola," with Leigh Munro, Judith Forst, Joyce Castle, Michael Cousins, and Alan Titus; Alessandro Sicili-



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500 Company Store Road, La Crosse, Wisconsin 54601.

ani. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 19-20, at 8: "The Student Prince," with Elizabeth Hynes, Jon Garrison, and Adib Fazah; Paul Gemignani. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 20, at 2: "The Student Prince," with Leigh Munro, Mark Thomsen, and Dominic Cossa; Paul Gemignani. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Nov. 17.)

Mostly Mozart Festival—A seven-week season of orchestra, chamber-music, and recital programs. All programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7. Wednesday, July 10: Gerard Schwarz conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra in a Mozart-Salieri program, with Elly Ameling, soprano; Horacio Gutiérrez, piano; Scott Goff, flute; and Leonard Arner, oboe. (No pre-concert recital.) . . . ¶ Thursday, July 11: Alexander Schneider conducting the orchestra in an all-Vivaldi program, with Christopher Parkening, classical guitarist, and Mr. Goff. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 12-13: Raymond Leppard conducting the orchestra, with Erie Mills, soprano, and Wynton Marsalis, trumpet. . . . ¶ Monday, July 15, and Wednesday, July 17: Gerard Schwarz conducting the orchestra, with Garrick Ohlsson, piano, and Dmitry Sitkovetsky, violin. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 16: The Tokyo String Quartet, with Mr. Gutiérrez; Ransom Wilson, flute; and Kim Kashkashian, viola. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 18: A repeat of the July 11th program. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 19-20: Raymond Leppard conducting the orchestra, with André Watts, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Through Saturday, Aug. 24.)

New Calliope Singers—Peter Schubert directing the last in a series of all-Bach programs, this one with Lynne Vardaman, soprano; Jacqueline Pierce, alto; Frank Ream, tenor; and Richard Bollig, bass. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, July 14, at 3. For tickets, call 864-6765.)

Diane Monroe—Violin. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Monday, July 15, at 6.)

Rochelle Mancini—Soprano. (Town Hall. Wednesday, July 17, at 6.)

Donald Joyce—Organ, in an all-Bach program. (Church of St. John the Evangelist, First Ave. at 55th St. Thursday, July 18, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

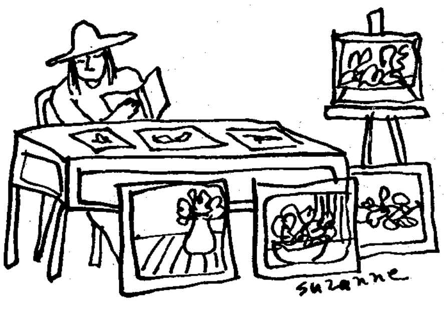
IN THE COUNTRY

Tanglewood Festival—Wednesday, July 10, at 8:30: John Williams directing the Boston Pops Orchestra in a program of American popular music, with vocalist Byron Motley and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Friday, July 12, at 7: The Brattle String Quartet in a Schubert-Mendelssohn program. . . . ¶ Friday, July 12, at 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony, with Peter Serkin, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 13, at 8:30: Esa-Pekka Salonen conducting, with Shlomo Mintz, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 14, at 2:30: Katia and Marielle Labèque, duo piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 18, at 8:30: Manuel Barrueco, classical guitarist. . . . ¶ Friday, July 19, at 7: The New England Harp Trio. . . . ¶ Friday, July 19, at 9: Charles Dutoit conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Berlioz program, with Tatiana Troyanos, mezzo-soprano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 20, at 8:30: Leonard Bernstein conducting an all-Brahms program, with Marek Drewnowski, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 21, at 2:30: Charles Dutoit conducting a Handel-Mozart-Schubert program; no soloists. (Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Sept. 1. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1666.)

Caramoor Festival—Thursday, July 11, at 4:15: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble, with Ilana Vered, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 12, at 9: The St. Luke's String Quartet, with Ruth Laredo, piano, and William Blount, clarinet. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 13, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting the Orchestra of St. Luke's, with Eugene Istomin, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 14, at 5:30: Michael Feldman conducting the ensemble, with Dawn Upshaw, soprano; Myron Lutzke, cello; Stephen Taylor, oboe d'amore; and Eriko Sato, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 18, at 4:15: The ensemble, with Marvis Martin, soprano, and Robert Wolinsky, fortepiano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 19, at 9: Michael Feldman conducting the ensemble, with Elizabeth Pruett, soprano; Elizabeth Mann, flute; and Dennis Godburn, recorder. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 20, at 8:30: Michael Feldman conducting the orchestra in a Mozart-Salieri program, with Mr. Blount and Mr. Godburn, bassoon. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 21, at 5:30: The Emerson String Quartet. (Katonah, N.Y. Through Sunday, Aug. 25. For information about tickets, call 1-914 232-5035.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Final performances (tentative schedule) by the **NEW YORK CITY BALLET.** Wednesday evening, July 10: "Bugaku," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Eight Lines," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Thursday matinée, July 11: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Valse Fantaisie," and "Cortège Hongrois." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, July 11: "Bugaku," "Firebird," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Friday evening, July 12: "Symphony in Three Movements," "Apollo," and "Gounod Symphony." (A benefit performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, July 13: "Square Dance," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Valse Fantaisie," and "Cortège Hongrois.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, July 13: "Square Dance," "Firebird," and "La Valse." . . . [**NOTE:** A special concert will be given by Air Supply on Sunday evening, July 14.] . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, July 16: "Rossini Quartets," "The Cage," "Andantino," and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, July 17: "The Four Temperaments," an unnamed ballet (première), and "Gershwin Concerto." . . . ¶ Thursday matinée, July 18: "The Four Temperaments," "Firebird," and "Gounod Symphony." . . . ¶ Thursday, evening, July 18: "Rossini Quartets," "Poulenc Sonata," and "Gershwin Concerto." . . . ¶ Friday evening, July 19: "The Four Temperaments," "The Cage," "Andantino," and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, July 20: "Bugaku," the new ballet, and "Gounod Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, July 20: "Square Dance," "Poulenc Sonata," and "Gershwin Concerto." (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:15; matinées at 2. Through Friday, Aug. 30. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Summerfare—A festival of theatre, dance, and music. **WEDNESDAY, JULY 10, AT 7:** A performance of the Handel opera "Julius Caesar." . . . **THURSDAY, JULY 11, AT 7:30:** A performance of the Handel opera "Teseo." . . . **AT 7:45:** "Büchner Trilogy," a production of La Compagnia del Collettivo di Parma, an avant-garde theatre company from Italy. . . . **AT 8:** The London Symphony Orchestra in an all-Elgar program, conducted by Norman Del Mar, with Alexander Baillie, cello. . . . **FRIDAY, JULY 12, AT 7:** "Julius Caesar." . . . **AT 7:30:** "Teseo." . . . **AT 7:45:** "Büchner Trilogy." . . . **SATURDAY, JULY 13, AT 7:30:** A performance of the Handel opera "Tamerlane" (in English), directed by Andrew Porter. . . . **AT 7:45:** "Büchner Trilogy." . . . **AT 8:** The Boston Early Music Orchestra, conducted by Nicholas McGegan. . . . **AT 8:15:** The Borodin Trio. . . . **SUNDAY, JULY 14, AT 2 AND 7:45:** "Büchner Trilogy." . . . **AT 3:15:** "Julius Caesar." . . . **AT 3:30:** "Tamerlane." . . . **AT 6:** "Teseo." . . . **MONDAY, JULY 15, AT 7:30:** "Teseo." . . . **WEDNESDAY, JULY 17, AT 7:** "Julius Caesar." . . . **THURSDAY, JULY 18, AT 7:45:** Shakespeare's "Macbeth," by La Compagnia del Collettivo di Parma. . . . **AT 8:** The Kenneth Rinker Dance Company. . . . **AT 8:15:** The Lydian Quartet. . . . **FRIDAY, JULY 19, AT 7:** "Julius Caesar." . . . **AT 7:30:** Spanish performance artist Carles Santos. . . . **AT 7:45:** "Macbeth." . . . **AT 8:** The Kenneth Rinker Dance Company. . . . **AT 10:30:** Composer/singer Diamanda Galas. . . . **SATURDAY, JULY 20, AT 7:30:** Diamanda Galas. . . . **AT 7:45:** "Macbeth." . . . **AT 8:** Carles Santos, with Spanish dancer Cesc Gelabert, and a program of four Bach cantatas. . . . **AT 10:30:** French cabaret performer Hélène Delavault. . . . **SUNDAY, JULY 21, AT 2 AND 7:** "Macbeth." . . . **AT 3:15:** "Julius Caesar" and Cesc Gelabert, with dancer Lydia Azzopardi. . . . **AT 7:** Hélène Delavault. . . . **AT 7:30:** The Marleen Pennison Dance Company. (State University at Purchase, N. Y. Through Sunday, July 28. For information about tickets, call 1-914 253-5900.)



Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 13: The Paul Taylor Dance Company. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 16-20: The Jacob's Pillow Ballet Ensemble and the American Ballroom Theatre. (Becket, Mass. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8:30; and Saturdays at 2 and 8:30. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**YANKEES** At Yankee Stadium: Vs. Kansas City, Wednesday, July 10, at 1. . . . ¶ Texas, Thursday and Friday, July 11-12, at 8; Saturday, July 13, at about 3 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities start at 2, and will include a couple of innings involving Joe DiMaggio and some of his former teammates and opponents); and Sunday, July 14, at 2. . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Atlanta, Thursday, July 18, at 7:35; Friday, July 19, at 8:05; and Saturday, July 20, at 4:05.

Golf—U.S.G.A. Women's Open Championship. (Baltusrol Golf Club, Springfield, N.J. Thursday through Sunday, July 11-14.)

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1; through Monday, July 29. The Lexington, Saturday, July 13; the Tremont, Sunday, July 14; and the Brooklyn Handicap, Saturday, July 20. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:53 and 12:59, and Saturdays and Sundays between 10:58 and 1:04.) . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 31. The Monmouth Oaks, Saturday, July 20. . . . **ATLANTIC CITY AT GARDEN STATE PARK,** Cherry Hill, N.J.: Weeknights at 8; through Thursday, July 25. . . . **WOODBINE,** Toronto: The Queen's Plate, Sunday, July 14.

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 3. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 23. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 17.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Memorial Band in this summer's series of concerts. (Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 4.)

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Friday, July 12, at 8: Bruce Ferden conducting an Hispanic program, with Ilya Martinez, soprano, and Rafael LeBron, baritone. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 13, at 8: Tania León conducting a varied program, with the Johnston Fantastic Symphony Steel Orchestra. (Prospect Park Bandshell, Brooklyn.)

South Street Seaport Museum—Free concerts on Pier 16. Friday, July 12: Microscopic Septet. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 13: Hilton Ruiz trio. . . . ¶ Friday, July 19: Lester Bowie's Brass Fantasy. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 20: Carmen Lundy and her trio. (East River at Fulton St. Evenings at 8. In the event of rain the concert will be given on the following Monday.)

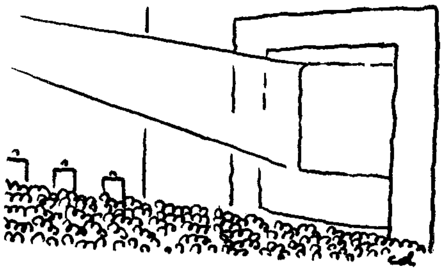
Musical Festival on the Pier—The Miller beer people's summertime concerts. Friday, July 12: Pat Metheny Group. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 16: The Turtles, Grass Roots, the Buckinghams, and others. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. Evenings at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 14. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Central Park Mall—Vincent La Selva directing the New York Grand Opera Company and the Schola Cantorum in the first two in a series of three productions. Wednesday, July 10, at 7:30: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English). . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 17, at 7:30: "La Bohème."

Walking Tour—A conducted tour of the SoHo area, sponsored by the *Museum of the City of New York.* Sunday, July 14, starting at the corner of Spring and Lafayette Sts., at 1:30. (For information about tickets, call 534-1672.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 12.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through July 11: "Rhapsody" (1954; directed by Charles Vidor), with Elizabeth Taylor, Vittorio Gassman, John Ericson, and Louis Calhern; and "The Girl Who Had Everything" (1953; Richard Thorpe), with Elizabeth Taylor, Fernando Lamas, William Powell, and Gig Young.
July 12-14: At 4, "Conspirator" (1950; Victor Saville), with Robert Taylor and Elizabeth Taylor; and "Elephant Walk" (1954; William Dieterle), with Elizabeth Taylor, Dana Andrews, and Peter Finch. At 8, "A Place in the Sun" (1951; George Stevens), with Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters; and "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" (1958; Richard Brooks), with Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman, and Burl Ives.
July 16-18: "Raintree County" (1957; Edward Dmytryk), with Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Eva Marie Saint.
From July 19: At 4, "The Taming of the Shrew" (†) and "Hammersmith Is Out" (†). At 8, "The V.I.P.s" (†) and "Secret Ceremony" (†).

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Pale Rider" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.

New Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"The Emerald Forest" (John Boorman), with Powers Boothe, Meg Foster, and Charley Boorman.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Cocoon" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome" (George Miller and George Ogilvie), with Mel Gibson.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Prizzi's Honor" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 11: "A View to a Kill" (†). From July 12: "Explorers" (Joe Dante).
Theatre 3: "Back to the Future" (Robert Zemeckis), with Michael J. Fox and Lea Thompson.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"St. Elmo's Fire" (Joel Schumacher), with Emilio Estevez and Rob Lowe.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Lifeforce" (Tobe Hooper), with Steve Railsback.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Prizzi's Honor" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Cocoon" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through July 13: "Stop Making Sense" (Jonathan Demme), with the Talking Heads; and "Metropolis" (1926; Fritz Lang; a German silent film).
From July 14: "The Coca-Cola Kid" (Dusan Makavejev), with Eric Roberts.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "The Goonies" (Richard Donner).
Theatre 2: "Pale Rider" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "St. Elmo's Fire" (Joel Schumacher), with Emilio Estevez and Rob Lowe.
Theatre 2: "Silverado" (Lawrence Kasdan), with Kevin Kline and Scott Glenn.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through July 18: "Witness" (†).
From July 19: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "The Shooting Party" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Emerald Forest" (John Boorman), with Powers Boothe, Meg Foster, and Charley Boorman.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Rambo: First Blood Part II" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 18: "Day of the Dead" (George A. Romero). From July 19: "The Legend of Billie Jean" (Matthew Robbins), with Helen Slater.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome" (George Miller and George Ogilvie), with Mel Gibson.

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Back to the Future" (Robert Zemeckis), with Michael J. Fox and Lea Thompson.
Theatre 2: Through July 11: "A View to a Kill" (†). From July 12: "Explorers" (Joe Dante).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Fletch" (Michael Ritchie), with Chevy Chase.

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Day of the Dead" (George A. Romero).

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Cocoon" (†).
Theatre 2: "Pale Rider" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Red Sonja" (Richard Fleischer), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Brigitte Nielsen.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "The Goonies" (Richard Donner).
Theatre 2: "Rambo: First Blood Part II" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "Letters from Marusia" (1976; directed by Miguel Littin; in Spanish), with Gian Maria Volonte.
Theatre 2: Through July 14: "Songwriter" (Alan Rudolph), with Willie Nelson and Kris Kristofferson. From July 15: "Dangerous Moves" (†).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Before Stonewall: The Making of a Gay and Lesbian Community" (Greta Schiller).
Theatre 2: "The Lift" (Dick Maas; in Dutch).

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Day of the Dead" (George A. Romero).
Theatre 2: "St. Elmo's Fire" (Joel Schumacher), with Emilio Estevez and Rob Lowe.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through July 11: "Fletch" (Michael Ritchie), with Chevy Chase. From July 12: "The Home and the World" (†).
Theatre 2: "Secret Honor" (†).
Theatre 3: "A Man Like Eva" (1983; Radu Gabrea; in German), with Eva Mattes.
Theatre 4: "The Brother from Another Planet" (John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles.

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Red Sonja" (Richard Fleischer), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Brigitte Nielsen.
Theatre 2: Through July 11: "The Purple Rose of Cairo" (†). From July 12: "The Goonies" (Richard Donner).
Theatre 3: "Silverado" (Lawrence Kasdan), with Kevin Kline and Scott Glenn.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Desperately Seeking Susan" (†).

Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th. (757-3100; closed Mondays.)
"Return to Oz" (Walter Murch), with Nicol Williamson and Jean Marsh.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Silverado" (Lawrence Kasdan), with Kevin Kline and Scott Glenn.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"St. Elmo's Fire" (Joel Schumacher), with Emilio Estevez and Rob Lowe.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
To be announced.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through July 14: "Dangerous Moves" (†).
July 15-18: Theatre closed.
From July 19: "The Man with One Red Shoe" (Stan Dragoti), with Tom Hanks.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Emerald Forest" (John Boorman), with Powers Boothe, Meg Foster, and Charley Boorman.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Fletch" (Michael Ritchie), with Chevy Chase.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "A Flash of Green" (Victor Nuñez), with Ed Harris and Blair Brown.
Theatre 2: "The Home and the World" (†).
Theatre 3: "Amadeus" (†).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "St. Elmo's Fire" (Joel Schumacher), with Emilio Estevez and Rob Lowe.
Theatre 2: "The Purple Rose of Cairo" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Henry IV" (Marco Bellocchio; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Claudia Cardinale.
Theatre 2: "Goodbye, New York" (Amos Kollek), with Julie Hagerty and Kollek.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Pale Rider" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.
Theatre 2: "Cocoon" (†).
Theatre 3: "Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome" (George Miller and George Ogilvie), with Mel Gibson.
Theatre 4: "Back to the Future" (Robert Zemeckis), with Michael J. Fox and Lea Thompson.
Theatre 5: Through July 11: "The Goonies" (Richard Donner). From July 12: "Explorers" (Joe Dante).
Theatre 6: "Prizzi's Honor" (†).

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
"The Emerald Forest" (John Borman), with Powers Boothe, Meg Foster, and Charley Boorman.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Rambo: First Blood Part II" (†).
Theatre 2: "Day of the Dead" (George A. Romero).
Theatre 3: "The Goonies" (Richard Donner).
Theatre 4: "Red Sonja" (Richard Fleischer), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Brigitte Nielsen.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "The Goonies" (directed by Richard Donner).
Theatre 2: "Cocoon" (†).
Theatre 3: "Secret Admirer" (David Greenwalt), with C. Thomas Howell.
Theatre 4: "Desperately Seeking Susan" (†).
Theatre 5: Through July 11: "Police Acade-

my 2: Their First Assignment" (Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg. From July 12: "Brewster's Millions" (Walter Hill), with Richard Pryor and John Candy.
Theatre 6: "Code of Silence" (Andy Davis), with Chuck Norris.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through July 18: "Red Sonja" (Richard Fleischer), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Brigitte Nielsen.
From July 19: "The Man with One Red Shoe" (Stan Dragoti), with Tom Hanks.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Red Sonja" (Richard Fleischer), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Brigitte Nielsen.
Theatre 3: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).
Theatre 4: "Witness" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
Through July 11: "A View to a Kill" (†).
From July 12: "Explorers" (Joe Dante).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: "Back to the Future" (Robert Zemeckis), with Michael J. Fox and Lea Thompson.
Theatre 2: Through July 11: Theatre closed. From July 12: "A View to a Kill" (†).

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Rambo: First Blood Part II" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"D.A.R.Y.L." (Simon Wincer), with Mary Beth Hurt and Michael McKean.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Prizzi's Honor" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Emerald Forest" (John Boorman), with Powers Boothe, Meg Foster, and Charley Boorman.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: "Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome" (George Miller and George Ogilvie), with Mel Gibson.
Theatre 2: "Pale Rider" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.

U. A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: "Day of the Dead" (George A. Romero).
Theatre 2: Through July 18: "Lifeforce" (Tobe Hooper), with Steve Railsback. From July 19: "The Legend of Billie Jean" (Matthew Robbins), with Helen Slater.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through July 18: "Enormous Changes at the Last Minute" (1983; directed by Ellen Hovde and Mirra Bank).
From July 19: "Desperately Seeking Susan" (†).

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through July 18: "Desperately Seeking Susan" (†).
From July 19: "The Wizard of Oz" (1939; Victor Fleming), with Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, Frank Morgan, Ray Bolger, and Jack Haley; and "Singin' in the Rain" (1952; Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen), with Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, and Donald O'Connor.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
July 10: "Teorema" (1969; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Terence Stamp and Silvana Mangano; and "Oedipus Rex" (1967; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Franco Citti and Silvana Mangano.
July 11: "Young and Innocent" ("The Girl Was Young;" 1937; Alfred Hitchcock), with Derrick de Marney, Nova Pilbeam, Basil Radford, Percy Marmont, and Mary Clare; "The 39 Steps" (1935; Alfred Hitchcock), with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie.
July 12-13: "Black Orpheus" (1959; Marcel Camus; in Portuguese), with Marpessa Dawn; and "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors" ("Wild Horses of Fire;" 1964; Sergei Paradjanov; in Ukrainian).
July 14: "Metropolis" (1926; Fritz Lang; a

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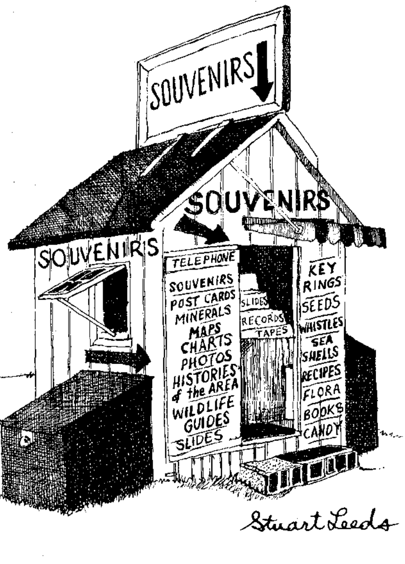
German silent film); "Potemkin" (1925; Sergei Eisenstein; a Russian silent film); and "Un Chien Andalou" (1928; Luis Buñuel; a short silent film).
July 15: "Summertime" (†) and "Blithe Spirit" (†).
July 16: "The Spirit of the Beehive" (1973; Victor Erice; in Spanish); and "Two Daughters" (†).
July 17: "The Horse" (1982; Ali Ozgentürk; in Turkish); and "Yol" (1982; Yilmaz Güney; in Turkish).
July 18: "The Virgin Spring" (1960; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow and Gunnel Lindblom; and "Wild Strawberries" (1957; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Victor Sjöström and Ingrid Thulin.
July 19-20: "La Strada" (1954; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina; and "Juliet of the Spirits" (†).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through July 12: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).
July 13-16: To be announced.
July 17-18: "The Clowns" (1971; Federico Fellini; in Italian); and "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin.
July 19-20: "Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey; and "Vertigo" (1958; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Kim Novak, and Barbara Bel Geddes.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Jules and Jim" (1962; François Truffaut; in French), with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre; and "The 400 Blows" (1959; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through July 11: "Taxi zum Klo" (1981; Frank Ripploh; in German); and "Abuse" (1983; Arthur Bressan).
July 12-13: "Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell.
July 14: "The Outlaw Josey Wales" (1976; Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood; and "The Good, the Bad and the Ugly" (1968; Sergio Leone), with Clint Eastwood.
July 15-16: "Cruising" (†); and "Liquid Sky" (1983; Slava Tsukerman).
From July 17: To be announced.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through July 11: "Gotcha!" (1985; Jeff Kanew), with Anthony Edwards; and "Into the Night" (1985; John Landis), with Jeff Goldblum and Michelle Pfeiffer.
From July 12: A festival of Marx Brothers films.



Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
July 10: "Little Murders" (1971; Alan Arkin), with Elliott Gould; and "M*A*S*H" (1970; Robert Altman), with Donald Sutherland, Elliott Gould, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman.
July 11: "Peyton Place" (1957; Mark Robson), with Lana Turner, Hope Lange, and Arthur Kennedy.
July 12-13: "The Late George Apley" (1947; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Ronald Colman and Peggy Cummins; and "Heaven Can Wait" (1943; Ernst Lubitsch), with Gene Tierney and Don Ameche.
July 14-15: "Hollywood Cavalcade" (†); and "Happy Landing" (1938; Roy del Ruth), with Sonja Henie, Don Ameche, Cesar Romero, and Ethel Merman.
July 16-17: "Bigger Than Life" (1956; Nicholas Ray), with James Mason and Barbara Rush; and "Pickup on South Street" (†).
July 18-20: "The Virgin Queen" (1955; Henry Koster), with Bette Davis, Richard Todd, and Joan Collins; and "Anastasia" (1956; Anatole Litvak), with Ingrid Bergman, Yul Brynner, and Helen Hayes.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
July 10: "Double Indemnity" (1944; Billy Wilder), with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, and Edward G. Robinson; and "Ace in the Hole" ("The Big Carnival;" 1951; Billy Wilder), with Kirk Douglas and Jan Sterling.
July 11: "Passione d'Amore" (1982; Ettore Scola; in Italian), with Bernard Giraudeau, Valeria D'Obici, and Laura Antonelli; and "We All Loved Each Other So Much" (1977; Ettore Scola; in Italian), with Vittorio Gassman, Nino Manfredi, Stefania Sandrelli, and Aldo Fabrizi.
July 12: "A Hard Day's Night" (1964; Richard Lester), with the Beatles; and "The Compleat Beatles" (1984; Patrick Montgomery), a documentary.
July 13: "Walkabout" (1971; Nicolas Roeg; an Australian film); and "Careful, He Might Hear You" (1984; Carl Schultz; an Australian film), with Wendy Hughes and Robyn Nevin.
July 14: "Kings of the Road" (1976; Wim Wenders; in German), with Rudiger Vogeler and Hanns Zischler.
July 15: "Uproar in Heaven" (1964), an animated film; and "Butterfly Spring" (1982), an animated short film.
July 16: "Touch of Evil" (1958; Orson Welles), with Welles, Charlton Heston, and Janet Leigh; and "Mr. Arkadin" (1955; Orson Welles), with Welles, Michael Redgrave, Patricia Medina, and Akim Tamiroff.
July 17: "Ladies and Gentlemen, the Fabulous Strains" (1981; Lou Adler), with Diane Lane; and "Roadie" (1980; Alan Rudolph), with Meat Loaf, Kaki Hunter, and Art Carney.
July 18: "The Invasion of the Body Snatchers" (1956 †); and "Motel Hell" (1980; Kevin Connor), with Rory Calhoun.
July 19: "The Hidden Fortress" (1958; Akira Kurosawa; *in Japanese), with Toshiro* Mifune.
July 20: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (1983; Peter Weir), with Mel Gibson, Sigourney Weaver, and Linda Hunt; and "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.

Theater 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
July 10: "Charlie Chan's Secret" (1936; Gordon Wiles), with Warner Oland as Chan; and "Charlie Chan at the Wax Museum" (1940; Lynn Shores), with Sidney Toler as Chan.
July 11: "Farewell, My Lovely" (1975; Dick Richards), with Robert Mitchum; and "The Big Sleep" (1978; Michael Winner), with Robert Mitchum.
July 12-13: "The Women" (1939; George Cukor), with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard; and "Dinner at Eight" (1933; George Cukor),

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with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore.

July 14: "Two Women" (†); and "The Bicycle Thief" (1949; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian).

July 15: "The Decameron" (1971; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini; and "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (1966; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with a cast of nonprofessionals.

July 16: "Red-Headed Woman" (†) and "Personal Property" (†).

July 17: "Gaslight" (1944; George Cukor), with Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman, Joseph Cotten, Angela Lansbury, and Dame May Whitty; and "The Visit" (1964; Bernhard Wicki), with Ingrid Bergman and Anthony Quinn.

July 18: "The Guardsman" (†) and "Idiot's Delight" (†).

July 19-20: "The Paradine Case" (1947; Alfred Hitchcock), with Alida Valli, Gregory Peck, Charles Laughton, and Ann Todd; and "North by Northwest" (1959; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE 1: July 11 at 2:30 and 6: "Four Sons" (1928; directed by John Ford; a silent film). . . . ¶ July 12 at 2:30: "Tom Brown's Schooldays" (1951; Gordon Parry), with John Howard Davies, Robert Newton, and Diana Wynyard. . . . ¶ July 12 at 6: "Oliver Twist" (1948; David Lean), with John Howard Davies, Robert Newton, and Alec Guinness. . . . ¶ July 13 at 2: "Hamlet" (1948; Laurence Olivier), with Olivier, Eileen Herlie, Basil Sydney, and Peter Cushing. . . . ¶ July 13 at 5: "Our Man in Havana" (1959; Carol Reed), with Alec Guinness, Burl Ives, and Maureen O'Hara. . . . ¶ July 14 at 2: "The Winslow Boy" (1950; Anthony Asquith), with Robert Donat, Margaret Leighton, Cedric Hardwicke, and Francis L. Sullivan. . . . ¶ July 14 at 5: "Lord of the Flies" (1963; Peter Brook). . . . ¶ July 15 at 2:30: "Our Man in Havana." . . . ¶ July 15 at 6: "Lord of the Flies." . . . ¶ July 16 at 2:30 and 6: "Anatomy of a Murder" (1959; Otto Preminger), with James Stewart, Lee Remick, and Ben Gazzara. . . . ¶ July 18 at 2:30 and 6: "The Docks of New York" (1928; Josef von Sternberg; a silent film). . . . ¶ July 19 at 2:30: "Scrooge" (1951; Brian Desmond Hurst), with Alastair Sim, Jack Warner, and Mervyn Johns. . . . ¶ July 19 at 6: "Tom Jones" (1963; Tony Richardson), with Albert Finney. . . . ¶ July 20 at 2: "Scrooge." . . . ¶ July 20 at 5: "Tom Jones."

THEATRE 2: July 11 at 3: "Naughty Marietta" (1935; W. S. Van Dyke), with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. . . . ¶ July 11 at 6:30 and July 12 at 3: "Hands Across the Table" (1935; Mitchell Leisen), with Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray, and Ralph Bellamy. . . . ¶ July 12 at 6:30: "Bordertown" (1935; Archie Mayo), with Paul Muni, Bette Davis, and Margaret Lindsay. . . . ¶ July 13 at 2:30: "The Bride of Frankenstein" (1935; James Whale), with Colin Clive, Boris Karloff, and Elsa Lanchester. . . . ¶ July 13 at 5:30: "Steamboat 'Round the Bend" (1935; John Ford), with Will Rogers, Anne Shirley, and Stepin Fetchit. . . . ¶ July 14 at 2:30: "The Little Colonel" (1935; David Butler), with Shirley Temple, Lionel Barrymore, and Bill Robinson. . . . ¶ July 14 at 5:30: "Steamboat 'Round the Bend." . . . ¶ July 15 at 3: "The Bride of Frankenstein." . . . ¶ July 15 at 6:30: "The Little Colonel." . . . ¶ July 16 at 3 and 6:30: A program of early silent films. . . . ¶ July 18 at 3 and 6:30: A second program of early silent films. . . . ¶ July 19 at 3: "Little Fugitive" (1953; Morris Engel, Ruth Orkin, and Ray Ashley); "Les Mistons" (1957; François Truffaut; in French, with English subtitles); "All Boys Are Called Patrick" (1957; Jean-Luc Godard; in French, with English subtitles); and "La Première Nuit" (1958; George Franju). . . . ¶ July 19 at 6:30 "The Quiet One" (1949; Sidney Meyers); and "On the Bowery" (1956; Lionel Rogosin). . . . ¶ July 20 at 12:30: A program of animated films. . . . ¶ July 20 at 2:30: "Little Fugitive," "Les Mistons," "All Boys Are Called Patrick," and "La Première Nuit." . . . ¶ July 20 at 5:30: "All My Babies" (1952; George C. Stoney); and "Indian Summer" (1958; Jules Schwerin).

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—July 10-11 at 11:30: The first of four video programs. . . . ¶ July 10-11 at 2:30: The second of four video programs. . . . ¶ July 12-13 at 11:30 and July 14 at 12:30: The third of four video programs. . . . ¶ July 12-13 at 2:30 and July 14 at 3:30: The fourth of four video programs. . . . ¶ July 16 at 1:30 and July 17-20 at 11:30: The first of four film programs. . . . ¶ July 16 at 4:30 and July 17-20 at 2:30: The second of four film programs. *Closed Mondays.*

Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. (82nd St. entrance on Tuesdays) (570-3949)—July 10: "To Have and Have Not" (1945; Howard Hawks), with Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall. . . . ¶ July 11: "The Light That Failed" (1939; William Wellman), with Ronald Colman, Walter Huston, and Ida Lupino. . . . ¶ July 12: "Don Giovanni" (1979; Joseph Losey; in Italian), with Ruggero Raimondi. . . . ¶ July 15: "Laura" (1944; Otto Preminger), with Dana Andrews, Clifton Webb, and Gene Tierney. . . . ¶ July 16: "That Hamilton Woman" (1942; Alexander Korda), with Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh. . . . ¶ July 17: "The Killers" (1946; Robert Siodmak), with Burt Lancaster, Edmond O'Brien, and Ava Gardner. . . . ¶ July 18: "They Drive by Night" (1940; Raoul Walsh), with George Raft, Humphrey Bogart, Ann Sheridan, and Ida Lupino. . . . ¶ July 19: "La Traviata" (1982; Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Teresa Stratas and Plácido Domingo. (All showings at 8. Tickets available one hour before performance time, on the night of the performance.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Amadeus—The lofty playwright Peter Shaffer has the minor composer Salieri (F. Murray Abraham) declaring war on Heaven for gypping him, and determined to ruin the incomparable Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (Tom Hulce) because God's voice is speaking through him. The director, Miloš Forman, trudges through the movie as if every step were a major contribution to art, and he keeps the audience hooked. Some redeeming qualities: Mozart's music, Twyla Tharp's staging of the dances and opera excerpts, and Abraham's eager, slimy Salieri. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/29/84.) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Beverly Hills Cop—The plot is just a peg for little set pieces in which the street-smart Eddie Murphy, in his worn-out sweatshirts, saunters through swank Beverly Hills locations, tells whopping lies, and outsmarts the white dumbos. Hotfooting the picture to keep it going, he rattles off pitifully undistinguished profanity, but we're cued to react to every stupid four-letter word as riotous. With Judge Reinhold, Stephen Elliott, Bronson Pinchot, Ronny Cox, Steven Berkoff, Lisa Eilbacher, and John Ashton. Directed by Martin Brest. (12/24/84) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; through July 12.)

Blithe Spirit (1945)—Noël Coward wrote this flippant, ectoplasmic comedy in 1941 to provide some relief for war-torn London; it seemed pleasantly airy in stage productions at the time, but it sags more than a little in this arch David Lean version. Rex Harrison plays the English novelist who, in order to gather material for a story, jestingly arranges for a medium to conduct a seance. Inadvertently, the ghost of his first wife (Kay Hammond) is conjured up, and she ensconces herself in the home he now shares with his second wife (Constance Cummings), and flits about, making salacious comments. Margaret Rutherford provides some desperately needed gusto. She plays Madame Arcati, the brisk, exuberant medium, who wears long woollen scarves, moves with a skating motion, and whoops clichés like a football coach. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 15.)

Cocoon—With Don Ameche and Wilford Brimley, directed by Ron Howard. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Bay Cinema, Gotham Cinema, Loews Orpheum, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Theatres.)

Cruising (1980)—Al Pacino as an undercover cop in search of a psychopathic killer who preys on patrons of the heavy-leather homosexual bars of the West Village. The picture's persistent confusions of theme and plot encourage our ignorance and our prurient fear of these matters. Director William Friedkin's careless, trashy moral appears to be that homosexuality is catching and inescapably violent, which is a shocking message even for a thriller that is meant only to shock and to sell. With Paul Sorvino, Richard Cox, Don Scardino, and Karen Allen. (Hollywood Twin Cinema; July 15-16.)

Dangerous Moves—This Swiss picture is about a world-championship chess match held in Geneva between the longtime titleholder (Michel Piccoli), a courtly and cagey gray-bearded Russian Jew from the Soviet Union, and his former pupil, the handsome, high-strung challenger (Alexander Arbatt), a young Lithuanian who defected from the Soviet Union. At first, the young man's flamboyance and the older man's seething anger put us in an expectant mood, but the film turns into an uninspired account of the psychological pressures put on the contestants, *who are both being manipulated by the* Soviet bureaucracy. Written by Richard Dembo, who makes his début as a director. With Liv Ullmann, Leslie Caron, and Bernhard Wicki. In French. (6/3/85) (Paris; through July 14. . . . ¶ Film Forum; starting July 15.)

Desperately Seeking Susan—Set in the punk world, it's a mistaken-identity fantasy about doe-eyed Roberta (Rosanna Arquette), a suburban housewife in New Jersey, who becomes fixated on a drifter named Susan (played by the rock star Madonna). This attempt at screwball charm was directed by Susan Seidelman, who wipes out her actors. All their responsiveness is cut off—there's nothing going on in them. No subtext—nothing. Nobody comes through except Madonna, who comes through as Madonna (she moves regally, an indolent, trampy goddess), and the cinematographer Edward Lachman, whose lighting gives the East Village shops and streets a funky prettiness. The cast includes Robert Joy, Aidan Quinn, Mark Blum, Laurie Metcalf, and the comedian Steven Wright. (4/22/85) (Guild, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; through July 18. . . . ¶ Agee Room; starting July 19.)

E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial (1982)—Steven Spielberg's movie is the story of a ten-year-old boy, Elliott, who feels fatherless and lost because his parents have separated, and who finds a miraculous friend—an alien inadvertently left on Earth by a visiting spaceship. This fusion of science fiction and mythology is emotionally rounded and complete; it reminds you of the goofiest dreams you had as a kid, and rehabilitates them. It puts a spell on the audience; it's genuinely entrancing. The stars are Henry Thomas, as Elliott, and E.T., who was designed by Carlo Rambaldi. With Drew Barrymore, Robert MacNaughton, Dee Wallace, and Peter Coyote. (D. W. Griffith; starting July 19.)

The Guardsman (1931)—More like a photographed play than a movie adaptation, but a memento of Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne at work; they appear to be having a wonderful time mugging and grinning. They play an acting couple, and for a good part of the film the jealous husband (in disguise from his flirtatious wife) wears something stuck under his lower lip, which gives him a beefy, puffed-out jaw that is irresistibly ridiculous. Sidney Franklin directed this early-talkie version of the Ferenc Molnár play, which Lunt and Fontanne had done on Broadway in 1924. The cast includes Roland Young, Ann Dvorak, ZaSu Pitts, Maude Eburne, and Herman Bing. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 18.)

Hammersmith Is Out (1972)—A thoroughly mistaken allegory about the lunacy of modern success and sudden wealth, enacted by Richard Burton as an escaped inmate of a mental home. Elizabeth Taylor is a floozy waitress who jumps up into riches along with the fugitive, and Peter Ustinov is a pretty mad foreign doctor with an accent you couldn't cut with a carving knife. Directed by Mr. Ustinov. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting July 19.)

Hollywood Cavalcade (1939)—Very slight, but with some amusing old Mack Sennett moments. Alice Faye and Don Ameche are most in evidence. Directed by Irving Cummings. (Regency; July 14-15.)

The Home and the World ("Ghare-Baire")—Victor Banerjee is a maharajah in Bengal with a Western education and liberal views. His wife (Swatilekha Chatterjee) is content to live in the women's quarters of his palace and be visible to no man except him. But he loves her and wants her to be a modern woman, able to move in the world. She first saw him at their wedding: how will he ever know whether she really loves him if she doesn't have the opportunity to choose him—to prefer him to other men? He persuades her to leave the incense and silks, the Arabian Nights cushions and the English bric-a-brac of the women's quarters, and she immediately becomes enthralled by the cocksure masculinity of a fiery radical (Soumitra Chatterjee). This Satyajit Ray movie, adapted from a Rabindranath Tagore novel, is in deep, glowing colors; the main characters talk, and the camera just stays on them and waits until they finish, yet these conversations in golden light and shadows have their own kind of voltage. You watch the graceful people in draped garments in their lethargic, patterned décor, and everything in the country seems draped, hanging, defeated—and hectic, too. Set in 1907, this marvellous film is about the destruction of the marriage, and the riots and bloodshed caused by the radical's terrorist supporters. Ray wrote the screenplay and also the music. In Bengali. (7/1/85) (Lincoln Plaza. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting July 12.)

Idiot's Delight (1939)—This allegorical comedy has Clark Gable as a hoofer and Norma Shearer as a fake Russian countess (the roles made famous on Broadway by Lunt and Fontanne). It's set in an Alpine winter-sports hotel high above a world about to be engulfed in war. The characters include a Leftist, a pair of honeymooners, and so forth, and there's got to be an antiwar message in it somewhere. Gable isn't bad (and he gets a chance to do a deliberately clunky, bedraggled dance to "Puttin' on the Ritz"), but oh, that Shearer! With Burgess Meredith, Edward Arnold, Charles Coburn, and Joseph Schildkraut. Directed by Clarence Brown, who hopelessly struggles to give this stagy material some style and impudence. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 18.)

The Invasion of the Body Snatchers (1956)—A B-picture classic. This plain and inexpensive piece of science fiction employs few of the resources of the cinema (to put it mildly), but it has an idea that confirms everyone's suspicions. People are being turned into vegetables—and who can tell the difference? Kevin McCarthy and Dana Wynter, who try to cling to their animality and individuality, seem inexplicably backward to the rest of the townspeople. Some of the best lines of dialogue are voice-overs—the chatter of the dehumanized. Directed by Don Siegel. With Carolyn Jones and Larry Gates. (Thalia; July 18.)

Juliet of the Spirits (1965)—Federico Fellini looks at a mousy wife's fantasy life; her unconscious seems to be stuffed with leftover décor from M-G-M musicals. A peculiarly ungallant film. With Giulietta Masina. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 19-20.)

Personal Property (1937)—H. M. Harwood's comedy "The Man in Possession" was pleasant enough in the 1931 movie version, starring Robert Montgomery, but this one, starring Jean Harlow and Robert Taylor, is a dud, despite the efforts of Una O'Connor, Reginald Owen, E. E. Clive, and Cora Witherspoon. W. S. Van Dyke directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 16.)

Pickup on South Street (1953)—Richard Wid-

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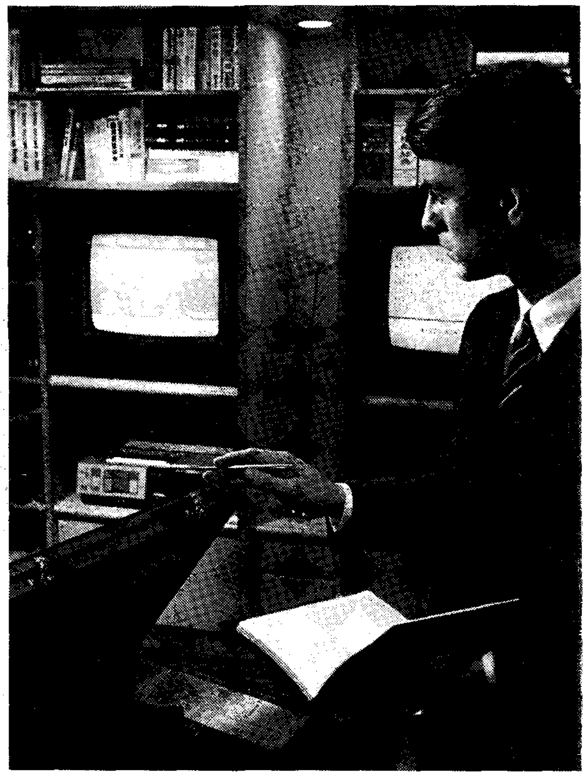

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mark as a scroungy petty gangster who sneaks a look into a woman's handbag, turns up some microfilm, and finds himself dealing with Communist agents. Samuel Fuller directed, in his fast, flashy, essentially empty-minded style. The film isn't boring—there's always something going on—but you come away with nothing. (It isn't that Fuller's insensitive, exactly; it's that he's totally unconcerned with sensitivity—it would get in his way.) With Jean Peters, Thelma Ritter, Richard Kiley, Murvyn Vye, Milburn Stone, and George E. Stone. (Regency; July 16-17.)

Prizzi's Honor—Adapted from Richard Condon's prankish satire of American corruption, this John Huston picture has a ripe and daring comic tone. It revels voluptuously in the murderous finagling of the members of a Brooklyn Mafia family, and rejoices in their scams. It's like "The Godfather" acted out by The Munsters. Jack Nicholson's average-guyness as Charley, the clan's enforcer, is the film's touchstone: this is a baroque comedy about people who behave in ordinary ways in grotesque circumstances, and it has the juice of everyday family craziness in it. Everything in this picture works with everything else—which is to say that John Huston has it all in the palm of his big, bony hand. With William Hickey as the shrunken old Don Corrado, ghouly and wormy, with tiny, shocking bright eyes; Anjelica Huston as the don's scheming granddaughter, a high-fashion Vampira who moves like a swooping bird and talks in a honking Brooklynese that comes out of the corner of her twisted mouth; Kathleen Turner as Charley's ravishingly pretty bride; John Randolph as Pop, the Prizzis' *consigliere* and Charley's beaming, proud father; and Lee Richardson and Robert Loggia as the don's two sons. The script is by Condon and Janet Roach; the cinematography is by Andrzej Bartkowiak. Alex North's score, with its lush, parodistic use of Puccini, and some Rossini, a little Verdi, and a dash of Donizetti, too, actively contributes to the whirling texture of the scenes. (7/1/85) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Sutton, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and R.K.O. Century National Twin.)

The Purple Rose of Cairo—The thirteenth movie that Woody Allen has directed, and possibly his finest creation. He wrote it for Mia Farrow, and it seems scaled to her cheekbones. The time is 1935, and she is Cecilia, who lives in a small town in New Jersey and can't hold a job for long because her thoughts wander away to the glamorous worlds she sees on the screen. Jeff Daniels plays a dashing young screen character who bounds down from the black-and-white image and into color, and takes Cecilia out of the theatre with him; he's also the ambitious young actor who arrives in the town to try to persuade the character to go back up on the screen where he belongs. Also with Danny Aiello, Stephanie Farrow, Zoe Caldwell, John Wood, Ed Herrmann, Van Johnson, and Dianne Wiest. (3/25/85) (Cinema Studio. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex; through July 11.)

Rambo: First Blood Part II—Audiences hoot at it and get a little charged up at the same time. The proceedings are directed by George P. Cosmatos, and he gives the near-psychotic material a veneer of professionalism, but the looniness is always there. The film's star and progenitor is Sylvester Stallone, and the way he's photographed he's huge—our national palooka. This humanoid Christ figure with brown leather skin and symmetrical scars goes into Vietnam and brings out a bunch of our missing-in-action men. With Julia Nickson, Richard Crenna, and Charles Napier. (6/17/85) (Gemini, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Olympia Quad, and Movieland.)

Red-Headed Woman (1932)—Jean Harlow as a girl who exploits her charms and makes the journey from the wrong side of the tracks to a rich marriage, and then to even richer liaisons. She's a throttler, a scrambler, a kicker—and the picture, written by Anita Loos, is tough and funny. Chester Morris is the young man, and Charles Boyer, having just arrived in the U.S., puts in a stunning appearance. Jack Conway directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 16.)

Secret Ceremony (1968)—Elizabeth Taylor is a prostitute whose daughter has died, and Mia Farrow is a rich, crazy English girl whose mother has died, and at first, as they begin to share a very crazy mother-daughter relationship, the film seems to be a gothic version of *folie à deux.* But then Robert Mitchum enters as the girl's child-molesting stepfather, and then Pamela Brown and Peggy Ashcroft enter as her thieving aunts, and they're all crazy, too, and by the time it's a *folie à cinq* one knows that Joseph Losey (the director), George Tabori (the writer), and the producers all share in the craziness. Mia Farrow has a peculiar voice and a strange presence (in her black wig, she looks like a Pre-Raphaelite boy). The setting is a claustrophobic Art Nouveau mausoleum of a house (with the best bathroom door I've ever seen—the only thing I liked in the movie). "Secret Ceremony" is truly terrible, but I don't know how to fight a bowl of fudge without getting stuck in the goo. I know that some people are going to love it. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting July 19.)

Secret Honor—Directed by Robert Altman. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Quad Cinema.)

The Shooting Party—Working with Julian Bond's adaptation of Isabel Colegate's novel and a dream of a cast—James Mason (in his final movie), John Gielgud, Dorothy Tutin, Edward Fox, Gordon Jackson, Cheryl Campbell, Judi Bowker, Rupert Frazer, Aharon Ipalé—the director Alan Bridges carries the Masterpiece Theatre approach to the level of art. In the English countryside in the autumn of 1913, a large number of landed gentry, aristocrats, servants, gamekeepers, beaters, and loaders gather for a three-day shoot. Colegate's tone is lightly self-mocking, and the film is full of the English affection for gentle lunacy. This is one of the rare movies that can be said to be for an educated audience without that being a putdown. As the host, an aging baronet who's conscious that he's losing his grip, Mason gives the film its immediacy. (6/17/85) (Cinema I.)

Summertime (1955)—Katharine Hepburn, prim and gaunt, as an aging American virgin vacationing in corrupt, sensual Venice, and Rossano Brazzi as a soft, thickening Venetian art dealer who makes love to her. There is an element of embarrassment in this pining-spinster role, but Hepburn is so proficient at it that she almost—though not quite—kills the embarrassment. It's hard to believe that the coming together of a withered Puritan and a middle-aged roué would light up the sky with the glittering display of fireworks that the director, David Lean, provides, but this is one of those overwrought, understated, romantic movies that many people remember with considerable emotion. With Isa Miranda and Darren McGavin. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 15.)

The Taming of the Shrew (1967)—The director, Franco Zeffirelli, has loaded this light skiff of a comedy to the gunwales, and it has sunk. Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton go down with the skiff most valiantly. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting July 19.)

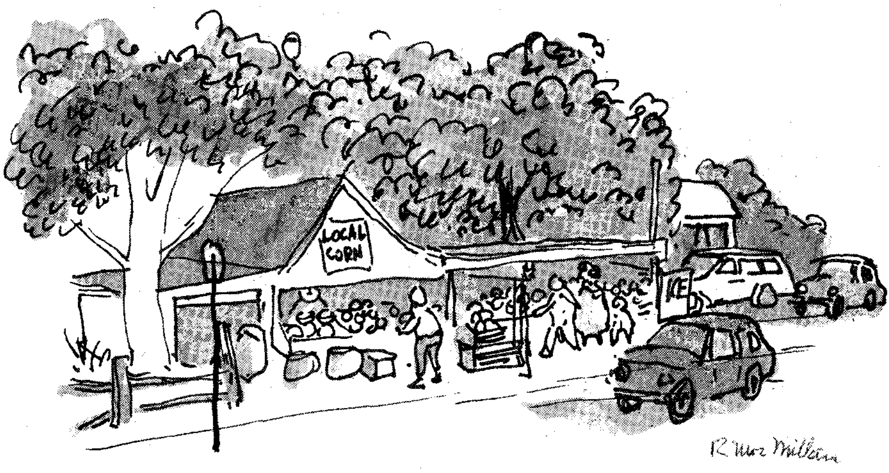
Two Daughters (1961)—Originally the film had three stories and was called "Three Daughters." Satyajit Ray at his most splendid in two short-story films based on works by Rabindranath Tagore. The first, "The Postmaster"—a story of betrayal—is a pure and simple small masterpiece; the second, "The Conclusion," has some memorable scenes, beauty, and wit but also has some defects of rhythm, so it is merely wonderful—and a little wearying. In Bengali. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 16.)

Two Women (1961)—A young widow, Sophia Loren, takes her teen-age daughter out of wartime Rome to her native village and then starts back home too soon; both mother and daughter are raped by Moroccan soldiers. Emotional, even shattering, but far from depressing. With Jean-Paul Belmondo and Eleanora Brown, directed by Vittorio De Sica. In Italian. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 14.)

A View to a Kill—The James Bond series has had its bummers, but nothing before in the class of this one. The villain, Christopher Walken, is the ultra-blond psychopathic product of a Nazi doctor's experiments, and his major endeavor is to flood Silicon Valley. All that keeps the picture going is that it needs to reach a certain heft to fit into the series. With Roger Moore in his seventh go-round as Bond, Grace Jones, Tanya Roberts, Patrick Macnee, Patrick Bauchau, and a stunning young model named Alison Doody. Directed (dispiritedly) by John Glen. (6/3/85) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, and Loews Astor Plaza; through July 11. . . . ¶ Loews State; starting July 12.)

The V.I.P.s (1963)—A batch of big shots are waiting for the fog to lift at London Airport; by the time it does so, their lives have all been radically altered. A witty piece of nonsense by Terence Rattigan, starring Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Margaret Rutherford, and Orson Welles. Directed by Anthony Asquith. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting July 19.)

Witness—An eight-year-old Amish boy (Lukas Haas), on his first trip to a city, sees a murder taking place in the men's room of Philadelphia's Thirtieth Street train station. In order to protect the boy and his widowed mother (Kelly McGillis) from the killers, the police captain (Harrison Ford) who's in charge of the investigation tries to hide their identities, and, with a bullet wound in his side, drives them back to their farm in Lancaster County before he collapses. Directed by the Australian Peter Weir, the movie seems to take its view of the Amish from a quaint dreamland, a Brigadoon of tall golden wheat, and to take its squalid, hyped-up view of life in Philadelphia from prolonged exposure to TV cop shows. With Alexander Godunov, Patti LuPone, Josef Sommer, Danny Glover, and Jan Rubes. (2/25/85) (Embassy. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith; through July 18.)



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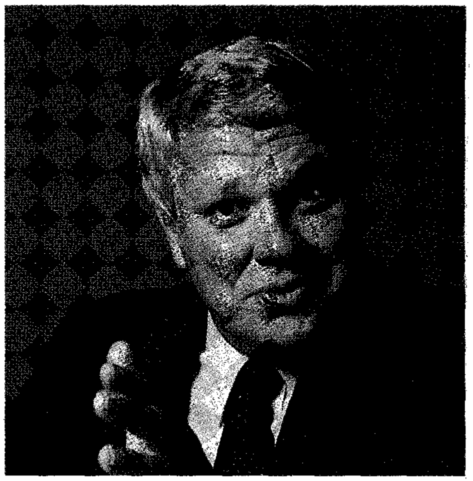

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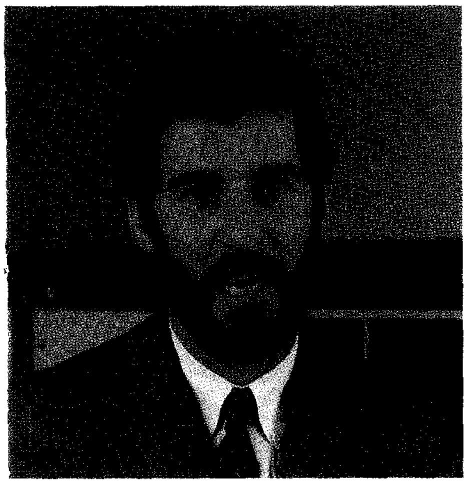

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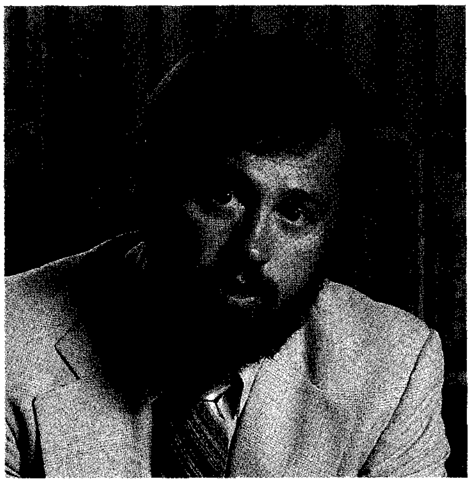

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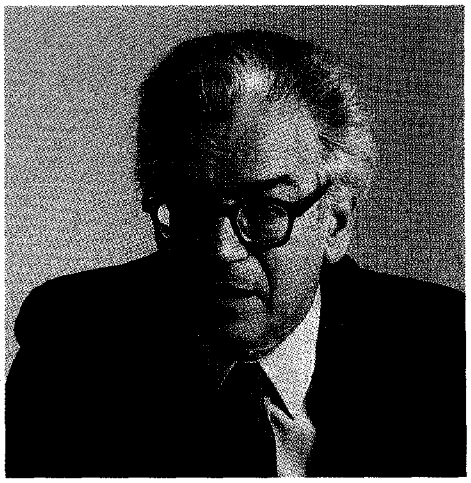

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

When the Entertainment Channel, a cable television service that attempted to offer television fare of better than normal quality, and whose head was Arthur R. Taylor, former president of CBS, Inc., failed a while back, one of his former CBS colleagues remarked to the *Times*, "To use a show-business phrase, Arthur Taylor was blinded by the glint of the Guccis. What happens to people dazzled by show business is that they think anyone can be a programmer. What a programmer needs is the ability to stand completely apart from his own tastes and understand what the audience's tastes are." In other words, Taylor had succumbed to a fatal temptation: the use of his own aesthetic judgment. He corrupted the purity of commercial dealings with artistic considerations. We thought of Mr. Taylor's plight the other day when we came across a quotation from Michael J. Hejny, the chief procurer of hard-cover fiction for the B. Dalton Bookseller chain. Speaking to a reporter from the *Wall Street Journal*, Hejny said, "Merit has a lot to do with certain kinds of books." But, he added, "most of the time it's not the most important consideration." Reflecting, it appears, on how merit might creep into those books (though not, presumably, into the rest, in which the consideration of merit is evidently wholly absent), Hejny went on to note—somewhat censoriously, we thought—that "people often write novels because they want to tell a story, and how a book sells isn't their number-one concern." That kind of attitude on the part of authors creates problems for some big booksellers, for whom, as the *Journal* story suggests, how a book sells *is* the primary concern. Such authors (Homer, Cervantes, Charles Dickens, Mark Twain are a few who come readily to mind) get in the way. They let the salesmen down.

The production of art and entertainment for commercial reasons is an old story; what may be new is the elevation of this practice into a principle, and the establishment of a system based on it. Once, it was considered disappointing if an artist "sold out" his talent for commercial reasons; now the disappointment comes if a businessman compromises his profits for artistic reasons. In this system, "merit" may linger on, but mostly as an accident or, at best, an afterthought. In a brief self-advertisement of ABC that was broadcast recently, Jim Duffy, ABC's president of communications, admitted that not all decisions on programming at ABC were made on the basis of the ratings, but he assured the audience that the fate of most programs was decided that way. "You make the call," he said. Duffy's flattering message to the viewers was that *they* were influential in important decisions at ABC. Television has always made decisions on the basis of the ratings, but until now it didn't seem to have occurred to anybody to boast about the fact. The ad ended with Duffy smiling complicitly and saying, "It's a powerful combination—American television and *you*." But perfection in the new system is not attained until content is purged altogether, and the market forces are allowed to operate without hindrance. When this happens in the book industry, it becomes unnecessary even to read the book. That seems to be what is happening with James Michener's forthcoming novel, "Texas," according to Mr. Hejny. "This is such a big book that we don't need to read it or talk about it," he said. (None of which, of course, is to say that Michener's book lacks merit. Unbeknownst to Mr. Hejny, it may be packed with merit.) But if the contents of a book are immaterial, then what does sell a book? A "brand name" author, such as Mr. Michener, is one thing. An eye-catching jacket is another. "Page count" is still another. "Serious books should be weighty," Hejny said—meaning not that they should be profound but that they should literally weigh a lot. So far, unit pricing has not been adopted for books, but the day may not be far off when you walk into your local

Richard Edes Harrison

bookstore and read, "RACINE, $1.99 LB.," or "MORE DOSTOYEVSKI FOR YOUR DOLLAR." The principle of putting the consumers in charge of production has also spread into our political life, and especially into elections. Public-opinion polls have given politicians a powerful instrument for investigating public opinion, and television has provided them with an equally powerful instrument for telling the public what the polls have revealed that it already thinks. Meanwhile, batteries of speechwriters are available to assure that the candidate will not be out of tune with his own "message." In all this, there appears to be no more room for the candidate himself as thinker, observer, and actor than there is for the writer as storyteller in the new system of marketing books. Both are pushed to the sidelines, and insofar as there is still a role left for either of them it is as a sort of public-relations representative, or "spokesman," for a more general effort.

In the light of these developments, the old notion of "the marketplace of ideas" takes on an ominous new meaning. In classical political theory, the marketplace was a forum in which anyone who had anything on his mind could express it. According to this theory, the chain of events by which the public found out about the world began with the individual person looking out upon the world and reflecting on what he saw; then, perhaps after much labor, the person brought the product of his thought to the marketplace, there to be displayed with the work of others; and then the public picked and chose what it liked. But in the new system the ends of the chain have been joined to form a closed loop. The individual, instead of looking out upon the world, looks out upon public opinion, trying to find out what the public would like to hear. Then he tries his best to duplicate that, and brings his finished product into a marketplace in which others are competing to do the same. The public, turning to our culture to find out about the world, discovers there nothing but its own reflection. The unexamined world, meanwhile, drifts blind into the future.

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A YOUNG man we know writes:

It was morning, muggy, and I was headed north from New Orleans on Route 61, which more or less tracks the east bank of the great river all the way to Memphis. Two hours or so past the Mississippi line, just below Port Gibson (a city that General U. S. Grant called "too beautiful to burn"), a police car actually pulled me over. After examining my New York license, the grinning officer actually awarded me the first speeding ticket of my life to date and also a small lecture on how we drive slower in Mississippi here. I felt so fine then, to be in a place where people live up to their billing. It was as if Walt Disney had leased the state and made it a theme park, made it Magnolialand. I stopped to buy a Coke, and the woman behind the register was in fact whistling Dixie. All this is by way of saying that as I made my first trip up the Delta last week I was more than likely searching for stereotypes, my eyes peeled for the mythic and the obvious and the simple. I was predisposed to notice a certain Mississippi, and that is not good.

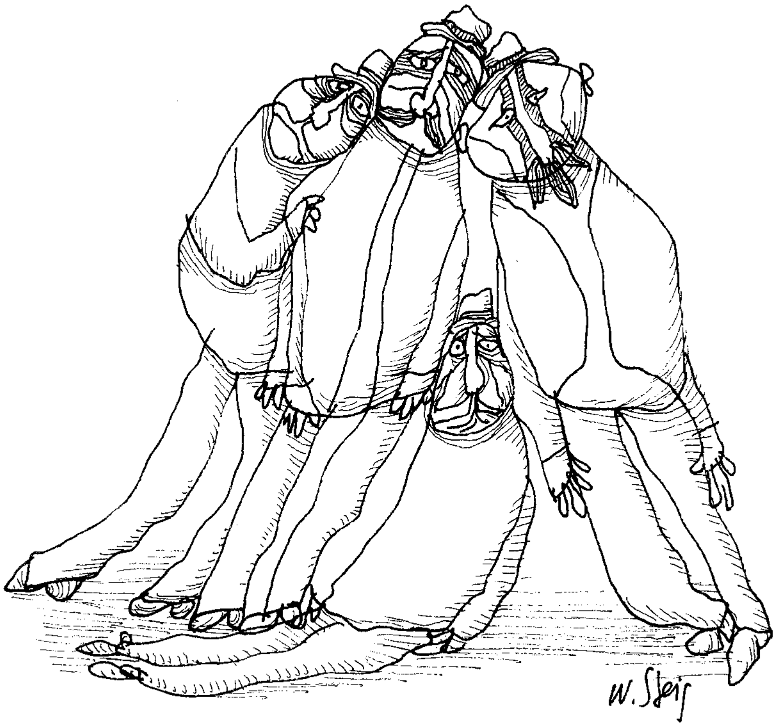
Still, I saw Sugar Ditch Alley, and there is only one way to see that. Sugar Ditch Alley runs for two blocks or more behind the main street of Tunica, Mississippi, a Delta town (pop. 1,361) thirty miles south of Memphis. It gets its name from Sugar Ditch, a thin stream that runs parallel to the alley and serves as an open sewer and backs up when it rains. Most of the houses along the alley have no indoor running water and no sewer connection—they have faucets out in the alley, and they have backhouses, primitive and filthy. The houses along the alley are not houses at all. "Hovel" makes them sound too nice. They do not even approach "shanty." "Shack" is far too grand. They are built of every sort of tin and wood—charred planks and broken boards—and often have bedsheets in place of windows or doors. I have seen the urban slums of Brazil, and I won't say these are worse, but only because it seems stupid for anyone except Dante to rank the levels of Hell. Is it necessary to add that all the people who live along Sugar Ditch Alley—not most of the people, or nearly all the people, but all the people—are black?

Sugar Ditch Alley has got a little attention of late, and it will get some more this month when Jesse Jackson visits Tunica. (Whatever one may think of the Reverend Mr. Jackson, there is this to be said: a young woman living in one of the alley caves lit up with an interest resembling hope when she talked about "Jesse.") Even the Reagan Administration, through the Civil Rights Division of the Treasury Department's Office of Revenue-Sharing, found that the town had discriminated in its provision of water and sewer services and in its concern for the public health. Though Sugar Ditch had been within the city limits since 1927, it did not receive a sewer line until 1975 (and, according to a town official, it got one then only because a new white subdivision lay due west of the Ditch). And when the line was installed the city did not enforce its public-health regulations—did not make the white landlords of Sugar Ditch close the privies and tie their properties in to the sewer system. As of the 1980 census, only sixty-seven of a total of a hundred and thirty-eight Tunica dwellings occupied by blacks had complete indoor-plumbing facilities. "It is undisputed," the federal report noted dryly, "that the American Public Health Association . . . lists fifty (50) diseases caused by close contact with human waste." As a result of all this, the state and federal governments will probably move some of its residents into trailers this summer.

Which will leave just the rest of Tunica County to worry about. In 1964, Tunica County was among the nation's poorest counties, and by the 1980 census it was the nation's poorest county. (An oft-repeated piece of local folklore has it that thirty-eight of its ninety-six hundred inhabitants are millionaires. A stone's throw—a stone's underhand lob—from Sugar Ditch Alley, Porsches do sit in the driveways of expensive new homes.) Through the good graces of a friend, I was able to talk with a number of black leaders in the town. "We are the radicals, if you have ever seen a mother-grandmother-great-grandmother radical," said one woman, a retired schoolteacher. They explained that the county's economy is primarily agricultural. Of the ninety-six hundred people in the county, five thousand receive food stamps, and that is a good thing, because otherwise they might starve instead of merely going hungry. Many live in shacks on the farms, but they are not paid unless there is work to do. In January, February, and March, the fields just lie there untended, but the families need propane to heat their homes and they need food, so they borrow from the farmers. In the spring, they work dawn to dusk (at the minimum wage) and are perhaps able to pay off their debt. The average income of some farm workers may be little more than forty dollars a week.

Maintaining such a system takes a good deal of work—after all, it started to crumble in Europe sometime in the twelfth century. Poor education is essential. Though the county's public schools are now officially integrated, they are ninety-six per cent black, because the white children learn at the Tunica Institute of Learning. However, four of the five school-board members and the superintendent are white. Since the county is seventy-three per cent black, preserving white political control has also proved a challenge, now that they've gone and given black people the vote. But challenge stimulates creativity, and so, taking advantage of the fact that nearly all the county's whites live in or near the town of Tunica, the white citizenry has managed to devise five administrative districts drawn in such a way that the county resembles a pie. The center of each wedge is in the town; hence there is a sizable core of white voters in each district, and four of the five county supervisors are white. As for the town, its government has annexed the five white subdivisions surrounding the town but neither of the two black ones, and so four hundred and thirty-three of five hundred and seventy-one dwellings in town belong to whites. According to the "radicals" I sipped Hawaiian Punch with, black people have not organized to demand more power, because they are afraid. "Lots of people don't know that their ballot is secret—they think their employer can look at it and see who they voted for," one man said. "And what are people going to do if they lose their jobs? They can't go to Detroit and make cars—my brother's on layoff in Detroit. They can't go to the steel mills in Pittsburgh. Aren't many steel mills in Pittsburgh anymore." Of late, alarmed, perhaps, by the onslaught of voting-rights suits and complaints about conditions, some members of the power structure (a word that somehow sounds too polite) may have taken to buying the occasional vote. "Our voter-education slogan in the last campaign was 'Don't take the money, but if you've got to take the money don't vote like they tell you to,' " one woman told me. Five dollars a vote doesn't sound like much unless you make forty dollars a week.

In the face of all this, some black people in Tunica push. They want to get the people living in the black subdivisions to resist the pressure and request annexation, and then they want to use the resulting increase in black votes to elect some officials. They want to make sure the residents of Sugar Ditch Alley are relocated within the town limits, so they can continue to vote. Given that the same people will still own the farms and still make the money, will any of this do any good? The answer, I was assured over and over, is yes. If Tunica had had a black mayor in the nineteen-seventies, chances are the town (which is half an hour by good highway from Memphis) would not have spent seven hundred thousand dollars on an airport (its second, the first being used mainly by crop dusters). Chances are that the half-million dollars in federal money that Tunica got earlier this decade would not have gone to "revitalize" the downtown business district—the row of stores and churches which hides the Ditch. In the middle of all their nothing, the black people's belief in democracy is so powerful that it shames an outsider, even as it inspires. "With all that government money, we might have had a housing authority in Tunica," one man told me, as if a housing authority were something magical. Which it is, if you live in weeds and filth.



Heartbroken Fans

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Sellars at Purchase

"THE head of a major world power arrives in a small Middle Eastern country that has been causing problems, and there he discovers that a vicious civil war is in progress. He gets off Air Force One and gives a press conference in the patio of a hotel in which he's only going to say exactly what he *wants* to say. He walks up to the podium, smiles, and says, 'I love the palm trees here.' And then, as everybody waits for the content of his speech, he says again, 'I love the palm trees.' Finally, a member of a rebel Phalangist group tries to ask a question, but he is quickly silenced by a Secret Service man. And then our leader goes back to his main theme: 'I *love* the palm trees here.' "

This is not the beginning of a new Middle Eastern peace initiative. It is Peter Sellars, the twenty-seven-year-old theatrical wunderkind and director of the American National Theatre, at the Kennedy Center, in Washington, D.C., describing the opening aria of Handel's "Giulio Cesare in Egitto," a witty and astonishingly dramatic production that he has directed for the PepsiCo Summerfare festival, at Purchase, in Westchester. The Sellars gift for presenting eighteenth-century opera in modern situations without destroying the shape of the music or the underlying continuity of the plot is a remarkable one, and has given new life to a number of Baroque works. Although his settings are modern (the first two acts of "Giulio Cesare" take place in a poolside patio reminiscent of the Cairo Hilton) and his characters behave with the utmost realism (Cleopatra, the heroine, is captured and subjected to a mock execution by her sadistic brother Ptolemy), the music, which is here conducted by Craig Smith, is delivered uncut, as Handel would have heard it in 1724.

We drove up to the SUNY campus at Purchase a week before "Giulio Cesare" opened, and caught Mr. Sellars—a small, buoyant spinning-top of a man who has a longish face, blue eyes, and spiky light-brown hair—onstage, polishing a scene in the second act in which Cleopatra seduces Caesar, so that he will help her regain her throne, and then falls in love with him. The set consisted of two large buff-colored buildings (the wings of a hotel) surrounding a patio that contained several pieces of white summer furniture. There was a deep-blue sky at the back, with a pyramid visible in the far distance. The orchestra pit, which was empty and was papered with shimmering blue Mylar, doubled as a swimming pool, and Mr. Sellars explained that there would be lights to give a sense of rippling water. The right wing of the hotel was a blackened ruin, having been destroyed by a terrorist bomb. "It's an eighteenth-century thing," said Mr. Sellars. "Symmetry and perspective and a crumbling noble room, which were part of its traditional stage imagery." He added that when Cleopatra entered, the center of the wall at the back of the patio, which was decorated with a reproduction of an Egyptian tomb painting, would revolve slowly to reveal an all-girl orchestra, his version of the Nine Muses that accompany the Queen of Egypt in the text. As we watched, Mr. Sellars arranged Caesar (the countertenor Jeffrey Gall) on a chaise longue in the center of the patio and instructed him to lie back and put one arm across his face. "You've come to the Hilton late at night," he said. "There are no surprises anymore, and then, all of a sudden, you're not sure whether you're awake or not." Mr. Sellars ran into the auditorium, the stage darkened to moonlight, and a soprano voice began "V'adoro pupille," Cleopatra's most famous aria. Moments later, Susan Larson, a tall, pretty woman with a cloud of dark curly hair, began to descend from the top of the proscenium, perched on the hook of an invisible crane. She touched ground and extended her arms to Caesar, who rose from his couch in amazement. On the third reprise of the aria, Cleopatra pushed Caesar down on the couch and moved behind him to put her hands on his shoulders.

"Good, good. It's coming nicely," Mr. Sellars said.

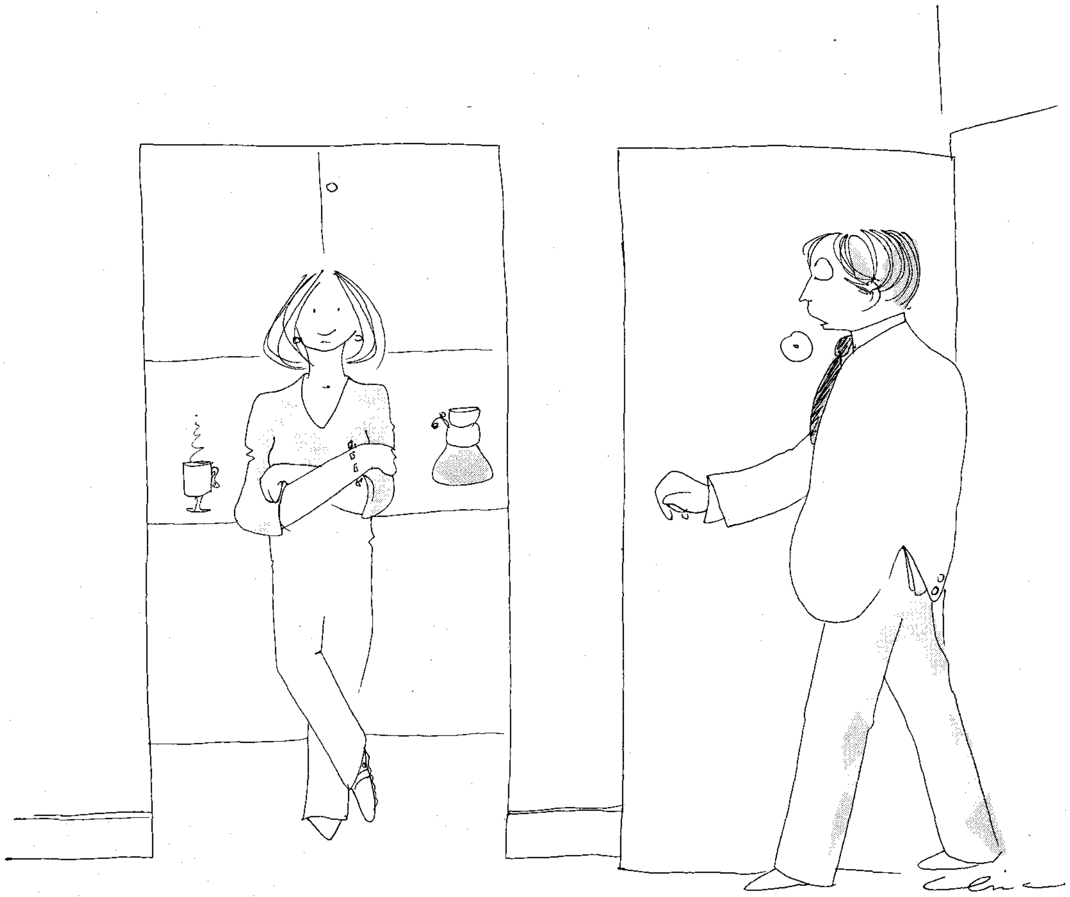
"What did it sound like when I was singing in the flies?" Miss Larson asked.

"Very clear," Mr. Sellars said, "but we're going to start you down earlier—when he says 'luce.' "

"I think I stay a little confused," Mr. Gall said. "She wakes me up, she's orchestrated this floor show, and I really don't understand what's going on."

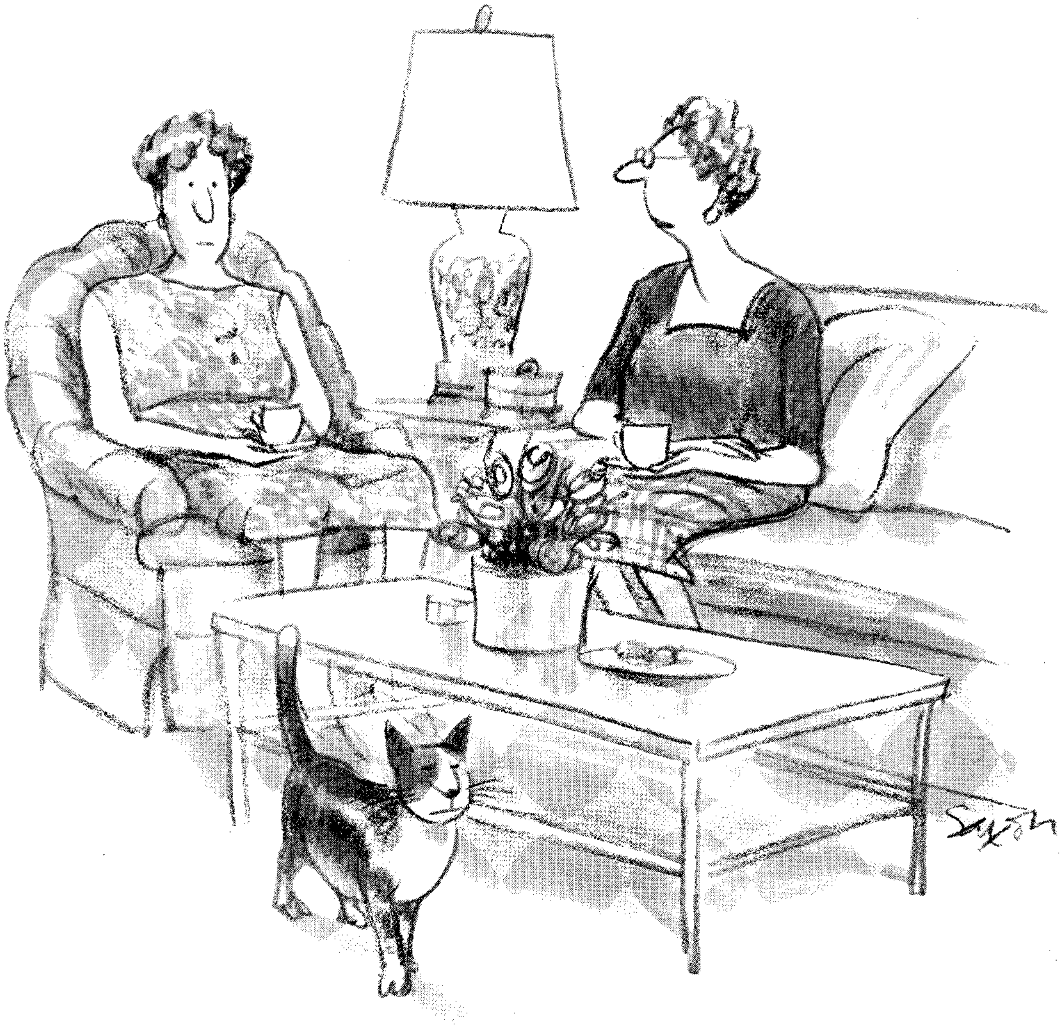
Later, during a rehearsal break, we asked Mr. Sellars why he had decided to present "Giulio Cesare" in a modern setting.

"Handel set 'Cesare' in Egypt," he said, "so the conflicts of the Middle East seemed a useful context in which to view the actions of his characters. They give us a frame of reference that forces us to think of what the consequences might be of the actions that the various people in this opera are taking. But beyond that we're in operatic fantasyland. Handel was trying to deal with the very big issues of his time. He concerned himself with the large cruelties and the tiny wastes, the whole concept of civil war, and the uses of political power, and did so very unsentimentally. There's also that Shakespearean theme of the private lives of the stars being the way that countries end up getting run—there's trouble in Hollywood and suddenly *entire countries* are wiped off the map. Certainly there's a bit of that in this opera. And then there's the understanding that the way one human being abuses another is very much like the way one nation ends up abusing another. That metaphor can be drawn fairly precisely. Handel zeros in on the individual in the middle of these huge conflicts, and his score alternates between recitatives, which carry the action forward, and arias, which are individual confessions, giving one person's point of view for six or eight minutes. Handel reduces the issues of political power to the inner world of individual crisis, and takes you further with the characters than you could rea-



"It's me—albeit bruised by the cola wars."

sonably expect to be taken. Baroque opera is often considered to be a light thing, but that's because most of what we hear is sewing-machine music—arias that have been heavily cut and flattened out to resemble nineteenth-century opera. But in Act III of this opera Handel is painting human beings in extremis, and his music goes deeper than most of us nowadays are willing to go. Caesar begins as if he were a tired businessman flirting with a cocktail waitress. In Act II, something mysterious happens, and he and Cleopatra suddenly realize that they are in love. In Act III, she's captured and roughed up by her brother, and Caesar has had to leap off a cliff at the edge of the ocean to save his life. So we watch as the two most important people in the world are completely defeated. And then, when they regain power and sing their final duet, there's a happy ending. Handel couldn't afford to hire lots of people for his opera, so the cast acts as a chorus. That means that all the characters who have died have to be resurrected, so they can sing at the end. It's the hardest thing to stage in this opera, because selfishness in our age has reached such a point that the concept of simply forgiving someone doesn't come naturally. But when everyone is brought back from the dead and they all hold hands and sing it's very powerful, because Handel has put into the music a kind of joy that is totally infectious. It's a great gift of human generosity from a man who suffered from dementia and had personal knowledge of the outer edges of madness and despair."



"When she was little, we had a very close relationship, but now we're just friends."

• •

Big Building

IF they had actually named it the Ardent Penguin, we would have moved in, but they didn't. They named it the Manhattan, so we only stopped by for about forty-five minutes one morning last week. We rode the construction elevator up to the fortieth floor, where they (it's never anyone you can point to, it's always they) were conducting a topping-off ceremony for their new tower, which rises from West Fifty-second Street and affords a view of both the Hudson and the East Rivers.

This building full of luxury condominiums resembles every other building full of luxury condominiums in that it "sets a new standard for luxury living," but it differs in that its developers hired some exceptionally enterprising public-relations experts and told them to stage a contest to name the building. They sent out chocolate models of the tower to ten thousand people and invited them to submit names. Hoping for the twenty-five-thousand-dollar prize, people submitted more than six thousand suggestions—everything from A Towering Experience to Zanadu. Most of the names were boring (Midtown Quality Towers), a few were pointed (Hoity-Toity Towers), and several dozen verged on the clever (Ernie).

The Manhattan was the suggestion of the actress Marian Seldes, who starred most recently in "Painting Churches," and who was up on the breezy fortieth floor, wearing a doorman's cap with a big "M" above the bill. "I thought to myself, What's the word that makes me think of New York? And that word is Manhattan. Also, it begins with 'M-a' and ends with 'a-n,' like my name. I just figured that out on the way over."

We asked Miss Seldes if she'd ever won anything else.

"I won a poetry contest when I was pretty young," she said. "The poem was about a blood transfusion. Isn't that odd? And I won a short-story contest in high school—the judge was a wonderful critic from the *Times*, John Chamberlain. The story was about having my hair cut. See how ordinary life is when you come right down to it?"

EIGHT POEMS

RUSTLING TAFFETAS

Rustling taffetas. At sunset in a park by the Pripet River.
The party sets out for a walk on a path lined with flowers.
The fragrance of nicotianas, phlox, and resedas.
Great silence, the empty expanse of rising waters.
Meanwhile the servants bring in lamps, set the table for supper.
And the dining-room windows lit the agaves on the lawn.

Lela, Marishka, Sophineta! Lenia, Stenia, Isia, Lilka!
Is it fair that I will never talk with you
In a language not disguised by etiquette
As less than language and not reduced to table chatter
But austere and precise, like a thought
That attempts to embrace the poor lives of beings?

I walk about. No longer human. In a hunting outfit.
Visiting our thick forests and the houses and manors.
Cold borscht is served and I am abstracted
With disturbing questions from the end of my century,
Mainly regarding the truth—where does it come from, where is it?
Mum, I was eating chicken with cucumber salad.

My pretty ones, abducted, past will or guilt.
My awareness harrows me as well as my silence.
All my life I gathered up images and ideas,
I learned how to travel through lost marches of the kingdom,
But the moment between birth and disappearance
Is too much, I know, for the meagre word.

Strings of wild ducks fly over the Respublica's waters.
Dew falls on Polish manners imported from Warsaw and Vienna.
I cross the river in a dugout to the village side.
Barking dogs greet me there and the bell of an Orthodox church.

What would I like to tell you? That I didn't get what I looked for:
To meet you nakedly on the earthly pastures
Under the endless light of suspended time
Without that form which confines me as it once confined you.

Seeing the future. A diviner. In a soft merciful night.
When pigweed grows on the paths of a cut-down garden
And a narrow gold chain on a white neck,
Together with the memory of all of you, perishes.

TABLE I

Only this table is certain. Heavy. Of massive wood.
At which we are feasting as others have before us,
Sensing under the varnish the touch of other fingers.
Everything else is doubtful. We, too, appearing
For a moment in the guise of men or women
(Why either/or?), in preordained dress.
I stare at her, as if for the first time.
And at him. And at her. So that I can recall them
In what unearthly latitude of kingdom?
Preparing myself for what moment?
For what departure from among the ashes?
If I am here, entire, if I am cutting meat
In this tavern by the wobbly splendor of the sea.

TABLE II

In a tavern by the wobbly splendor of the sea,
I move as in an aquarium, aware of disappearing,
For we are all so mortal that we hardly live.
I am pleased by this union, even if funereal,
Of sights, gestures, touches, now and in ages past.
I believed my entreaties would bring time to a standstill.
I learned compliance, as others did before me.
And I only examine what endures here:
The knives with horn handles, the tin basins,
Blue porcelain, strong though brittle,
And, like a rock embattled in the flow
And polished to a gloss, this table of heavy wood.

WINTER

The pungent smells of a California winter,
Grayness and rosiness, an almost transparent full moon.
I add logs to the fire, I drink and I ponder.

"In Ilawa," the news item said, "at age seventy
Died Aleksander Rymkiewicz, poet."

He was the youngest in our group. I patronized him slightly,
Just as I patronized others for their inferior minds
Though they had many virtues I couldn't touch.

And so I am here, approaching the end
Of the century and of my life. Proud of my strength
Yet embarrassed by the clearness of the view.

Avant-gardes mixed with blood.
The ashes of inconceivable arts.
An omnium-gatherum of chaos.

I passed judgment on that. Though marked myself.
This hasn't been the age for the righteous and the decent.
I know what it means to beget monsters
And to recognize in them myself.

You, moon, you, Aleksander, fire of cedar logs.
Waters close over us, a name lasts but an instant.
Not important whether the generations hold us in memory.
Great was that chase with the hounds for the unattainable meaning of the world.

And now I am ready to keep running
When the sun rises beyond the borderlands of death.
I already see mountain ridges in the heavenly forest
Where, beyond every essence, a new essence waits.

You, music of my late years, I am called
By a sound and a color which are more and more perfect.

Do not die out, fire. Enter my dreams, love.
Be young forever, seasons of the earth.

ELEGY FOR Y.Z.

Never forget that you are a son of the King.
—*Martin Buber.*

A year after your death, dear Y.Z.,
I flew from Houston to San Francisco
And remembered our meeting on Third Avenue,
When we took such a liking to each other.
You told me then that as a child you had never
seen a forest,
Only a brick wall outside a window,
And I felt sorry for you because
So much disinheritance is our portion.
If you were the king's daughter, you didn't know it.
No fatherland with a castle at the meeting of two rivers,
No procession in June in the blue smoke of incense.
You were humble and did not ask questions.
You shrugged: Who after all am I
To walk in splendor wearing a myrtle wreath?
Fleshly, woundable, pitiable, ironic,
You went with men casually, out of unconcern,
And smoked as if you were courting cancer.
I knew your dream: to have a home
With curtains and a flower to be watered
in the morning.
That dream was to come true, to no avail.
And our past moment: the mating of birds
Without intent, reflection, nearly airborne
Over the splendor of autumn dogwoods and maples—
Even in our memory it left hardly a trace.
I am grateful, for I learned something from you,
Though I haven't been able to capture it in words:
On this earth, where there is no palm and no sceptre,
Under a sky that rolls up like a tent,
Some compassion for us people, some goodness,
And, simply, tenderness, dear Y.Z.

P.S. Really I am more concerned than words
would indicate.
I perform a pitiful rite for all of us.
I would like everyone to know they are the
king's children
And to be sure of their immortal souls,
I.e., to believe that what is most their own
is imperishable
And persists like the things they touch,
Now seen by me beyond time's border—
Her comb, her tube of cream, and her lipstick
On an extramundane table.

AFTER PARADISE

Don't run anymore. Quiet. How softly it rains
On the roofs of the city. How perfect
All things are. Now for the two of you
Waking up in a royal bed by a garret window.
For a man and a woman. For one plant divided
Into masculine and feminine which longed for
each other.
Yes, this is my gift to you. Above ashes
On a bitter, bitter earth. Above the subterranean
Echo of clamorings and vows. So that now at dawn
You must be attentive: the tilt of a head,
A hand with a comb, two faces in a mirror
Are only forever once, even if unremembered,
So that you watch what is, though it fades away,
And are grateful every moment for the festival of being.
Let that little park with greenish marble busts
In the pearl-gray light, under a summer drizzle,
Remain as it was when you opened the gate.
And the street of tall peeling porticoes
Which this love of yours suddenly transformed.

RETURN TO CRACOW IN 1880

So I returned here from the big capitals,
To a town in a narrow valley under the
cathedral hill
With royal tombs. To a square under the tower
And the shrill trumpet sounding noon, breaking
Its note in half because the Tatar arrow
Has once again struck the trumpeter.
And pigeons. And the garish kerchiefs of women
selling flowers.
And groups chattering under the Gothic portico
of the church.
My trunk of books arrived, this time for good.
What I know of my laborious life: it was lived.
Faces are paler in memory than on daguerreotypes.
I don't need to write memos and letters every morning.
Others will take over, always with the same hope,
The one we know is senseless and devote our lives to.
My country will remain what it is, the back yard
of empires,
Nursing its humiliation with provincial daydreams.
I leave for a morning walk tapping with my cane:
The places of old people are taken by new
old people,
And where the girls once strolled in their rustling skirts
New ones are strolling, proud of their beauty.
And children trundle hoops for more than half a century.
In a basement a cobbler looks up from his bench,
A hunchback with his inner lament passes by,
Then a fashionable lady, a fat image of the deadly sins—
So the earth endures, in every petty matter
And in the lives of men irreversible.
And it seems a relief. To win? To lose?
What for, if the world will forget us anyway?

AT NOON

At a mountain inn, high above the bulky green of
chestnuts,
The three of us were sitting next to an Italian family
Under the tiered levels of pine forests.
Nearby a little girl pumped water from a well.
The air was huge with the voice of swallows.
Ooo, I heard a singing in me, *ooo*.
What a noon, no other like it will recur,
Now when I am sitting next to her and her
While the stages of past life come together
And a jug of wine stands on a checkered tablecloth.
The granite rocks of that island were washed by the sea.
The three of us were one self-delighting thought
And the resinous scent of Corsican summer was with us.

—CZESLAW MILOSZ

(*Translated, from the Polish, by the author and Robert Hass.*)

LICHEN

Stella's father built the place as a summer house, on the clay bluffs overlooking Lake Huron. Her family always called it "the summer cottage." David was surprised when he first saw it, because it had none of the knotty-pine charm, the battened-down coziness that those words suggested. A city boy, from what Stella's family called "a different background," he had no experience of summer places. It was and is a high, bare wooden house, painted gray—a copy of the old farmhouses nearby, though perhaps less substantial. In front of it are the steep bluffs—they are not so substantial, either, but have held so far—and a long flight of steps down to the beach. Behind it is a small fenced garden, where Stella grows vegetables with considerable skill and coaxing, a short sandy lane, and a jungle of wild blackberry bushes.

As David turns the car into the lane, Stella steps out of these bushes, holding a colander full of berries. She is a short, fat, white-haired woman, wearing jeans and a dirty T-shirt. There is nothing underneath these clothes, as far as he can see, to support or restrain any part of her.

"Look what's happened to Stella," says David, fuming. "She's turned into a troll."

Catherine, who has never met Stella before, says decently, "Well. She's older."

"Older than what, Catherine? Older than the house? Older than Lake Huron? Older than the cat?"

There is a cat asleep on the path beside the vegetable garden. A large ginger tom with ears mutilated in battle, and one grayed-over eye. His name is Hercules and he dates from David's time.

"She's an older woman," says Catherine in a flutter of defiance. Even defiant, she's meek. "You know what I mean."

David thinks that Stella has done this on purpose. It isn't just an acceptance of natural deterioration—oh, no, it's much more. Stella would always dramatize. But it isn't just Stella. There's the sort of woman who has to come bursting out of the female envelope at this age, flaunting fat or an indecent scrawniness, sprouting warts and facial hair, refusing to cover pasty veined legs, almost gleeful about it, as if this was what she'd wanted to do all along. Man-haters, from the start. You can't say a thing like that out loud nowadays.

He has parked too close to the berry bushes—too close for Catherine, who slides out of the car on the passenger side and is immediately in trouble. Catherine is slim enough, but her dress has a full skirt and long, billowy sleeves. It's a dress of cobwebby cotton, shading from pink to rose, with scores of tiny, irregular pleats, which look like wrinkles. A pretty dress, but hardly a good choice for Stella's domain. The blackberry bushes catch it everywhere, and Catherine has to keep picking herself loose.

"David, really, you could have left her some room," says Stella.

Catherine laughs at her predicament. "I'm all right, I'm O.K., really."

"Stella, Catherine," says David, introducing.

"Have some berries, Catherine," says Stella sympathetically. "David?"

David shakes his head, but Catherine takes a couple. "Lovely," she says. "Warm from the sun."

"I'm sick of the sight of them," says Stella.

Close up, Stella looks a bit better—with her smooth, tanned skin, childishly cropped hair, wide brown eyes. Catherine, drooping over her, is a tall, frail, bony woman, with fair hair and sensitive skin. Her skin is so sensitive it won't stand any makeup at all, and is easily inflamed by colds, foods, emotions. Lately she has taken to wearing blue eyeshadow and black mascara, which David thinks is a mistake. Blackening those sparse wisps of lashes emphasizes the watery blue of her eyes, which look as if they couldn't stand daylight, and the dryness of the skin underneath. When David first met Catherine, about eighteen months ago, he thought she was a little over thirty. He saw many remnants of girlishness, he loved her fairness and tall fragility. She has aged since then. And she was older than he thought to start with—she is nearing forty.

"But what will you do with them?" Catherine says to Stella. "Make jam?"

"I've made about five million jars of jam already," Stella says. "I put it in little jars with those artsy gingham tops on them and I give them away to all my neighbors who are too lazy or too smart to pick their own. Sometimes I don't know why I don't just let Nature's Bounty rot on the vine."

"It isn't on the vine," says David. "It's on those god-awful thornbushes, which ought to be cleaned out and burned. Then there'd be room to park a car."

Stella says to Catherine, "Listen to him, still sounding like a husband."

Stella and David were married for twenty-one years. They have been separated for eight.

"It's true, David," says Stella contritely. "I should clean them out. There's a long list of things I never get around to doing. Come on in and I'll get changed."

"We'll have to stop at the liquor store," says David. "I didn't get a chance."

Once every summer he makes this visit, timing it as near as he can to Stella's father's birthday. He always brings the same present—a bottle of Scotch whiskey. This birthday is his father-in-law's ninety-third. He is in a nursing home a few miles away, where Stella can visit him two or three times a week.

"I just have to wash," Stella says. "And put on something bright. Not for Daddy—he's completely blind now. But I think the others like it—the sight of me dressed in pink or blue or something cheers them up the way a balloon would. You two have time for a quick drink. Actually, you can make me one, too."

She leads them, single file, up the path to the house. Hercules doesn't move.

"Lazy beast," says Stella. "He's getting about as bad as Daddy. You think the house needs painting, David?"

"Yes."

"Daddy always said every seven years. I don't know—I'm considering putting on siding. I'd get more protection from the wind. Ever since I winterized, it sometimes feels as if I'm living in an open crate."

Stella lives here now all year round. In the beginning, one or the other of the children would often be with her. But now Paul is studying forestry in Oregon and Deirdre is teaching at an English-language school in Brazil.

"But could you get anything like that color in siding?" says Catherine. "It's so nice, that lovely weather-beaten color."

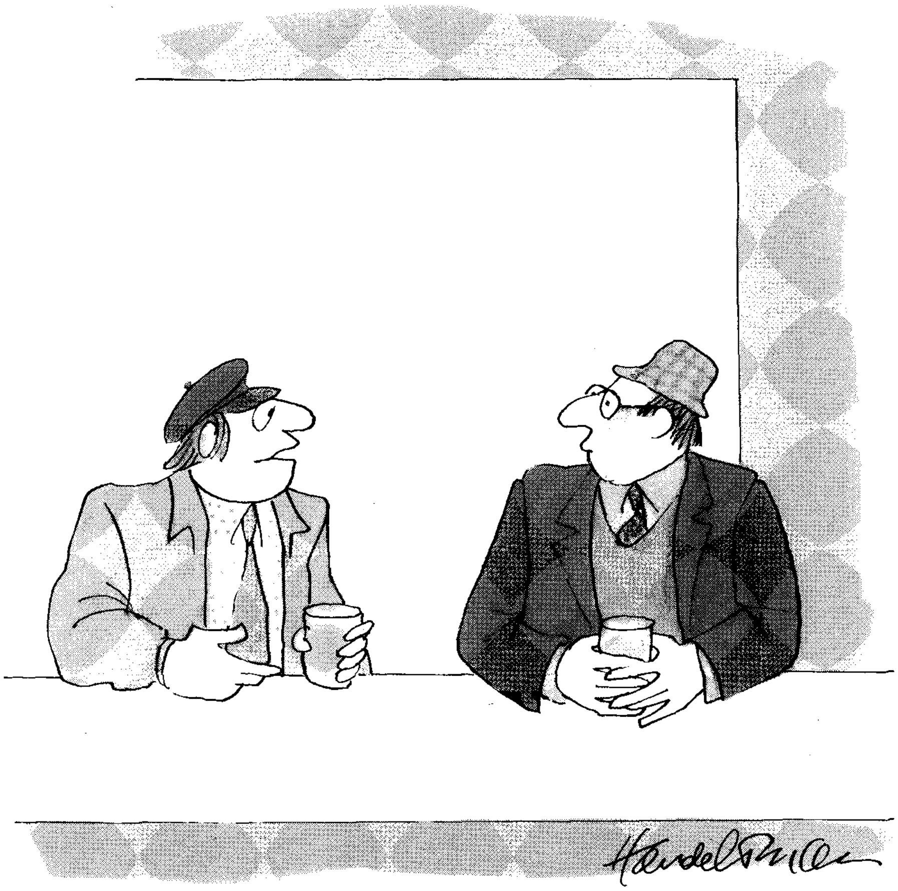
"I was thinking of cream," says Stella.

ALONE in this house, in this community, Stella leads a busy and sometimes chaotic life. Evidence of this is all around them as they progress through the back porch and the kitchen to the living room. Here are some plants she has been potting, and the jam she mentioned—not all given away but waiting, she explains, for bake sales and the fall fair. Here is her winemaking apparatus; then, in the long living room, overlooking the lake, her typewriter, surrounded by stacks of books and papers.

"I'm writing my memoirs," says Stella. She rolls her eyes at Catherine. "I'll stop for a cash payment. No, it's O.K., David, I'm writing an article on the old lighthouse." She points the lighthouse out to Catherine. "You can see it from this window if you squeeze right down to the end. I'm doing a piece for the historical society and the local paper. Quite the budding authoress."

Besides the historical society, she says, she belongs to a play-reading group, a church choir, the winemakers' club, and an informal group in which they entertain one another weekly at dinner parties that have a fixed (low) cost. "To test our ingenuity," she says. "Always testing something."

And that is only the more or less organized part of it. Her friends are a mixed bag. People who have retired here, who live in remodelled farmhouses or winterized summer cottages, younger people of diverse backgrounds who have settled on the land, taking over rocky old farms that born-and-bred farmers won't bother about anymore. And a local dentist and his friend, who are gay.



"Strange, isn't it? Normally, I'm a very caring person, but in your case, for some reason, I don't give a damn."

• •

"We're marvellously tolerant around here now," shouts Stella, who has gone into the bathroom and is conveying her information over the sound of running water. "We don't insist on matching up the sexes. It's nice for us pensioned-off wives. There are about half a dozen of us. One's a weaver."

"I can't find the tonic," yells David from the kitchen.

"It's in cans. The box on the floor by the fridge. This woman has her own sheep. The weaver woman. She has her own spinning wheel. She spins the wool and then she weaves it into cloth."

"You're kidding," says David thoughtfully.

Stella has turned the tap off, and is splashing. "I thought you'd like that. See, I'm not so far gone. I just make jam."

In a moment she comes out with a towel wrapped around her, saying, "Where's my drink?" The top corners of the towel are tucked together under one arm, the bottom corners are flapping dangerously free. She accepts a gin-and-tonic. "I'll drink it while I dress. I have two new summer outfits. One is flamingo and one is turquoise. I can mix and match. Either way I look stupendous."

Catherine comes from the living room to get her drink, and takes the first two gulps as if it were a glass of water. "I love this house," she says with a soft vehemence. "I really do. It's so primitive and unpretentious. It's full of light. I've been trying to think what it reminds me of, and now I know. Did you ever see that old Ingmar Bergman movie where there is a family living in a summer house on an island? A lovely, shabby house. The girl is going crazy. I remember thinking at the time, That's what summer houses should be like, and they never are."

"That was the one where God was a helicopter," David says. "And the girl fooled around with her brother in the bottom of a boat."

"We never had anything quite so interesting going on around here, I'm afraid," says Stella over the bedroom wall. "I can't say I ever really appreciated Bergman movies. I always thought they were sort of bleak and neurotic."

"Conversations tend to be widespread around here," says David to Catherine. "Notice how none of the partitions go up to the ceiling? Except the bathroom, thank God. It makes for a lot of family life."

"Whenever David and I wanted to say something private, we had to put our heads under the covers," Stella says. She comes out of the bedroom wearing a pair of turquoise stretch pants and a sleeveless top. The top has turquoise flowers and fronds on a white background. At least she seems to have put on a brassiere. A flesh-colored strap is visible, biting the flesh of her shoulder.

"Remember one night we were in bed," she says, "and we were talking about getting a new car, saying we wondered what kind of mileage you got with a such-and-such, I forget what. Well, Daddy was always mad about cars, he knew everything, and all of a sudden we heard him say, '*Twenty-eight miles to the gallon*,' or whatever, just as if he were right there on the other side of the bed. Of course, he wasn't, he was lying in bed in his own room. David was quite blasé about it—he just said, 'Oh, thank you, sir,' as if we'd been including Daddy all along!"

WHEN David comes out of the liquor store, in the village, Stella has rolled down the car window and is talking to a couple she introduces as Ron and Mary. They are in their mid-sixties probably, but very tanned and trim. They wear matching plaid pants and caps and white sweatshirts.

"Glad to meet you," says Ron. "So you're up here seeing how the smart folks live!" He has the sort of jolly voice that suggests boxing feints, playful punches. "When are you going to retire and come up here and join us?"

That makes David wonder what Stella has been telling them about the separation.

"It's not my turn to retire yet."

"Retire early! That's what a lot of us up here did! We got ourselves out of the whole routine. Toiling and moiling and earning and spending."

"Well, I'm not in that," says David. "I'm just a civil servant. We take the taxpayer's money and try not to do any work at all."

"That's not true," says Stella, scolding—wifely. "He works in the Department of Education, and he works hard. He just will never admit it."

"A simple serpent!" says Mary, with a crow of pleasure. "I used to work in Ottawa—that was aeons ago—and we used to call ourselves simple serpents! Civil serpents. Servants."

Mary is not in the least fat, but something has happened to her chin that usually happens to the chins of fat women. It has collapsed into a series of terraces flowing into her neck.

"Kidding aside," says Ron. "This is a wonderful life. You wouldn't believe how much we find to do. The day is never long enough."

"You have a lot of interests?" says David. He is perfectly serious now, respectful and attentive.

This a tone that warns Stella, and she tries to deflect Mary. "What are you going to do with the material you brought back from Morocco?"

"I can't decide. It would make a gorgeous dress but it's hardly me. I might just end up putting it on a bed."

"There's so many activities, you can just keep up forever," Ron says. "For instance, skiing. Cross-country. We were out nineteen days in the month of February. Beautiful weather this year. We don't have to drive anywhere, we just go down the back lane—"

"I try to keep up my interests, too," says David. "I think it keeps you young."

"There is no doubt it does!"

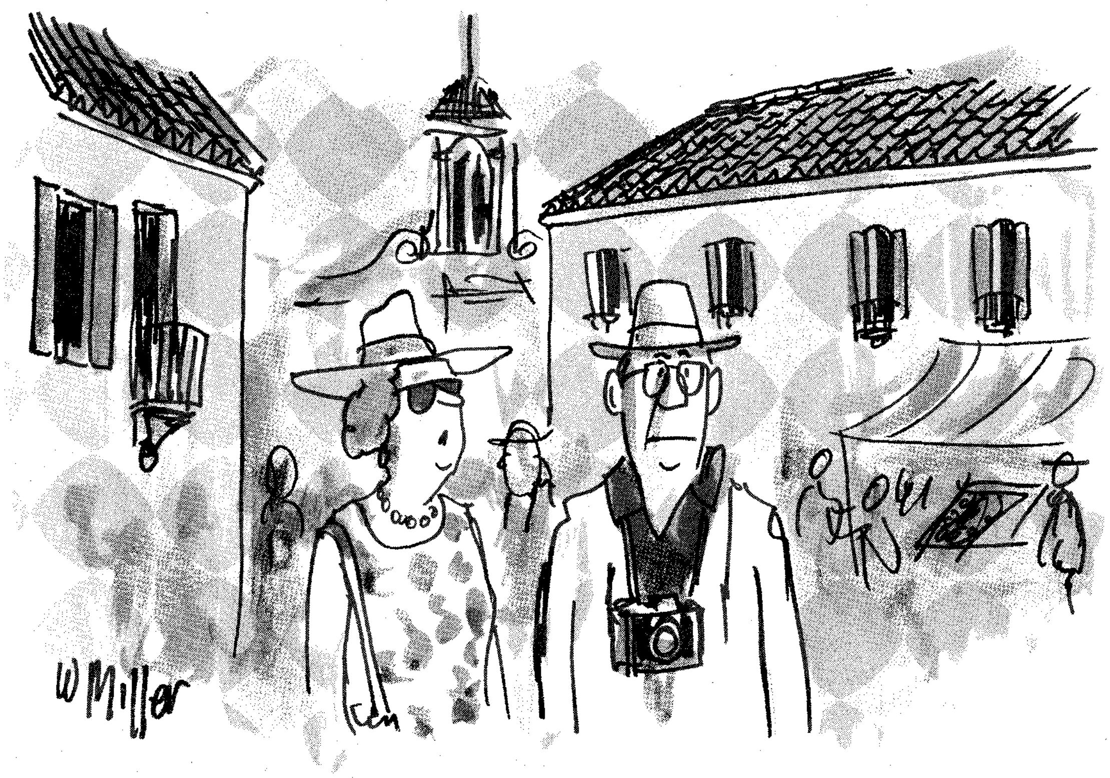
David has one hand in the inner pocket of his jacket. He brings out something he keeps cupped in his palm, shows it to Ron with a deprecating smile. "One of my interests," he says.

"WANT to see what I showed Ron?" David says to Stella later. They are driving along the bluffs to the nursing home.

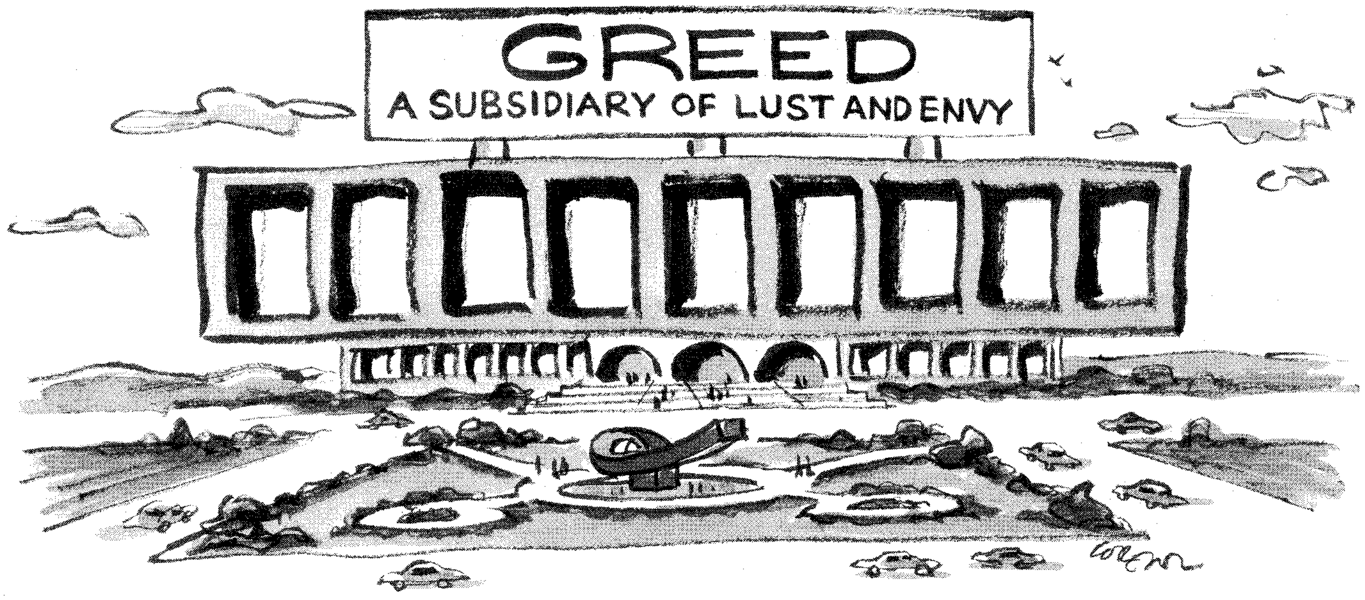
"No, thank you."

"I hope Ron liked it," David says pleasantly.

He starts to sing. He and Stella met while singing madrigals at university. Or that's what Stella tells people.



"Of course you have déjà vu. We were here last year."


GREED
A SUBSIDIARY OF LUST AND ENVY

• •

They sang other things, too, not just madrigals. "David was a skinny innocent bit of a lad with a pure sweet tenor, and I was a stocky little brute of a girl with a big deep alto," Stella likes to say. "There was nothing he could do about it. Destiny."

"O, mistress mine, where are you roaming?" sings David, who has a fine tenor voice to this day:

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,
O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low.

DOWN on the beach, at either end of Stella's property, there are long, low walls of rocks that have been stacked in baskets of wire, stretching out into the water. They are there to protect the beach from erosion. On one of these walls Catherine is sitting, looking out at the water, with the lake breeze blowing her filmy dress and her long hair. She could be posed for a picture. She might be advertising something, Stella thinks—either something very intimate, and potentially disgusting, or something truly respectable and rather splendid, like life insurance.

"I've been meaning to ask you," says Stella. "Is there anything the matter with her eyes?"

"Eyes?" says David.

"Her eyesight. It's just that she doesn't seem to be quite focussing, close up. I don't know how to describe it."

Stella and David are standing at the living-room window. Returned from the nursing home, they each hold a fresh, restorative drink. They have hardly spoken on the way home, but the silence has not been hostile. They are feeling chastened and reasonably companionable.

"There isn't anything wrong with her eyesight that I know of."

Stella goes into the kitchen, gets out the roasting pan, rubs the roast of pork with cloves of garlic and fresh sage leaves.

"You know, there's a smell women get," says David, standing in the living-room doorway. "It's when they know you don't want them anymore. Stale."

Stella slaps the meat over.

"Those walls are going to have to be rewired entirely," she says. "The wire is just worn to cobwebs in some places. You should see. The power of water. It can wear out tough wire. I'll have to have a work party this fall. Just make a lot of food and ask some people over and make sure enough of them are able-bodied. That's what we all do."

She puts the roast in the oven and rinses her hands.

"It was Catherine you were telling me about last summer, wasn't it? She was the one you said was inclined to be fey."

David groans. "I said what?"

"Inclined to be fey." Stella bangs around, getting out apples, potatoes, onions.

"All right, tell me," says David, coming into the kitchen to stand close to her. "Tell me what I said."

"That's all, really. I don't remember anything else."

"Stella. Tell me all I said about her."

"I don't, really. I don't remember."

Of course she remembers. She remembers the exact tone in which he said "inclined to be fey." The pride and irony in his voice. In the throes of love, he can be counted on to speak of the woman with tender disparagement—with amazement even. He likes to say that it's crazy, he does not understand it, he can plainly see that this person isn't his kind of person at all. And yet, and yet, and yet. And yet it's beyond him, irresistible. He told Stella that Catherine believed in horoscopes, was a vegetarian, and painted weird pictures in which tiny figures were enclosed in plastic bubbles.

"The roast," says Stella, suddenly alarmed. "Will she eat meat?"

"What?"

"Will Catherine eat meat?"

"She may not eat anything. She may be too spaced out."

"I'm making an apple-and-onion casserole. It'll be quite substantial. Maybe she'll eat that."

Last summer he said, "She's a hippie survivor, really. She doesn't even know those times are gone. I don't think she's ever read a newspaper. She hasn't the remotest idea of what's going on in the world. Unless she's heard it from a fortune-teller. That's her idea of reality. I don't think she can read a map. She's all instinct. Do you know what she did? She went to Ireland to see the Book of Kells. She'd heard the Book of Kells was in Ireland. So she just got off the plane at Shannon Airport and asked somebody the way to the Book of Kells. And you know what? She found it!"

Stella asked how this fey creature earned the money for trips to Ireland.

"Oh, she has a job," David said. "Sort of a job. She teaches art, part time. God knows what she teaches them. To paint by their horoscopes, I think."

Now he says, "There's somebody else. I haven't told Catherine. Do you think she senses it? I think she does. I think she senses it." He is leaning against the counter, watching Stella peel apples. He reaches quickly into his inside pocket, and before Stella can turn her head away he is holding a Polaroid snapshot in front of her eyes. "That's my new girl," he says.

"It looks like lichen," says Stella, her paring knife halting. "It looks to me like moss on a rock."

"Don't be dumb, Stella. Don't be cute. You can see her. See her legs?"

Stella puts the paring knife down and squints obediently. There is a flattened-out breast far away on the horizon. And the legs spreading into the foreground. The legs are spread wide —smooth, golden, monumental: fallen columns. Between them is the dark blot she called moss, or lichen. But it's really more like the dark pelt of an animal, with the head and tail and feet chopped off. Dark silky pelt of some unlucky rodent.

"Well, I can see now," she says in a sensible voice.

"Her name is Dina. Dina without an 'h.' She's twenty-two years old."

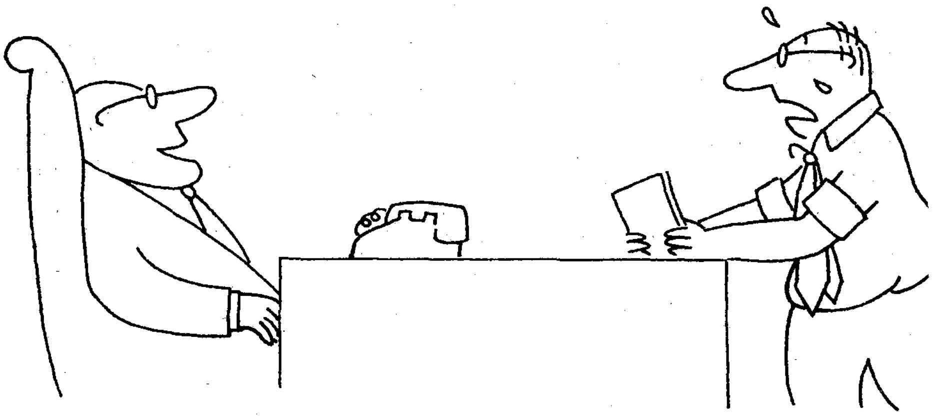
Stella won't ask him to put the picture away, or even to stop holding it in front of her face.

"She's a bad girl," says David. "Oh, she's a bad girl! She went to school to the nuns. There are no bad girls like those convent-school girls once they decide to go wild! She was a student at the art college, where Catherine teaches. She quit. Now she's a cocktail waitress."

"That doesn't sound so terribly depraved to me. Deirdre was a cocktail waitress for a while when she was at college."

"Dina's not like Deirdre."

At last the hand holding the picture drops, and Stella picks up her knife and resumes peeling the apples. But David doesn't put the picture away. He starts to, then changes his mind.



"Relax, Haskins. What could be worth all this grief?"

"The little witch," he says. "She torments my soul."

His voice when he talks about this girl seems to Stella peculiarly artificial. But who is she to say, with David, what is artificial and what is not? This special voice of his is rather high-pitched, monotonous, insistent, with a deliberate, cruel sweetness. Whom does he want to be cruel to—Stella, Catherine, the girl, himself? Stella gives a sigh that is noisier and more exasperated than she meant it to be and puts down an apple half peeled. She goes into the living room and looks out the window.

Catherine is climbing off the wall. Or she's trying to. Her dress is caught in the wire.

"That pretty li'l old dress is giving her all sorts of trouble today," Stella says, surprising herself with the bad accent and a certain viciousness of tone.

"Stella. I wish you'd keep this picture for me."

"Me keep it?"

"I'm afraid I'll show it to Catherine. I keep being tempted to. I keep wanting to. I'm afraid I will."

Catherine has disengaged herself, and has spotted them at the window. She waves, and Stella waves back.

"I'm sure you have others," says Stella. "Pictures."

"Not with me. It's not that I want to hurt her."

"Then don't."

"She makes me want to hurt her. She hangs on me with her weepy looks. She takes pills. Mood elevators. She drinks. Sometimes I think the best thing to do would be to give her the big chop. Coup de grâce. Coup de grâce, Catherine. Here you are. Big chop. But I worry about what she'll do."

"Mood elevator," says Stella. "Mood elevator, going up!"

"I'm serious, Stella. Those pills are deadly."

"That's your affair."

"Very funny."

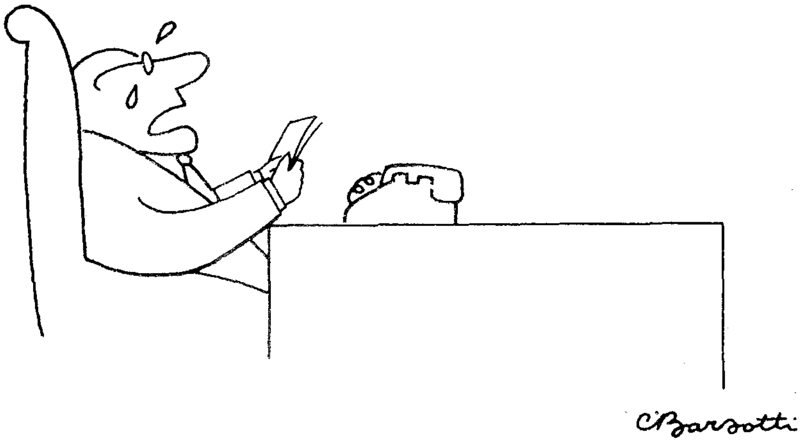
"I didn't even mean it to be. Whenever something slips out like that I always pretend I meant it, though. I'll take all the credit I can get!"

THESE three people feel better at dinnertime than any of them might have expected. David feels better because he has remembered that there is a telephone booth across from the liquor store. Stella always feels better when she has cooked a meal and it has turned out so well. Catherine's reasons for feeling better are chemical.

Conversation is not difficult. Stella tells stories that she has come across in doing research for her lighthouse article, about wrecks on the Great Lakes. Catherine knows something about wrecks. She has a boyfriend, a former boyfriend, who is a diver. David is gallant enough to assert that he is jealous of this fellow, does not care to hear about his deep-water prowess. Perhaps this is the truth.

After dinner, David says he needs to go for a walk. Catherine tells him to go ahead. "Go on," she says merrily. "We don't need you here. Stella and I will get along fine without you!"

Stella wonders where this new voice of Catherine's comes from, this pert and rather foolish and flirtatious voice. Drink wouldn't do it. Whatever Catherine has taken has made her sharper, not blunter. Several layers of wispy apology, tentative flattery, fear-



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fulness, or hopefulness have simply blown away in this brisk chemical breeze.

But when Catherine gets up and tries to clear the table it becomes apparent that the sharpening is not physical. Catherine bumps into a corner of the counter. She can't get a grasp on the plates. She makes Stella think of an amputee. Not much cut off, just the tips of her fingers and maybe her toes. Stella has to keep an eye on her, relieving her of the dishes before they slide away.

"Did you notice the hair?" says Catherine. Her voice goes up and down like a Ferris wheel, it dips and sparkles. "He's dyeing it!"

"David is?" says Stella, in genuine surprise.

"Every time he'd think of it, he'd tilt his head back, so you couldn't get too close a look. I think he was afraid you'd say something. He's slightly afraid of you. Actually, it looks very natural."

"I really didn't notice."

"He started a couple of months ago. I said, 'David, what does it matter? Your hair was getting gray when I fell in love with you. Do you think it's going to bother me now?' Love is strange, it does strange things. David is actually a sensitive person, he's a vulnerable person." Stella rescues a wineglass that is drooping from Catherine's fingers. "It can make you mean. Love can make you mean. If you feel dependent on somebody, then you can be mean to them. I understand that in David."

They drank mead at dinner. This is the first time Stella has tried this batch of homemade mead and she thinks now how good it was, dry and sparkling. It looked like champagne. She checks to see if there is any left in the bottle. About half a glass. She pours it out for herself, sets her glass behind the blender, rinses the bottle.

"You have a good life here," Catherine says.

"I have a fine life. Yes."

"I feel a change coming in my life. I love David, but I've been submerged in this love for so long. Too long. Do you know what I mean? I was down looking at the waves and I started saying, 'He loves me, he loves me not.' I do that often. Then I thought, Well, there isn't any end to the waves, not like there is to a daisy. Or even like there is to my footsteps, if I start counting them to the end of the block. I thought, The waves never, ever come to an end. So then I knew—this is a message for me."

"Just leave the pots, Catherine. I'll deal with them later."

Why doesn't Stella say, "Sit down, I can manage better by myself"? It's a thing she has said often to helpers less inept than Catherine. She doesn't say it because she's wary of something. Catherine's state seems so brittle and delicate. Tripping her up could have consequences.

"He loves me, he loves me not," says Catherine. "That's the way it goes. It goes on forever. That's what the waves were trying to tell me."

"Just out of curiosity," says Stella, "do you believe in horoscopes?"

"You mean have I had mine done? No, not really. I know people who have. I've thought about it. I guess I don't quite believe in it enough to spend the money. I look at those things in the newspapers sometimes."

"You read the newspapers?"

"I read parts. I get one delivered. I don't read it all."

"And you eat meat? You ate pork for dinner."

Catherine doesn't seem to mind being interrogated, or even to notice that this is an interrogation.

"Well, I can live on salads, particularly at this time of year. But I do eat meat from time to time. I'm a sort of very lackadaisical vegetarian. It was fantastic, that roast. Did you put garlic on it?"

"Garlic and sage and rosemary."

"It was delicious."

"I'm glad."

Catherine sits down suddenly, and spreads out her long legs in a tomboyish way, letting her dress droop between them. Hercules, who has slept all through dinner on the fourth chair, at the other side of the table, takes a determined leap and lands on what there is of her lap.

Catherine laughs. "Crazy cat."

"If he bothers you, just bat him off."

Freed now of the need to watch Catherine, Stella gets busy scraping and stacking the plates, rinsing glasses, cleaning off the table, shaking the cloth, wiping the counters. She feels well satisfied and full of energy. She takes a sip of the mead. Lines of a song are going through her head, and she doesn't realize until a few words of this song reach the surface that it's the same one David was singing earlier in the day. "What's to come is still unsure."

Catherine gives a light snore, and jerks her head up. Hercules doesn't take fright but tries to settle himself more permanently, getting his claws into her dress.

"Was that me?" says Catherine.

"You need some coffee," Stella says. "Hang on. You probably shouldn't go to sleep right now."

"I'm tired," says Catherine stubbornly.

"I know. But you shouldn't go to sleep right now. Hang on, and we'll get some coffee into you."

Stella takes a hand towel from the drawer, soaks it in cold water, holds it to Catherine's face.

"There now," says Stella. "You hold it, I'll start the coffee. We're not going to have you passing out here, are we? David would carry on about it. He'd say it was my mead or my cooking or my company, or something. Hang on, Catherine."

DAVID, in the phone booth, begins to dial Dina's number. Then he remembers that it's long distance. He must dial the operator. He dials the operator, asks how much the call will cost, empties his pockets of change. He picks out a dollar thirty-five in quarters and dimes, stacks it ready on the shelf. He starts dialling again. His fingers are shaky, his palms sweaty. His legs, gut, and chest are filled with a rising commotion. The first ring of the phone, in Dina's cramped apartment, sets his innards bubbling. This is craziness. He starts to feed in quarters.

"I will tell you when to deposit your money," says the operator. "Sir? I will tell you when to deposit it." His quarters clank down into the change return and he has trouble scooping them out. The phone rings again, on Dina's dresser, in the jumble of makeup, panty hose, beads and chains, long feathered earrings, a silly cigarette holder, an assortment of windup toys. He can see them: the green frog, the yellow duck, the brown bear—all the same size. Frogs and bears are equal. Also some space monsters, based on characters in a movie. When set going, these toys will lurch and clatter across Dina's floor or table spitting sparks out of their mouths. She likes to set up races, or put a couple of them on a collision course. Then she squeals, and even screams with excitement, as they go their unpredictable ways.

"There doesn't seem to be any answer, sir."

"Let it ring a few more times."

Dina's bathroom is across the hall. She shares it with another girl. If she is in the bathroom, even in the bathtub, how long will it take her to reach the phone? How long will it take her to decide whether to answer it at all? He decides to count ten rings more, starting now.

"Still no answer, sir."

Ten more.

"Sir, would you like to try again later?"

He hangs up, having thought of something. Immediately, energetically, he dials Information.

"For what place, sir?"

"Toronto."

"Go ahead, sir."

He asks for the phone number of a Michael Read. No, he does not have a street address. All he has is the name—the name of her last, and perhaps not quite finished with, boyfriend.

"I have no listing for a Michael Read."

"All right. Try Reade—R-e-a-d-e."

There is indeed an M. Reade, on Davenport Road. Not a Michael but at least an M. Check back and see, then. Is there an M. Read? R-e-a-d? Yes. Yes, there is an M. Read, living on Simcoe Street. And another M. Read, R-e-a-d, living on Harbord. Why didn't she say that sooner?

He picks Harbord on a hunch. That's not too far from Dina's apartment. The operator tells him the number. He tries to memorize it. He has nothing to write with. He feels it's important not to ask the operator to repeat the number more than once. He should not reveal that he is here in a phone booth without a pen or pencil. It seems to him that the desperate, furtive nature of his quest is apparent, and that at any moment he may be shut off, not permitted to acquire any further information about M. Read or M. Reade, on Harbord or Simcoe or Davenport, or wherever.

Now he must start all over again. The Toronto area code. No, the operator. The memorized number. Quick, before he loses his nerve, or loses the number. If she should answer, what is he going to say? But it isn't likely that she will answer, even if she is there. M. Read will answer. Then David must ask for Dina. But perhaps not in his own voice. Perhaps not in a man's voice at all. He used to be able to do different voices on the phone. He could even fool Stella at one time.

Perhaps he could do a woman's voice, squeaky. Or a child's voice, a little-sister voice. *Is Dina there?*

"I beg your pardon, sir?"

"Nothing. Sorry."

"It's ringing now. I will let you know when to deposit your money."

What if M. Read is a woman? Not Michael Read at all. Mary Read. Old-age pensioner. Career girl. What are you phoning me for? Sexual harassment. Back to Information, then. Try M. Read on Simcoe. Try M. Reade on Davenport. Keep trying.

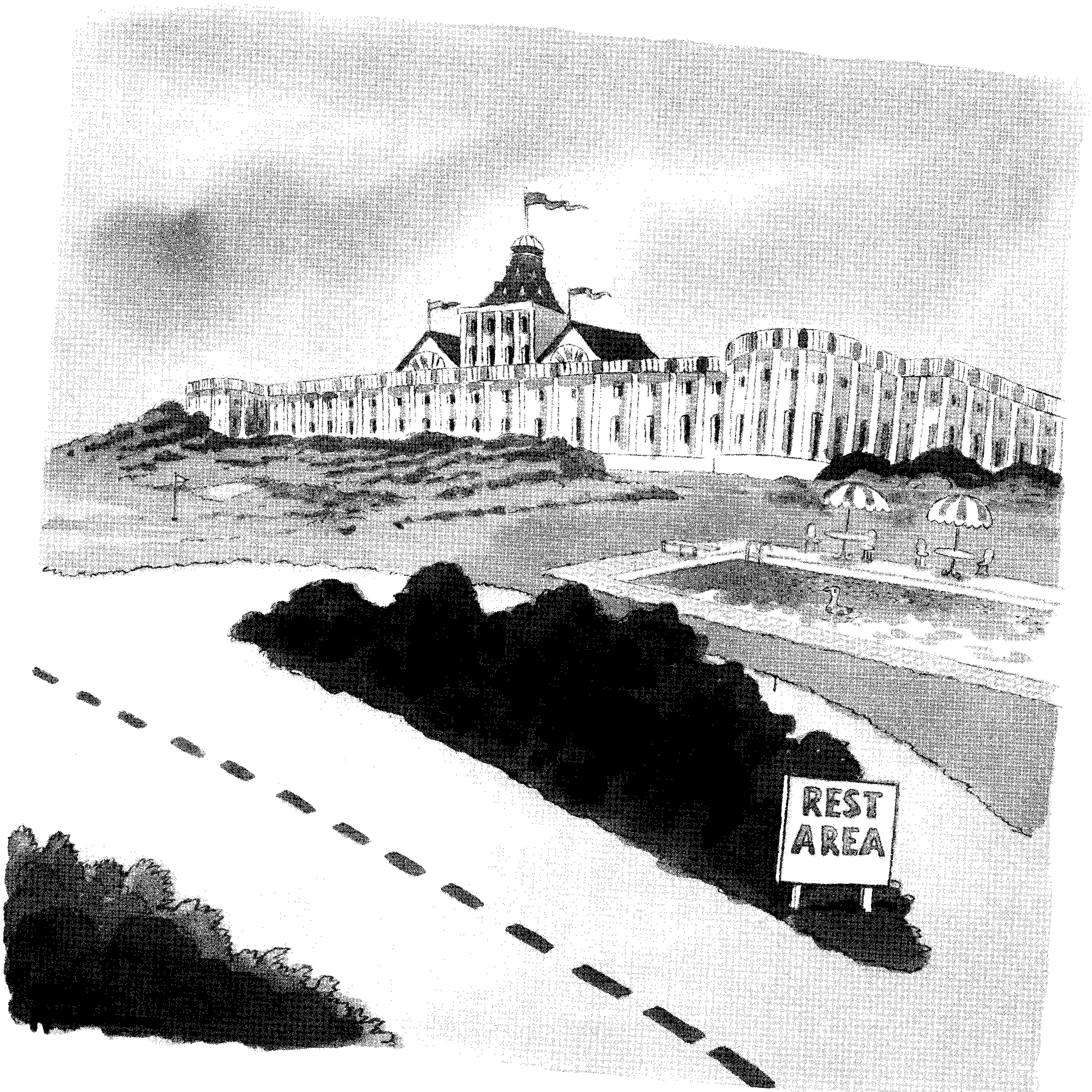
"I'm sorry. I can't seem to get an answer."

The phone rings again and again in M. Read's apartment, or house, or room. David leans against the metal shelf, where his change is waiting. A car has parked in the liquor-store lot. The couple in it are watching him. Obviously waiting to use the phone. With any luck, Ron and Mary will drive up next.

Dina lives above an Indian-import shop. Her clothes and hair always have a smell of curry powder, nutmeg, incense, added to what David thinks of as her natural smell, of cigarettes and dope and sex. Her hair is dyed dead black. Her cheeks bear a slash of crude color and her eyelids are sometimes brick red. She tried out once for a part in a movie some people she knew about were making. She failed to get the part because of some squeamishness in the matter of a tame rat. This failure humiliated her.

David sweats now, trying not to catch her out but to catch her any way at all, to hear her harsh young voice, with its involuntary tremor and insistent obscenities. Even if hearing it, at this moment, means that she has betrayed him. Of course she has betrayed him. She betrays him all the time. If only she would answer (he has almost forgotten it's M. Read who is supposed to answer), he could howl at her, berate her, and if he felt low enough—he *would* feel low enough—he could plead with her. He would welcome the chance. Any chance. At dinner, talking in a lively way to Stella and Catherine, he kept writing the name Dina with his finger on the underside of the wooden table.

Nobody has any patience with this sort of suffering, and why should they? The sufferer must forgo sympathy, give up on dignity, cope with the ravages. And, on top of that, people will take time out to tell you that this isn't real love. These bouts of desire



and dependence and worship and perversity, willed but terrible transformations—they aren't real love.

Stella used to tell him he wasn't interested in love. "Or sex, even. I don't think you're even interested in sex, David. I think all you're interested in is being a Big Bad Boy."

Real love—that would be going on living with Stella, or taking on Catherine. A person presumed to know all about Real Love might be Ron, of Ron-and-Mary.

David knows what he's doing. This is the interesting part of it, he thinks, and has said. He knows that Dina is not really so wild, or so avid, or doomed, as he pretends she is, or as she sometimes pretends she is. In ten years' time she won't be wrecked by her crazy life, she won't be a glamorous whore. She'll be a woman tagged by little children in the laundromat. The delicious, old-fashioned word "trollop," which he uses to describe her, doesn't apply to her, really—has no more to do with her than "hippie" had to do with Catherine, a person he cannot now bear to think about. He knows that sooner or later, if Dina allows her disguise to crack, as Catherine did, he will have to move on. He will have to do that anyway—move on.

He knows all this and observes himself, and such knowledge and observation has no effect at all on his quaking gut, zealous sweat glands, fierce prayers.

"Sir? Do you want to keep on trying?"

THE nursing home that they visited, earlier in the day, is called the Balm of Gilead Home. It is named after the balm-of-Gilead trees, balsam

"One thing about Martin, he doesn't mince words."

poplars, that grow plentifully near the lake. A large stone mansion built by a nineteenth-century millionaire, it is now disfigured by ramps and fire escapes.

Voices summoned Stella, from the clusters of wheelchairs on the front lawn. She called out various names in answer, detoured to press hands and drop kisses. Vibrating here and there like a fat hummingbird.

She sang when she rejoined David:

I'm a little sunbeam,
short and stout.
Tip me over and
pour me out!

Out of breath, she said, "Actually, it's 'teapot.' I don't think you'll see much change in Daddy. Except the blindness is total now."

She led him through the green-painted corridors, with their low false ceilings (cutting the heating costs), their paint-by-number pictures, their disinfectant—and other—smells. Out on a back porch, alone, her father sat wrapped in blankets, strapped into his wheelchair so that he wouldn't fall out.

Her father said, "David?"

The sound seemed to come from a wet cave deep inside him, to be unshaped by lips or jaws or tongue. These could not be seen to move. Nor did he move his head.

Stella went behind the chair and put her arms around his neck. She touched him very lightly. "Yes, it's David, Daddy," she said. "You knew his step!"

Her father didn't answer. David bent to touch the old man's hands, which were not cold, as he expected, but warm and very dry. He laid the whiskey bottle in them.

"Careful. He can't hold it," said Stella softly. David kept his own hands on the bottle while Stella pushed up a chair, so that he could sit down opposite her father.

"Same old present," David said.

His father-in-law made an acknowledging sound.

"I'm going to get some glasses," Stella said. "It's against the rules to drink outside, but I can generally get them to bend the rules a bit. I'll tell them it's a celebration."

To get used to looking at his father-in-law, David tried to think of him as a post-human development, something new in the species. Survival hadn't just preserved, it had transformed him. Bluish-gray skin, with dark-blue spots, whitened eyes, a ribbed neck with delicate deep hollows, like a smoked-glass vase. Up through this neck came further sounds, a conversational offering. It was the core of each syllable that was presented, a damp vowel barely held in shape by surrounding consonants. "Traffic—bad?"

David described conditions on the freeway and on the secondary highways. He told his father-in-law that he had recently bought a car, a Japanese car. He told how he had not, at first, been able to get anything close to the advertised mileage. But he had complained, he had persisted, had taken the car back to the dealer. Various adjustments had been tried, and now the situation had improved and the figure was satisfactory, if not quite what had been promised.

This conversation seemed welcome. His father-in-law appeared to follow it. He nodded, and on his narrow, elongated, bluish post-human face there were traces of old expressions. An expression of shrewd and dignified concern, suspicion of advertising and of foreign cars and car dealers. There was even a suggestion of doubt—as in the old days—that David could be trusted to handle such things well. And relief that he had done so. In his father-in-law's eyes David would always be somebody learning how to be a man, somebody who might never learn, might never achieve the steadfastness and control, the decent narrowness of range. David, who preferred gin to whiskey, read novels, didn't understand the stock market, talked to women, and had started out as a teacher. David, who had always driven small cars, foreign cars. But that was all right now. Small cars were not a sign of any of the things they used to be a sign of. Even here on the bluffs above Lake Huron at the very end of life, certain shifts had registered, certain changes had been understood, by a man who couldn't grasp or see. "Hear anything about—Lada?"

It happens, luckily, that David has a colleague who drives a Lada, and many boring lunch and coffee breaks have been taken up with the discussion of this car's strengths and failings and the difficulty of getting parts. David recounted these, and his father-in-law seemed satisfied.

"Gray. Dort. Gray-Dort. First car—ever drove. Yonge Street. Sixty miles. Sixty miles. Uh. Uh. Hour."

"He certainly never drove a Gray-Dort down Yonge Street at sixty miles an hour," said Stella when they had got her father and his bottle back to his room, had said goodbye, and were walking back through the green corridors. "Never. Whose Gray-Dort? They were out of production long before he had the money to buy a car. And he'd never have taken the risk with anybody else's. It's his fantasy. He's reached the stage where that's his big recreation—fixing up the past so anything he wishes had happened did happen. Wonder if we'll get to that stage? What would your fantasy be, David? No. Don't tell me!"

"What would yours be?" said David.

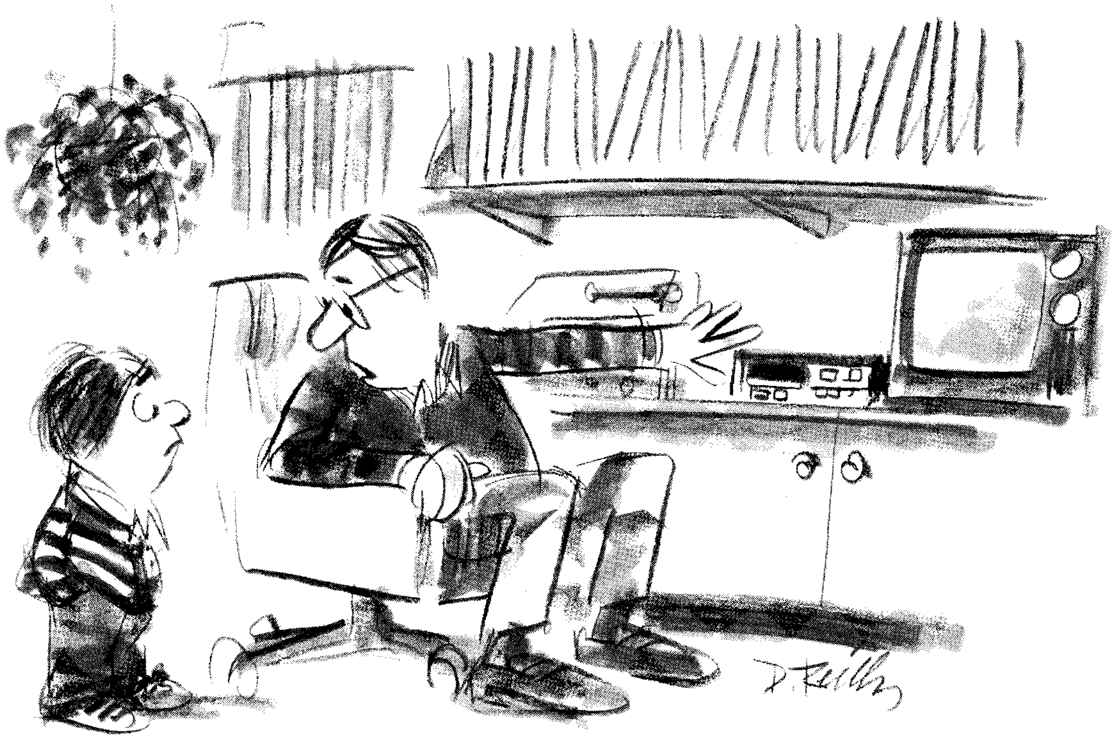
"That you didn't leave? That you didn't want to leave? I bet that's what you think mine would be, but I'm not so sure! Daddy was so pleased to see you, David. A man just means more, for Daddy. I suppose if he thought about you and me he'd have to be on my side, but that's all right, he doesn't have to think about it."

Stella, at the nursing home, seemed to have regained some sleekness and suppleness of former times. Her attentions to her father, and even to the wheelchair contingent, brought back a trace of deferential grace to her movements, a wistfulness to her voice. David had a picture of her as she had been twelve or fifteen years before. He saw her coming across the lawn at a suburban party, carrying a casserole. She was wearing a sundress. She always claimed in those days that she was too fat for pants, though she was not half so fat as now. Why did this picture please him so much? Stella coming across the lawn, with her sunlit hair—the gray in it then merely made it ash blond—and her bare toasted shoulders, crying out greetings to her neighbors, laughing, protesting about some cooking misadventure. Of course the food she brought would be wonderful, and she brought not only food but the whole longed-for spirit of the neighborhood party. With her overwhelming sociability, she gathered everybody in. And David felt quite free of irritation, though there were times, certainly, when these gifts of Stella's had irritated him. Her vivacious exasperation, her exaggeration, her wide-eyed humorous appeals for sympathy had irritated him. For others' entertainment he had heard her shaping stories out of their life—the children's daily mishaps and provocations, the cat's visit to the vet, her son's first hangover, the perversity of the power lawnmower, the papering of the upstairs hall. A charming wife, a wonderful person at a party, she has such a funny way of looking at things. Sometimes she was a riot. *Your wife's a riot!*

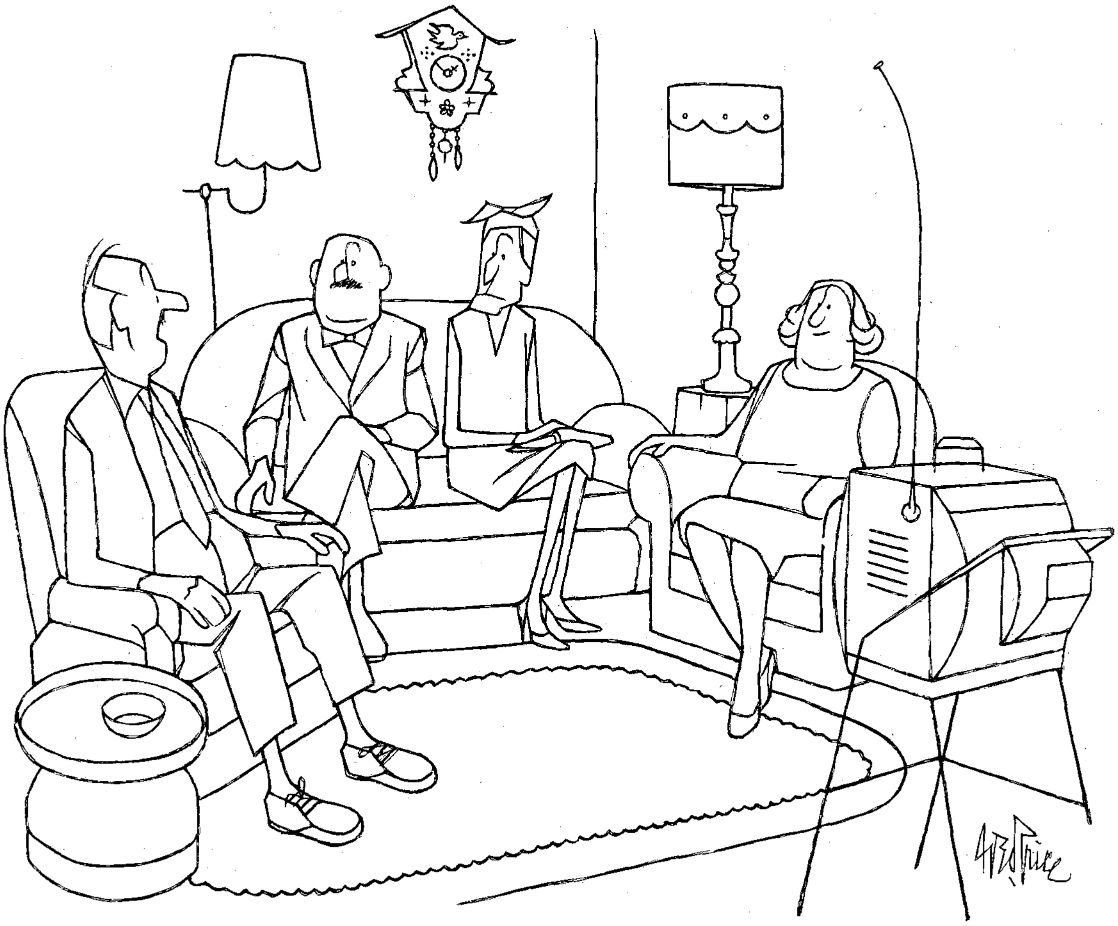
Well, he forgave her—he loved her—as she walked across the lawn. At that moment, with his bare foot he was stroking the cold, brown, shaved and prickly calf of another neighborhood wife, who had just come out of the pool and had thrown on a long concealing scarlet robe. A dark-haired, childless, chain-smoking woman, given—at least at that stage in their relationship—to tantalizing silences. (His first, that one, the first while married to Stella. Rosemary. A sweet dark name, though finally a shrill, trite woman.)

It wasn't just that. The unexpected delight in Stella just as she was, the unusual feeling of being at peace with her, didn't come from just that—the illicit activity of his big toe. This seemed profound, this revelation about himself and Stella—how they were bound together after all, and how as long as he could feel such benevolence toward her what he did secretly and separately was somehow done with her blessing.

That did not turn out to be a notion Stella shared at all. And they weren't



"So you see, son, back in those days, before the VCR, people were forced to remember the shows they liked."



"Hon, perhaps the Thompsons would like to see your collection of toll-free telephone numbers."

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so bound, or if they were it was a bond he had to break. We've been together so long, couldn't we just tough it out, said Stella at the time, trying to make it a joke. She didn't understand, probably didn't understand yet, how that was one of the things that made it impossible. This white-haired woman walking beside him through the nursing home dragged so much weight with her—a weight not just of his sexual secrets but of his middle-of-the-night speculations about God, his psychosomatic chest pains, his digestive sensitivity, his escape plans, which once included her and involved Africa or Indonesia. All his ordinary and extraordinary life—even some things it was unlikely she knew about—seemed stored up in her. He could never feel any lightness, any secret and victorious expansion, with a woman who knew so much. She was bloated with all she knew. Nevertheless he put his arms around Stella. They embraced, both willingly.

A young girl, a Chinese or Vietnamese girl, slight as a child in her pale-green uniform, but with painted lips and cheeks, was coming along the corridor, pushing a cart. On the cart were paper cups and plastic containers of orange and grape juice. "Juice time," the girl was calling in her pleasant and indifferent singsong. "Juice time. Orange. Grape. Juice."

She took no notice of David and Stella, but they let go of each other and resumed walking. David did feel a slight, very slight, discomfort at being seen by such a young and pretty girl in the embrace of Stella. It was not an important feeling—it simply brushed him and passed—but Stella, as he held the door open for her, said, "Never mind, David. I could be your sister. You could be comforting your sister. *Older* sister."

"Madam Stella, the celebrated mind reader."

It was strange, the way they said these things. They used to say bitter and wounding things, and pretend when they said them to be mildly amused, dispassionate, even kindly. Now this tone that was once a pretense had soaked down, deep down, through all their sharp feelings, and the bitterness, though not transformed, seemed stale, useless, no longer quite real.

A WEEK or so later, when she is tidying up the living room, getting ready for a meeting of the historical society which is to take place at her house, Stella finds the picture, the Polaroid snapshot. David has left it with her after all—hiding it, but not hiding it very well, behind the curtains at one end of the long living-room window, at the spot where you stand to get a view of the lighthouse.

Lying in the sun had faded it, of course. Stella stands looking at it, with a dustcloth in her hand. The day is perfect. The windows are open, her house is pleasantly in order, a good fish soup is simmering on the stove. She sees that the black pelt in the picture has changed to gray. It's a bluish, or greenish, gray now. She remembers what she said when she first saw it. She said it was lichen. No, she said it looked like lichen. But she knew what it was at once. It seems to her now that she knew what it was even when David put his hand to his pocket. She felt the old cavity opening up in her. But she held on. She said, "Lichen." And now, look, her words have come true. The outlines of the breast have disappeared. You would never know that the legs were legs. The black has turned to gray, to the soft, dry color of a plant mysteriously nourished on the rocks.

This is David's doing. He left it there, in the sun.

Stella's words have come true. This thought will keep coming back to her—a pause, a lost heartbeat, a harsh little break, in the flow of the days and nights as she keeps them going.

—ALICE MUNRO

A REPORTER AT LARGE

HIROSHIMA: THE AFTERMATH

I. HATSUYO NAKAMURA

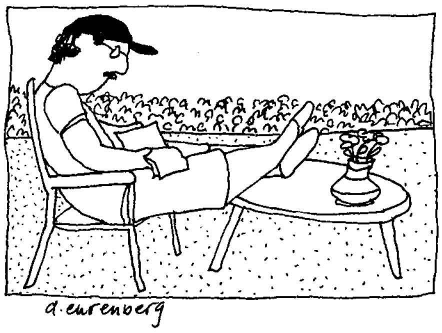
IN August, 1946, a year after the bombing of Hiroshima, Hatsuyo Nakamura was weak and destitute. Her husband, a tailor, had been taken into the Army and had been killed at Singapore on the day of that city's capture, February 15, 1942. She lost her mother, a brother, and a sister to the atomic bomb. Her son and two daughters—ten, eight, and five years old—were buried in rubble when the blast of the bomb flung her house down. In a frenzy, she dug them out alive. A month after the bombing, she came down with radiation sickness; she lost most of her hair and lay in bed for weeks with a high fever in the house of her sister-in-law in the suburb of Kabe, worrying all the time about how to support her children. She was too poor to go to a doctor. Gradually, the worst of the symptoms abated, but she remained feeble; the slightest exertion wore her out.

She was near the end of her resources. Fleeing from her house through the fires on the day of the bombing, she had saved nothing but a rucksack of emergency clothing, a blanket, an umbrella, and a suitcase of things she had stored in her air-raid shelter; she had much earlier evacuated a few kimonos to Kabe in fear of a bombing. Around the time her hair started to grow in again, her brother-in-law went back to the ruins of her house and recovered her late husband's Sankoku sewing machine, which needed repairs. And though she had lost the certificates of a few bonds and other meagre wartime savings, she had luckily copied off their numbers before the bombing and taken the record to Kabe, so she was eventually able to cash them in. This money enabled her to rent for fifty yen a month—the equivalent then of less than fifteen cents—a small wooden shack built by a carpenter in the Nobori-cho neighborhood, near the site of her former home. In this way, she could free herself from the charity of her in-laws and begin a courageous struggle, which would last for many years, to keep her children and herself alive.

The hut had a dirt floor and was dark inside, but it was a home of sorts. Raking back some rubble next to it, she planted a garden. From the debris of collapsed houses she scavenged cooking utensils and a few dishes. She had the Sankoku fixed and began to take in some sewing, and from time to time she did cleaning and laundry and washed dishes for neighbors who were somewhat better off than she was. But she got so tired that she had to take two days' rest for every three days she worked, and if she was obliged for some reason to work for a whole week she then had to rest for three or four days. She soon ran through her savings and was forced to sell her best kimono.

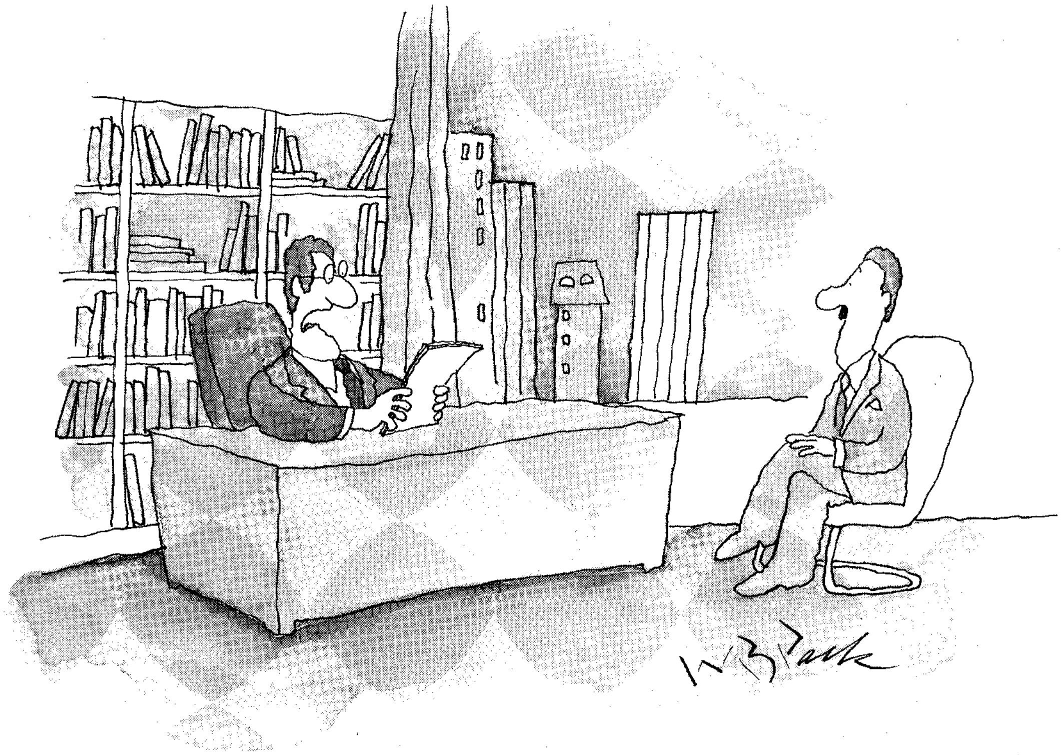
At that precarious time, she fell ill. Her belly began to swell up, and she had diarrhea and so much pain she could no longer work at all. A doctor who lived nearby came to see her and told her she had roundworm, and he said, incorrectly, "If it bites your intestine, you'll die." In those days, there was a shortage of chemical fertilizers in Japan, so farmers were using night soil, and as a consequence many people began to harbor parasites, which were not fatal in themselves but were seriously debilitating to those who had had radiation sickness. The doctor treated Nakamura-san (as he would have addressed her) with santonin, a somewhat dangerous medicine derived from certain varieties of artemisia. To pay the doctor, she was forced to sell her last valuable possession, her husband's sewing machine. She came to think of that act as marking the lowest and saddest moment of her whole life.

IN referring to those who went through the Hiroshima and Nagasaki bombings, the Japanese tended to shy away from the term "survivors," because in its focus on being alive it might suggest some slight to the sacred dead. The class of people to which Nakamura-san belonged came, therefore, to be called by a more neutral name, "hibakusha"—literally, "explosion-affected persons." For more than a decade after the bombings, the hibakusha lived in an economic limbo, apparently because the Japanese government did not want to find itself saddled with anything like moral responsibility for heinous acts of the victorious United States. Although it soon became clear that many hibakusha suffered consequences of their exposure to the bombs which were quite different in nature and degree from those of survivors even of the ghastly fire bombings in Tokyo and elsewhere, the government made no special provision for their relief—until, ironically, after the storm of rage that swept across Japan when the twenty-three crewmen of a fishing vessel, the Lucky Dragon No. 5, and its cargo of tuna were irradiated by the American test of a hydrogen bomb at Bikini in 1954. It took three years even then for a relief law for the hibakusha to pass the Diet.



Though Nakamura-san could not know it, she thus had a bleak period ahead of her. In Hiroshima, the early postwar years were, besides, a time, especially painful for poor people like her, of disorder, hunger, greed, thievery, black markets. Non-hibakusha employers developed a prejudice against the survivors as word got around that they were prone to all sorts of ailments, and that even those like Nakamura-san, who were not cruelly maimed and had not developed any serious overt symptoms, were unreliable workers, since most of them seemed to suffer, as she did, from the mysterious but real malaise that came to be known as one kind of lasting "A-bomb sickness": a nagging weakness and weariness, dizziness now and then, digestive troubles, all aggravated by a feeling of oppression, a sense of doom, for it was said that unspeakable diseases might at any time plant nasty flowers in their bodies, and even in those of their descendants.

As Nakamura-san struggled to get from day to day, she had no time for attitudinizing about the bomb or anything else. She was sustained, curiously, by a kind of passivity, summed



"Why, this is simply amazing! You've taken ordinary happenstance and through the use of simile, rhyme, and metaphor turned it into poetic imagery!"

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up in a phrase she herself sometimes used—"*Shikata ga-nai*," meaning, loosely, "It can't be helped." She was not religious, but she lived in a culture long colored by the Buddhist belief that resignation might lead to clear vision; she had shared with other citizens a deep feeling of powerlessness in the face of a state authority that had been divinely strong ever since the Meiji Restoration, in 1868; and the hell she had witnessed and the terrible aftermath unfolding around her reached so far beyond human understanding that it was impossible to think of them as the work of resentable human beings, such as the pilot of the Enola Gay, or President Truman, or the scientists who had made the bomb—or even, nearer at hand, the Japanese militarists who had helped to bring on the war. The bombing almost seemed a natural disaster—one that it had simply been her bad luck, her fate (which must be accepted), to suffer.

When she had been wormed and felt slightly better, she made an arrangement to deliver bread for a baker named Takahashi, whose bakery was in Nobori-cho. On days when she had the strength to do it, she would take orders for bread from retail shops in her neighborhood, and the next morning she would pick up the requisite number of loaves and carry them in baskets and boxes through the streets to the stores. It was exhausting work, for which she earned the equivalent of about fifty cents a day. She had to take frequent rest days.

After some time, when she was feeling a bit stronger, she took up another kind of peddling. She would get up in the dark and trundle a borrowed two-wheeled pushcart for two hours across the city to a section called Eba, at the mouth of one of the seven estuarial rivers that branch from the Ota River through Hiroshima. There, at daylight, fishermen would cast their leaded skirtlike nets for sardines, and she would help them to gather up the catch when they hauled it in. Then she would push the cart back to Nobori-cho and sell the fish for them from door to door. She earned just enough for food.

A couple of years later, she found work that was better suited to her need for occasional rest, because within certain limits she could do it on her own time. This was a job of collecting money for deliveries of the Hiroshima paper, the *Chugoku Shimbun*, which most people in the city read. She had to cover a big territory, and often her clients were not at home or pleaded that they couldn't pay just then, so she would have to go back again and again. She earned the equivalent of about twenty dollars a month at this job. Every day, her will power and her weariness seemed to fight to an uneasy draw.

IN 1951, after years of this drudgery, it was Nakamura-san's good luck, her fate (which must be accepted), to become eligible to move into a better house. Two years earlier, a Quaker professor of dendrology from the University of Washington named Floyd W. Schmoe, driven, apparently, by deep urges for expiation and reconciliation, had come to Hiroshima, assembled a team of carpenters, and, with his own hands and theirs, begun building a series of Japanese-style houses for victims of the bomb; in all, his team eventually built twenty-one. It was to one of these houses that Nakamura-san had the good fortune to be assigned. The Japanese measure their houses by multiples of the area of the floor-covering *tsubo* mat, a little less than four square yards, and the Dr. Shum-o houses, as the Hiroshimans called them, had two rooms of six mats each. This was a big step up for the Nakamuras. This home was redolent of new wood and clean matting. The rent, payable to the city government, was the equivalent of about a dollar a month.

Despite the family's poverty, the children seemed to be growing normally. Yaeko and Myeko, the two daughters, were anemic, but all three had so far escaped any of the more serious complications that so many young hibakusha were suffering. Yaeko, now fourteen, and Myeko, eleven, were in middle school. The boy, Toshio, ready to enter high school, was going to have to earn money to attend it, so he took up delivering papers to the places from which his mother was collecting. These were some distance from their Dr. Shum-o house, and they had to commute at odd hours by streetcar.

The old hut in Nobori-cho stood

empty for a time, and, while continuing with her newspaper collections, Nakamura-san converted it into a small street shop for children, selling sweet potatoes, which she roasted, and *dagashi*, or little candies and rice cakes, and cheap toys, which she bought from a wholesaler.

All along, she had been collecting for papers from a small company, Suyama Chemical, that made mothballs sold under the trade name Paragen. A friend of hers worked there, and one day she suggested to Nakamura-san that she join the company, helping wrap the product in its packages. The owner, Nakamura-san learned, was a compassionate man, who did not share the bias of many employers against hibakusha; he had several on his staff of twenty women wrappers. Nakamura-san objected that she couldn't work more than a few days at a time; the friend persuaded her that Suyama would understand that.

So she began. Dressed in company uniforms, the women stood, somewhat bent over, on either side of a couple of conveyor belts, working as fast as possible to wrap two kinds of Paragen in cellophane. Paragen had a dizzying odor, and at first it made one's eyes smart. Its substance, powdered paradichlorobenzene, had been compressed into lozenge-shaped mothballs and into larger spheres, the size of small oranges, to be hung in Japanese-style toilets, where their rank pseudo-medicinal smell would offset the unpleasantness of non-flushing facilities.

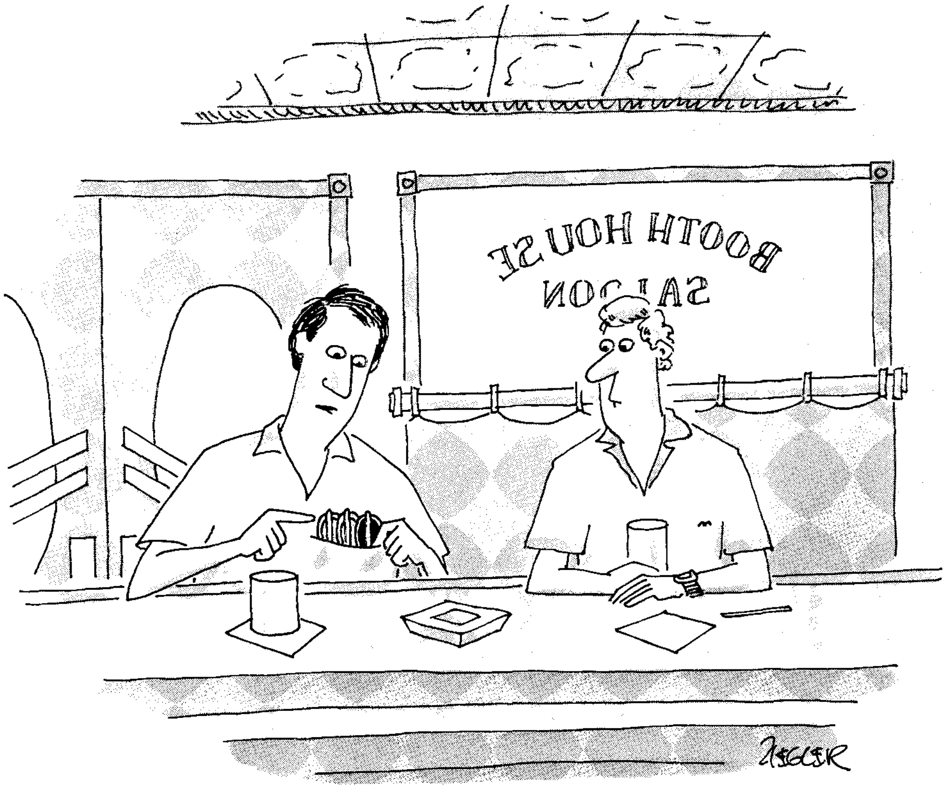
Nakamura-san was paid, as a beginner, a hundred and seventy yen—then less than fifty cents—a day. At first, the work was confusing, terribly tiring, and a bit sickening. Her boss worried about her paleness. She had to take many days off. But little by little she became used to the factory. She made friends. There was a family atmosphere. She got raises. In the two ten-minute breaks, morning and afternoon, when the moving belt stopped, there was a birdsong of gossip and laughter, in which she joined. It appeared that all along there had been, deep in her temperament, a core of cheerfulness, which must have fuelled her long fight against A-bomb lassitude, something warmer and more vivifying than mere submission, than saying "*Shikata ga-nai.*" The other women took to her; she was constantly doing them small favors. They began calling her, affectionately, *Oba-san*—roughly, "Auntie."

She worked at Suyama for thirteen years. Though her energy still paid its dues, from time to time, to the A-bomb syndrome, the searing experiences of that day in 1945 seemed gradually to be receding from the front of her mind.

THE Lucky Dragon No. 5 episode took place the year after Nakamura-san started working for Suyama Chemical. In the ensuing fever of outrage in the country, the provision of adequate medical care for the victims of the Hiroshima and Nagasaki bombs finally became a political issue. Almost every year since 1946, on the anniversary of the Hiroshima bombing a Peace Memorial Meeting had been held in a park that the city planners had set aside, during the city's rebuilding, as a center of remembrance, and on August 6, 1955, delegates from all over the world gathered there for the first World Conference Against Atomic and Hydrogen Bombs. On its second day, a number of hibakusha tearfully testified to the government's neglect of their plight. Japanese political parties took up the cause, and in 1957 the Diet at last passed the A-Bomb Victims Medical Care Law. This law and its subsequent modifications defined four classes of people who would be eligible for support: those who had been in the city limits on the day of the bombing; those who had entered an area within two kilometres of the hypocenter in the first fourteen days after it; those who had come into physical contact with bomb victims, in administering first aid or in disposing of their bodies; and those who had been embryos in the wombs of women in any of the first three categories. These hibakusha were entitled to receive so-called health books, which would entitle them to free medical treatment. Later revisions of the law provided for monthly allowances to victims suffering from various aftereffects.

Like a great many hibakusha, Nakamura-san had kept away from all the agitation, and, in fact, also like many other survivors, she did not even bother to get a health book for a couple of years after they were issued. She had been too poor to keep going to doctors, so she had got into the habit of coping alone, as best she could, with her physical difficulties. Besides, she shared with some other survivors a suspicion of ulterior motives on the part of the political-minded people who took part in the annual ceremonies and conferences.

Nakamura-san's son, Toshio, right after his graduation from high school, went to work for the bus division of the Japanese National Railways. He was in the administrative offices,



"*These are for reading. These are for driving. And these are for weekends out in Southampton.*"

working first on timetables, later in accounting. When he was in his mid-twenties, a marriage was arranged for him, through a relative who knew the bride's family. He built an addition to the Dr. Shum-o house, moved in, and began to contribute to his mother's support. He made her a present of a new sewing machine.

Yaeko, the older daughter, left Hiroshima when she was fifteen, right after graduating from middle school, to help an ailing aunt who ran a *ryokan,* a Japanese-style inn. There, in due course, she fell in love with a man who ate at the inn's restaurant, and she made a love marriage.

After graduating from high school, Myeko, the most susceptible of the three children to the A-bomb syndrome, eventually became an expert typist and took up instructing at typing schools. In time, a marriage was arranged for her.

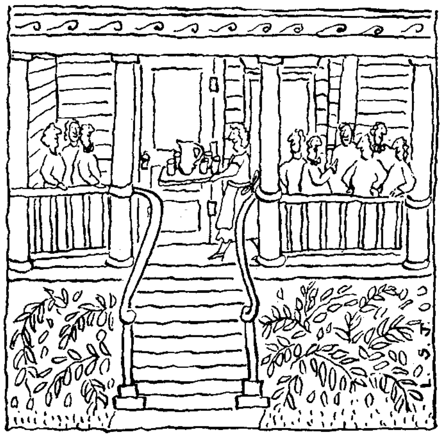
Like their mother, all three children avoided pro-hibakusha and anti-nuclear agitation.

IN 1966, Nakamura-san, having reached the age of fifty-five, retired from Suyama Chemical. At the end, she was being paid thirty thousand yen, or about eighty-five dollars, a month. Her children were no longer dependent on her, and Toshio was ready to take on a son's responsibility for his aging mother. She felt at home in her body now; she rested when she needed to, and she had no worries about the cost of medical care, for she had finally picked up Health Book No. 1023993. It was time for her to enjoy life. For her pleasure in being able to give gifts, she took up embroidery and the dressing of traditional *kimekomi* dolls, which are supposed to bring good luck. Wearing a bright kimono, she went once a week to dance at the Study Group of Japanese Folk Music. In set movements, with expressive gestures, her hands now and then tucking up the long folds of the kimono sleeves, and with head held high, she danced, moving as if floating, with thirty agreeable women to a song of celebration of entrance into a house:

May your family flourish
For a thousand generations,
For eight thousand generations.

A year or so after Nakamura-san retired, she was invited by an organization called the Bereaved Families' Association to take a train trip with about a hundred other war widows to visit the Yasukuni Shrine, in Tokyo. This holy place, established in 1869, was dedicated to the spirits of all the Japanese who had died in wars against foreign powers, and could be thought roughly analogous, in terms of its symbolism for the nation, to the Arlington National Cemetery—with the difference that souls, not bodies, were hallowed there. The shrine was considered by many Japanese to be a focus of a still smoldering Japanese militarism, but Nakamura-san, who had never seen her husband's ashes and had held on to a belief that he would return to her someday, was oblivious of all that. She found the visit baffling. Besides the Hiroshima hundred, there were huge crowds of women from other cities on the shrine grounds. It was impossible for her to summon up a sense of her dead husband's presence, and she returned home in an uneasy state of mind.

JAPAN was booming. Things were still rather tight for the Nakamuras, and Toshio had to work very long hours, but the old days of bitter struggle began to seem remote. In 1975, one of the laws providing support to the hibakusha was revised, and Nakamura-san began to receive a so-called health-protection allowance of six thousand yen, then about twenty dollars, a month; this would gradually be increased to more than twice that amount. She also received a pension, toward which she had contributed at Suyama, of twenty thousand yen, or about sixty-five dollars, a month; and for several years she had been receiving a war widow's pension of another twenty thousand yen a month. With the economic upswing, prices had, of course, risen steeply (in a few years Tokyo would become the most expensive city in the world), but Toshio managed to buy a small Mitsubishi car, and occasionally he got up before dawn and rode a train for two hours to play golf with business associates. Yaeko's husband ran a shop for sales and service of air-conditioners and heaters, and Myeko's husband ran a newsstand and candy shop near the railroad station.



In May each year, around the time of the Emperor's birthday, when the trees along broad Peace Boulevard were at their feathery best and banked azaleas were everywhere in bloom, Hiroshima celebrated a flower festival. Entertainment booths lined the boulevard, and there were long parades, with floats and bands and thousands of marchers. This year, Nakamura-san danced with the women of the folk-dance association, six dancers in each of sixty rows. They danced to "Oiwai-Ondo," a song of happiness, lifting their arms in gestures of joy and clapping in rhythms of threes:

Green pine trees, cranes and
turtles . . .
You must tell a story of your hard
times
And laugh twice.

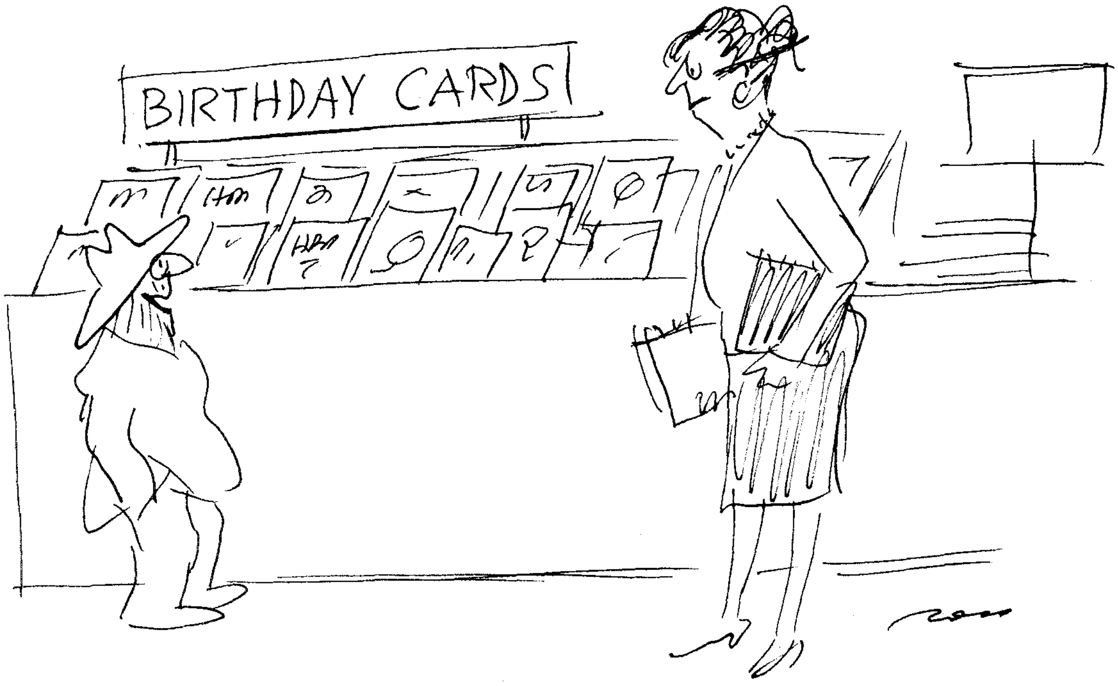
The bombing had been four decades ago. How far away it seemed!

The sun blazed that day. The measured steps and the constant lifting of the arms for hours at a time were tiring. In midafternoon, Nakamura-san suddenly felt woozy. The next thing she knew, she was being lifted, to her great embarrassment and in spite of begging to be let alone, into an ambulance. At the hospital, she said she was fine; all she wanted was to go home. She was allowed to leave.

II. DR. TERUFUMI SASAKI

A YEAR after the bombing, Dr. Terufumi Sasaki, a surgeon at the Hiroshima Red Cross Hospital, was tired all the time, and he had lost his appetite. Before the bombing, he had enjoyed an active young man's hunger and had always eaten four rice balls with each meal; now he could barely manage two.

He was still racked by memories of the appalling days and nights right after the explosion—memories that it would be his lifework to distance himself from. Within hours, ten thousand wounded and dying people had surged into the hospital, and thousands more and hundreds of dead were lying in the yard and in the driveway and for blocks both ways in the street outside. Dr. Sasaki was the only unhurt doctor in the hospital. For three straight days—with one hour of sleep in all that time, stolen in hiding outside the hospital—in a setting of fallen plaster and



"Mind if I look at some cards? Today is my birthday."

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dust and blood and vomit, breathing the stink from the necessary mass cremations in the hospital grounds, working at night by candlelight, wearing glasses borrowed from a nurse, he lost all sense of his craft and stumbled here and there, mechanically daubing and stitching and bandaging raw flesh, over and over, over and over.

In the year that followed, he worked to the limits of his strength and often beyond the limits of his understanding. Besides his duties as a surgeon, he had to spend every Thursday across the city at the University of Hiroshima, to chip away at his doctoral dissertation on appendiceal tuberculosis. As was the custom in Japan, he had been permitted to start his practice as soon as he graduated from medical school. It took most young internes five years of additional study to get their actual doctoral degrees; in Dr. Sasaki's case, it was, for various reasons, to take ten.

He had been commuting during that year from the small town of Mukaihara, where his mother lived, about an hour by train from the city. His family had money—and, indeed, over the years it turned out (as it did for a great many Japanese doctors) that the most efficacious medicine for whatever ailed him would be cash or credit, the larger the dosage the better. His grandfather had been a landlord and had accumulated wide mountain tracts of valuable woodland. His late father, a doctor, had earned good money in a private clinic. During the turbulent time of hunger and crime after the bombing, thieves had broken into two fortlike storage repositories next to his mother's house and taken many valued heirlooms, including a lacquer box given to the Doctor's grandfather by the Emperor, an ancient case for writing brushes and ink blocks, and a classic painting of a tiger, alone worth ten million yen, or more than twenty-five thousand dollars.

There were not many such eligible young men in Mukaihara, and numerous marriage brokers sounded him out. He followed up some of these feelers. One father of an offered bride received his agent and turned Dr. Sasaki down. Perhaps this was because Dr. Sasaki had a reputation of having been a very bad boy—a "tomcat," some said—when he was young, and because he had been sharply rebuked, once, by an older doctor for illegally treating patients in Mukaihara in the evenings after his work at the Red Cross Hospital, but perhaps it was also because the young woman's father was overcautious. It was said of him that he not only followed the Japanese saying "Check an old stone bridge well before crossing" but would not cross even after checking. Dr. Sasaki, never in his life having experienced such a rebuff, decided that this was the girl for him, and, with the help of two persistent go-betweens, he eventually won the wary parent over. He was married then to a woman whom he came to consider much wiser and more sensible than he.

MUCH of Dr. Sasaki's work as a surgeon at the Red Cross Hospital in the next five years was in the removal of keloid scars—hideously ugly, thick, itchy, rubbery, copper-red crablike growths that often formed over bad burns that hibakusha had suffered, and particularly those victims who had been exposed to the great heat of the bomb within two kilometres of the hypocenter. In dealing with the keloids, Dr. Sasaki and his colleagues were groping in the dark, because they had no reliable literature to guide them. They found that after the bulbous scars had been removed they often recurred. Some, if they were left unattended, became infected, and others caused underlying muscles to tense up. He and his colleagues eventually came to the reluctant conclusion that they should not have operated on many of the keloids. The scars tended in time to shrink spontaneously, and could then be more easily excised, or be left alone.

IN 1951, Dr. Sasaki decided to quit working for the hospital, with its awful memories, and to set himself up, as his father had done, in a private clinic in Mukaihara. He was ambitious. He had had an older brother, who, according to the custom of Japanese medical families, had been expected to succeed to the father's practice; the second son would have to make his own way, and in 1939, urged by the propaganda of the time to seek a fortune in the vast undeveloped reaches of China, Terufumi Sasaki had gone there and had studied at the Japanese Eastern Medical University, in Tsingtao. He had graduated and returned to Hiroshima shortly before the bombing. His brother had been killed in the war, so the way was clear for him—not only to start a practice in his father's town but also to withdraw from Hiroshima and, in effect, from

"Please—stand by me forever!"

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being a hibakusha. For four decades, he almost never spoke to anyone about the hours and days after the bombing.

His grandfather having deposited large sums in the Bank of Hiroshima, Dr. Sasaki went to it confidently expecting a big loan to help him get started. But the bank said that a clinic in such a small town could easily fail, and it put a cap on his credit of three hundred thousand yen, then less than a thousand dollars. So Dr. Sasaki started treating patients in his wife's parents' house. He performed simple surgery—on appendixes, gastric ulcers, compound fractures—but he also rather daringly practiced every other sort of medicine, too, except gynecology and obstetrics. He did surprisingly well. Before long, he was getting nearly a hundred patients a day. Some came to him from considerable distances. The bank noticed, and his limit of credit rose to a million yen.

In 1954, he put up a proper clinic building within the compound of his wife's family; it was a two-story structure with nineteen beds for in-patients and a total floor space of two hundred and eighty mats. He financed the building with a loan of three hundred thousand yen from the bank and by selling timber from the lands he had inherited from his grandfather. In the new clinic, with a staff of five nurses and three on-the-job trainees, and working himself without pause six days a week from eight-thirty in the morning till six in the evening, he continued to prosper.

LONG before this, doctors in Hiroshima had begun to find that there were much more serious consequences of exposure to the bomb than the traumatic wounds and keloid scars that had been so dramatically visible in the early days. The violent symptoms of primary radiation sickness wore off in time in most patients, but it soon became clear that hibakusha were liable to deeper and far more dangerous sequels from the enormous doses of radiation dealt them by the bomb. Above all, it was evident by 1950 that the incidence of leukemia in hibakusha was much higher than normal; among those who had been exposed within one kilometre of the hypocenter, the incidence was reported to be between ten and fifty times above the norm. Over the years, the appearance of "purple spots," tiny surface hemorrhages symptomatic of leukemia, came to be dreaded by hibakusha. And, later on, other forms of cancer besides leukemia, with longer periods of latency, were showing up at higher than normal rates: carcinomas of the thyroid, the lungs, the breast, the salivary glands, the stomach, the liver, the urinary tract, and the male and female reproductive organs. Some survivors—even children—were developing what were called A-bomb cataracts. Some exposed children were growing up stunted, and one of the most shocking findings was that some children who had been in their mothers' wombs at the time of the bombing were born with heads smaller than normal. Because it was known that radiation affected the genes of laboratory animals, a fear spread among many hibakusha that future descendants of the survivors might be subject to mutations. (It was the late sixties before analyses indeed showed some chromosome aberrations in Hiroshima and Nagasaki survivors, and it would, of course, take much longer to tell what, if any, effects there would be on their progeny.) There were several ailments, less life-threatening than the cancers, that were thought by many doctors—and by most of the people who were subject to them—to have resulted from exposure to the bomb: several sorts of anemia, liver dysfunction, sexual problems, endocrine disorders, accelerated aging, and the not-quite-really-sick yet undeniable debilitation of which so many complained.

Dr. Sasaki, who had himself suffered nothing but this last, paid little or no attention to any of these revelations. He did not follow them closely in the medical journals. In his town in the hills, he treated few hibakusha. He lived enclosed in the present tense.

IN 1963, wanting to get caught up on the latest developments in anesthesia, Dr. Sasaki went to the Yokohama Red Cross Hospital to learn about them from its director general, Dr. Tatsutaro Hattori. As chief of surgery at the Hiroshima hospital, Dr. Hattori had been Dr. Sasaki's boss there; he had come down with radiation sickness after the bombing and had moved to Yokohama. Dr. Hattori suggested that Dr. Sasaki might as well have a thorough physical examination, taking advantage of the hospital's up-to-the-minute equipment, while he was there, and Dr. Sasaki agreed. A tomographic scan of his chest showed up a shadow in the left lung. Dr. Sasaki smoked. Without going into what had been learned about the incidence of lung cancer in hibakusha, perhaps supposing that Dr. Sasaki would know all about such things, Dr. Hattori recommended a biopsy. It was done, and when Dr. Sasaki came out of the anesthetic he found that his entire left lung had been removed.

A few hours after the operation, a ligature of one of the blood vessels into the lung cavity gave way, and Dr. Sasaki suffered severe hemorrhaging for nearly a week. One day toward the end of that time, as he continued to cough up blood and grew worrisomely feeble, there gathered around him what he construed as a deathwatch: his wife, Dr. Hattori, the hospital matron, several nurses. He thanked them, said goodbye to his wife, and died.

Or, rather, he thought he died. Some time later, he regained consciousness and found himself on the mend.

IN later years, Dr. Sasaki came to think of that experience as the most important of his life—more important than the bombing. Haunted by the loneliness he had felt when he thought he was dying, he now did his best to move closer to his wife and his children—two sons and two daughters. An aunt startled him one day by saying, "You are lucky, Terufumi. After all, *i wa jinjutsu*—medicine is the art of compassion." He had never thought about the meaning of this say-

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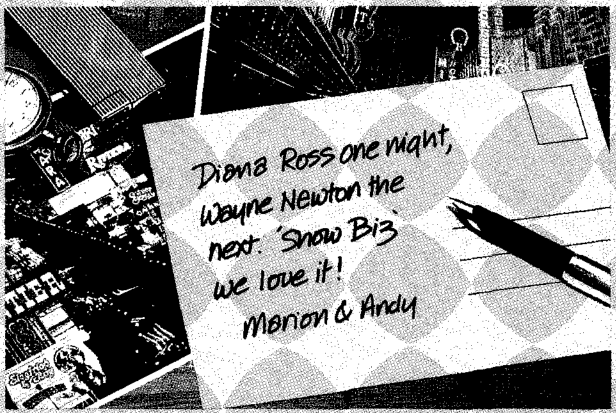

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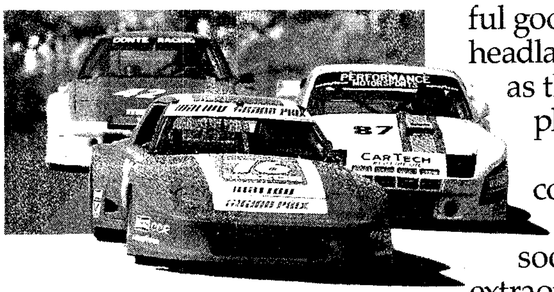

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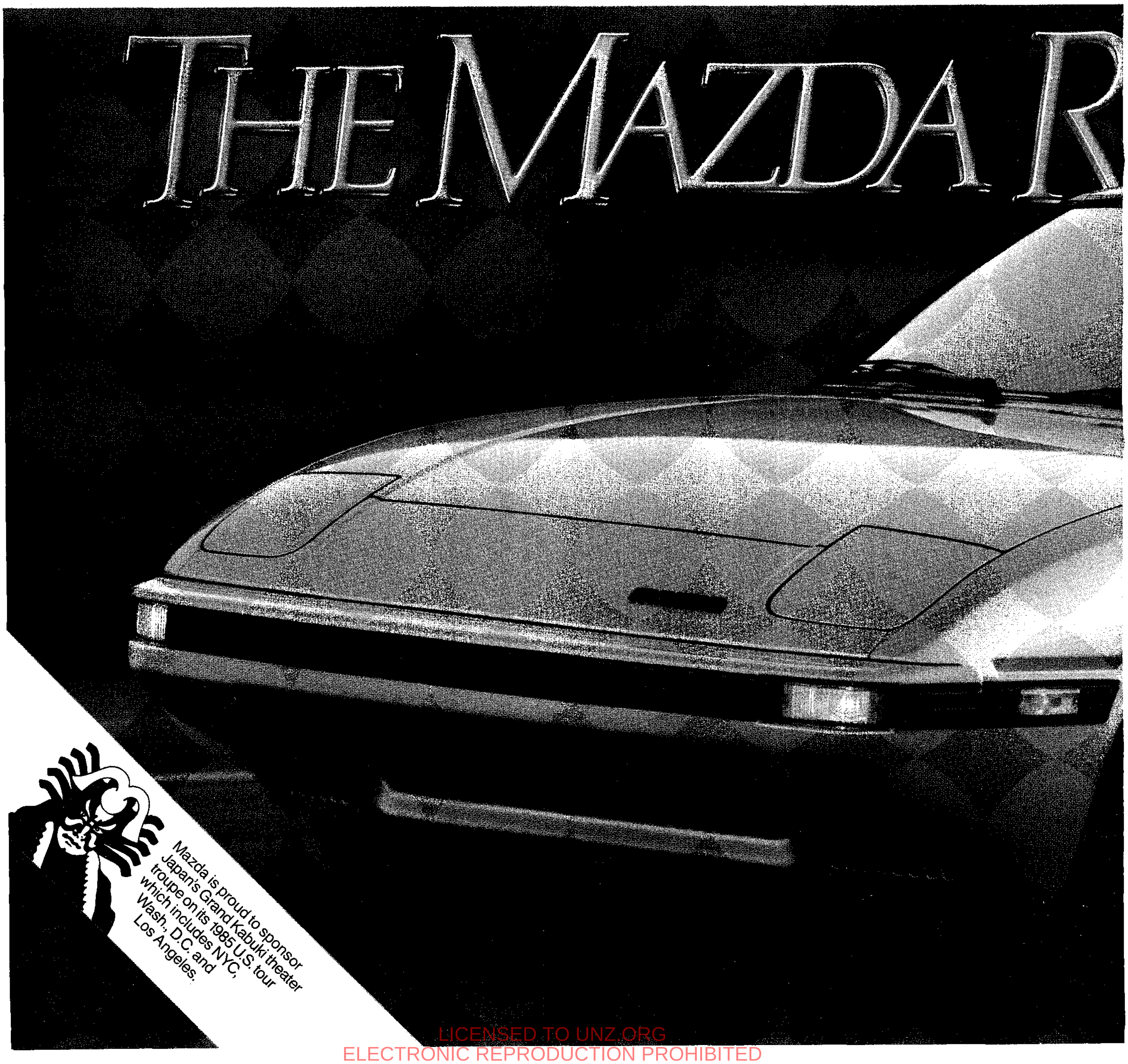

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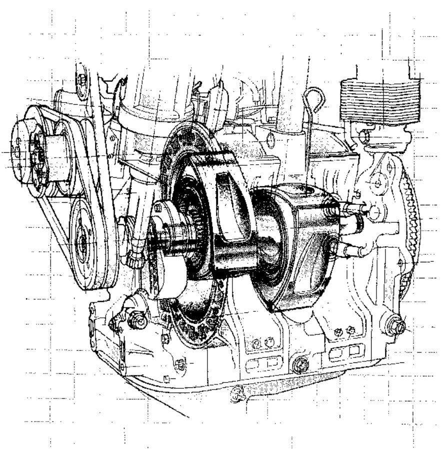

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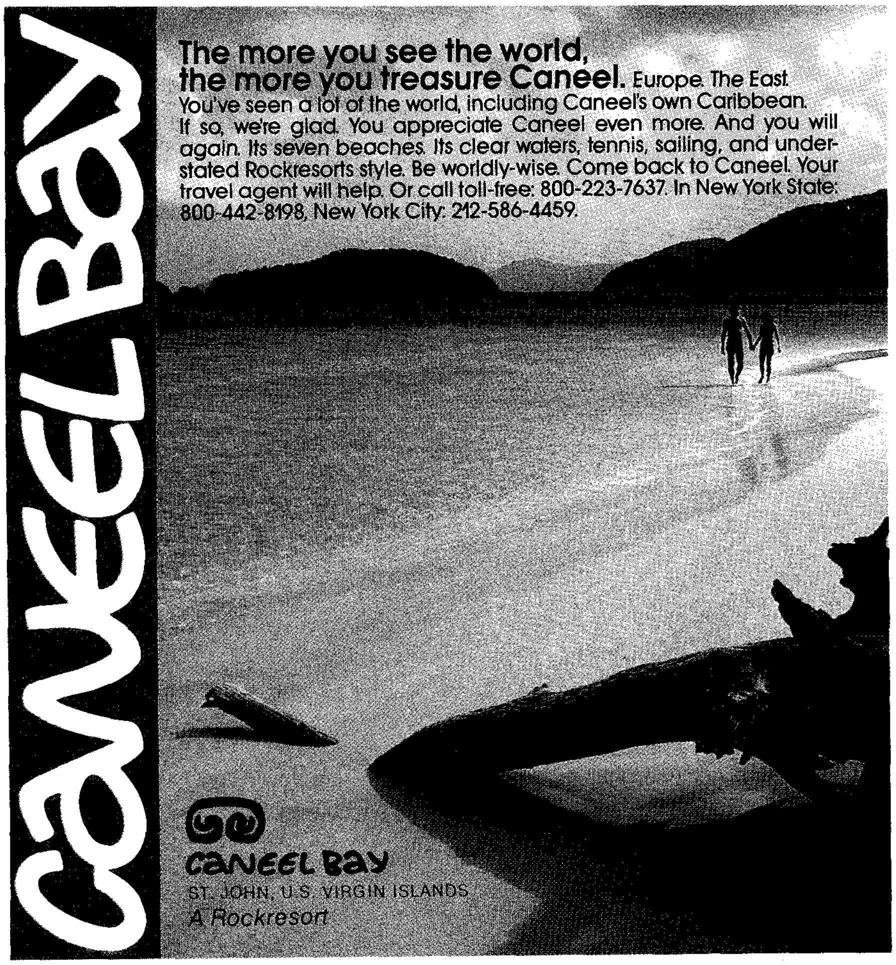

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ing, which is held up before all young Japanese training to be doctors. He determined thenceforth to be calm and composed, and not to leave undone anything he could do for a patient. He would try to be kind to people he detested. He would give up hunting and mah-jongg. His wife said, "You've reached maturity in your forties. I grew up when I was in my twenties."

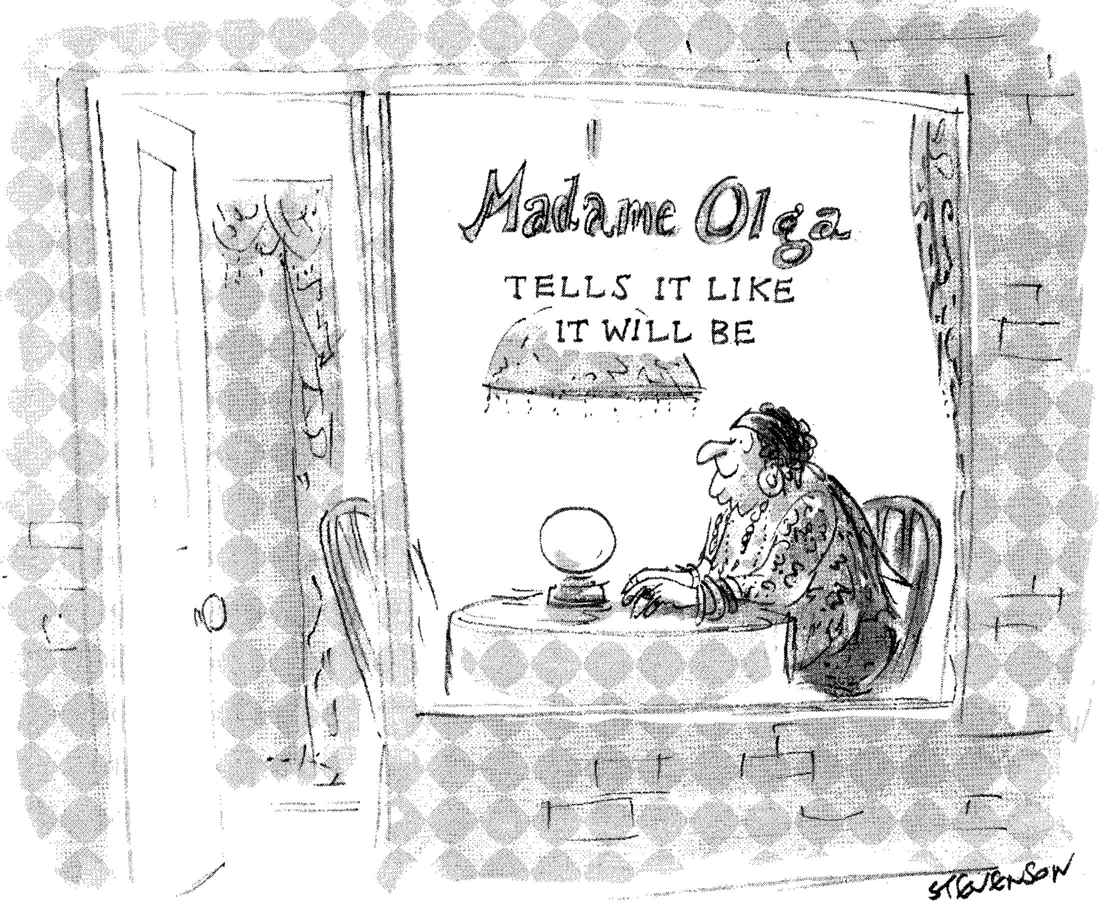
He did not give up cigarettes.

IN 1972, Dr. Sasaki's wife died of breast cancer—the third crisis of his life. He achieved now another sort of loneliness connected with death, this one nontransient and intense. He threw himself more tirelessly than ever into his work.

His wife's death and his own near-death, together with his realization that he was no longer young, started him thinking about the elderly, and he decided to build a much larger new clinic, where he would practice geriatric medicine. This branch of the compassionate art was attracting some of the ablest Japanese doctors, and it also happened to be growing extremely lucrative. As he put it to friends, who laughed at what they considered his overreaching, everyone after sixty had aches and pains, everyone as old as that needed massage, heat therapy, acupuncture, moxa, and comfort from a friendly physician—they would come in flocks.

By 1977, Dr. Sasaki's credit with the Bank of Hiroshima had soared, and it granted him a loan of nineteen million yen, or about eighty thousand dollars. With this money he put up, on land on the edge of town, an imposing four-story concrete building, with nineteen beds for in-patients and with extensive facilities for rehabilitation, and also with a splendid apartment for himself. He took on a staff of three acupuncturists, three therapists, eight nurses, and fifteen paramedics and maintenance people. His two sons, Yoshihisa and Ryuji, by now both doctors, came to help out in especially busy periods.

He was right about the flocks. He worked from eight-thirty to six, six days a week, and he saw an average of two hundred and fifty patients a day. Some came to him from cities as far away as Kure, Ondo, and Akitsu, on the coast, and others from villages all over the prefecture. Taking advantage of huge tax deductions that Japanese doctors could claim, he saved large sums, and as he returned money on his



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bank loans the bank kept raising his line of credit. He got the idea of building an old people's home, which would cost two hundred million yen. It would be necessary to get approval for this project from the Takata County Medical Association. He submitted plans. He was turned down. Soon afterward, a leading member of the association built in the city of Yoshida just such a home as Dr. Sasaki had proposed.

Undaunted, Dr. Sasaki, aware that the three foremost pleasures of his elderly patients were family visits, good food, and a relaxed bath time, used the bank's loans to build, on the site of his former clinic, a luxurious bathhouse. This was ostensibly for patients, but he opened it to the townspeople as well, charging more for admission than the usual public bathhouse did; its tubs, after all, were of marble. He spent half a million (deductible) yen a month on its upkeep.

Every morning, Dr. Sasaki met with the entire staff of the clinic. He had a favorite lecture: Do not work primarily for money; do your duty to patients first and let the money follow; our life is short, we don't live twice; the whirlwind will pick up the leaves and spin them, but then it will drop them and they will form a pile.

Dr. Sasaki's own pile grew and grew. His life was insured for a hundred million yen; he was insured against malpractice for three hundred million yen. He drove a white BMW. Rare vases stood on chests in his living room. In spite of the enormous tax deductions allowed Japanese doctors, he had come to be the payer of the highest income tax in Takata County (population thirty-seven thousand), and his tax was among the ten highest in all of Hiroshima Prefecture (twelve cities and sixty-eight towns in fifteen counties; population two million seven hundred thousand).

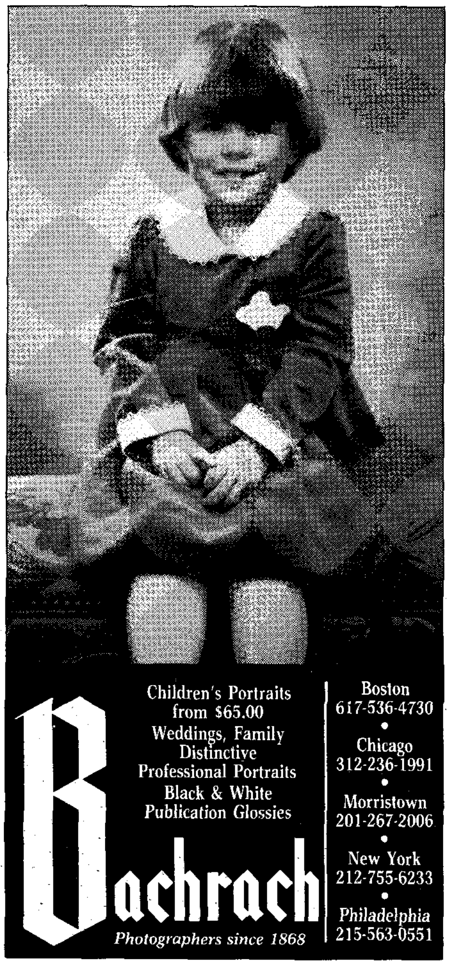
He had a new idea. He would drill down next to the clinic for subterranean hot water, to fill hot-springs baths. He hired the Tokyo Geological Engineering Company to do a survey, and it assured him that if he drilled down eight hundred metres he would get from sixty to a hundred litres of water a minute, at between 79 and 86 degrees Fahrenheit. He had visions of a hot-springs spa; he calculated that he could supply water for hot baths in three hotels. He started digging last month.

DR. SASAKI began to be considered a bit strange by Hiroshima doctors. He was not attracted, as they were, to the exclusive high society of the medical associations. Instead, he went in for such things as sponsoring a Mukaihara contest in gateball, a primitive variant of croquet; he often wore a necktie—which cost him five thousand yen, or twenty dollars—with "Gate Ball" embroidered across it in English script. His principal pleasure, apart from his work, was to take an occasional trip to Hiroshima to eat Chinese food in the basement of the Grand Hotel, lighting up, at the end of the meal, a cigarette of the brand Mild Seven, which had printed on its packet, besides its name in English, this courteous Japanese admonition: "Let's be careful not to smoke too much, for the sake of our health."

He could face Hiroshima now, because a gaudy phoenix had risen from the ruinous desert of 1945: a remarkably beautiful city of more than a million inhabitants—only one in ten of whom was a hibakusha—with tall modern buildings on broad, tree-lined avenues crowded with Japanese cars, all of which had English lettering on them and appeared to be brand-new; a city of strivers and sybarites, with seven hundred and fifty-three bookstores and two thousand three hundred and fifty-six bars. If past memories did stir up in him, Dr. Sasaki had come to be able to live with his one bitter regret: that in the shambles of the Red Cross Hospital in those first days after the bombing it had not been possible, beyond a certain point, to keep track of the identities of those whose corpses were dragged out to the mass cremations, with the result that nameless souls might still, all these years later, be hovering there, unattended and dissatisfied.

III. FATHER WILHELM KLEINSORGE

ON the first anniversary of the bombing, Father Wilhelm Kleinsorge, a Jesuit priest who at the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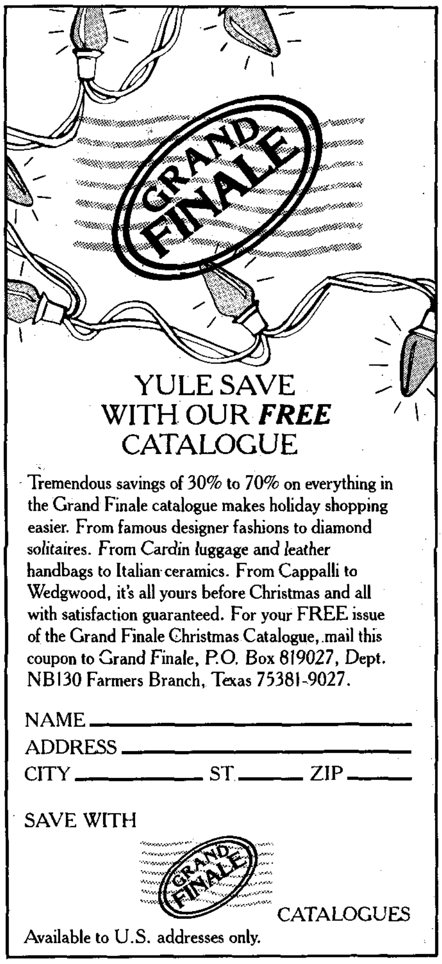

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time of the explosion had apparently suffered nothing worse than cuts and bruises on his left flank, was in International Catholic Hospital in Tokyo, for the second time. He was suffering from fever, diarrhea, wounds that would not heal, wildly fluctuating blood counts, and utter exhaustion. For the rest of his life, his was to be a classic case history of that vague, borderline form of A-bomb sickness in which a person's body developed a rich repertory of symptoms, few of which could be positively attributed to radiation but many of which turned up in hibakusha, in various combinations and degrees, so often as to be attributed by some doctors and almost all patients to the bomb.

Father Kleinsorge lived this life of misery with the most extraordinarily selfless spirit. From the moment of the bombing, he had denied his own flesh to minister to others. Though not a sturdy man, he fled the first fires carrying a suitcase, which contained his breviary, account books for the diocese, and some cash belonging to the mission, and also carrying, pickaback, the Japanese secretary of the diocese—who eventually broke away from him and ran back and immolated himself in the flames. In a park where Father Kleinsorge and several fellow-priests took refuge, he bound others' wounds, carried buckets to fight fires, stayed up all night to comfort Murata-san, the mission housekeeper, gave water the next day to many survivors, among them a band of soldiers whose eyes had been melted out of their faces, and then, though he felt completely spent, walked to a police station to fill out a property claim for the mission and, finally, hiked more than three miles to the order's Novitiate, in the hilly suburb of Nagatsuka.

Within two weeks, he succumbed to radiation sickness, and in September he entered the Tokyo hospital for a three-month stay. Still very weak after his return to Hiroshima, he started trudging for hours every day through the city streets to visit parishioners who were down with injuries or radiation sickness, and, as well, to instruct candidates for conversion. One of the latter was a crippled young woman named Toshiko Sasaki, who had worked as a clerk in the East Asia Tin Works and had suffered dreadful multiple compound fractures of her left leg in the bombing; though he was often still feverish, he called on her, first at the Red Cross Hospital and then at her home, in the suburb of Koi, which meant a walk of several miles. He never failed to keep an appointment he had made, and he always arrived on the minute of the promised hour.

After his second discharge from the hospital, he returned to the tiny Noborimachi chapel, which he and a colleague had constructed on the site of their previous building by joining, end to end, two of the standardized "barracks" that the city was then selling to encourage rebuilding. There he continued his self-abnegating pastoral life.

In 1948, he was named priest of the much grander Misasa church, in another part of town. There were not yet many tall buildings in the city, and neighbors called the big church the Misasa Palace. A convent of Helpers of Holy Souls was attached to the church, and besides his priestly duties of conducting Mass, hearing confessions, and teaching Bible classes he ran eight-day retreats for novices and sisters of the convent, during which the women, given Communion and instructed by him from day to day, would maintain silence. He still visited Sasaki-san and other hibakusha who were sick and wounded, and he would even babysit for young mothers. He often went to the sanatorium at Saijyo, an hour by train from the city, to comfort tubercular patients.

Father Kleinsorge was briefly hospitalized in Tokyo twice more. His German Jesuit colleagues were of the opinion that in all his work he was a little too much concerned for others, and not enough for himself. Beyond his own stubborn sense of mission, he had taken on himself the Japanese spirit of *enryo*—setting the self apart, putting the wishes of others first. They thought he might literally kill himself with kindness to others; he was too *rücksichtsvoll*, they said—too regardful. When gifts of delicacies came from relatives in Germany, he gave them all away. When he got penicillin from an Occupation doctor, he gave it to parishioners who were not as sick as he. (Among his many other complaints, he had syphilis, which he had apparently caught from transfusions in one of his hospital stays; it was eventually cured.) He gave lessons on the catechism when he had a high fever. After he came back from a long hike of pastoral calls, the Misasa housekeeper would see him collapse on the steps of his rectory, head down—a figure, it seemed, of utter defeat. The next day, he would be out in the streets again.

Gradually, over years of this unremitting labor, he gathered his modest harvest: some four hundred baptisms, some forty marriages.

Father Kleinsorge loved the Japanese and their ways. One of his German colleagues, Father Berzikofer, jokingly said that Father Kleinsorge was married to Japan. Shortly after he moved to the Misasa church, he read that a new law on naturalization had been passed by the Diet, with these requirements: that one live in Japan for at least five years, be over twenty years old and mentally sound, be of good character, be able to support oneself, and be willing to accept single nationality. He hastened to submit proofs that he met all these, and after some months of review he was accepted. He registered himself as a Japanese citizen under the name he would henceforth bear: Father Makoto Takakura.

For a few months in the spring and summer of 1956, his poor health declining still further, Father Takakura filled a temporary vacancy in a small parish in the Noborimachi district. Five years before that, a Protestant minister, Kiyoshi Tanimoto, whom Father Takakura knew well, had begun giving Bible classes to a number of girls whose faces had been disfigured by keloids. Later, some of them had been taken, as so-called Hiroshima Maidens, to the United States for plastic surgery. One of them, Tomoko Nakabayashi, whom Father Takakura had converted and baptized, died on an operating table at Mount Sinai Hospital in New York. Her ashes were carried to her family when the first group of Maidens returned to Hiroshima that summer of 1956, and it fell to Father Takakura to preside at her funeral. During it, he nearly fainted.

At Noborimachi, he began instructing the female members, a mother and two daughters, of a wealthy and cultured family named Naganishi. Feverish or not, he went to them, always on foot, every evening. Sometimes he would arrive early; he would pace up and down the street outside, then ring the bell at precisely seven o'clock. He would look at himself in a hall mirror, adjust his hair and habit, and enter the living room. He would teach for an hour; then the Naganishis would serve tea and sweets, and he and they would chat until exactly ten. He felt at home in that house. The younger daughter, Hisako, became devoted to him, and when, after eighteen months, his various symptoms grew so bad that he was going to have to be hospitalized she asked him to baptize her, and he did, on the day before he entered the Hiroshima Red Cross Hospital for an entire year's stay.

His most disturbing complaint was a weird infection in his fingers, which had become bloated with pus and would not heal. He had fever and flulike symptoms. His white blood count was seriously low, and he had pain in his knees, particularly the left one, and in other joints. His fingers were operated on and slowly healed. He was treated for leukopenia. Before his discharge, an ophthalmologist found that he had the beginnings of an A-bomb cataract.

He returned to the large Misasa congregation, but it was harder and harder for him to carry the kind of overload he cherished. He developed back pain, which was caused, doctors said, by a kidney stone; he passed it. Dragged down by constant pain and by infections that were abetted by his shortage of white cells, he limped through his days, pushing himself beyond his strength.

Finally, in 1961, he was mercifully put out to pasture by the diocese, in a tiny church in the country town of Mukaihara—the town where Dr. Sasaki was flourishing in his private clinic.

The compound of the Mukaihara church, at the crest of a steep rise from the town, enclosed a small chapel, with an oaken table for an altar and with space for a flock of about twenty to kneel, Japanese-fashion, on a spread of tatami matting; and, uphill, a cramped parsonage. Father Takakura chose as his bedroom in the parsonage a room no more than six feet square and as bare as a monk's cell; he ate in another such cell, next to it; and the kitchen and bathroom, beyond, were dark, chilly, sunken rooms, no larger than the others. Across a narrow corridor running the length of the building were an office and a much larger bedroom, which Father Takakura, true to his nature, reserved for guests.

When he first arrived, he felt enterprising, and, on the principle that souls are best caught while unripe, he had builders add two rooms to the chapel and started in them what he called the St. Mary's Kindergarten. So began a bleak life for four Catholics: the priest, two Japanese sisters to teach the babies, and a Japanese woman to cook. Few believers came to church. His parish consisted of four previously converted families, about ten worshippers in all. Some Sundays, no one showed up for Mass.

After its first spurt, Father Takakura's energy rapidly flagged. Once each week, he took a train to Hiroshima and went to the Red Cross Hospital for a checkup. At Hiroshima station, he picked up what he loved best to read as he travelled—timetables with schedules of trains going all over Honshu Island. The doctors injected steroids in his painful joints and treated him for chronic flulike symptoms, and once he reported he had found traces of blood in his underwear, which the doctors guessed came from new kidney stones.

In the village of Mukaihara, he tried to be as inconspicuous—as Japanese—as he could. He sometimes wore Japanese clothes. Not wanting to seem high-living, he never bought meat in the local market, but sometimes he smuggled some out from the city. A Japanese priest who occasionally came to see him, Father Hasegawa, admired his efforts to carry his naturalization through to perfection but found him in many ways unshakably German. He had a tendency when he was rebuffed in an undertaking to stubbornly push all the harder straight for it, whereas a Japanese would more tactfully look for some way around. Father Hasegawa noticed that when Father Takakura was hospitalized he rigidly respected the hospital's visiting hours, and if people came to see him, even from far away, outside proper hours he refused to receive them. Once, eating with his friend, Father Hasegawa declined his host's offer of a bowl of rice; he said he was full. But then delicious pickles appeared, which caused a Japanese palate to cry out for rice, and he decided to have a bowl after all. Father Takakura was outraged (i.e., in his guest's view, German): How could he eat rice plus pickle when he had been too full to eat rice alone?

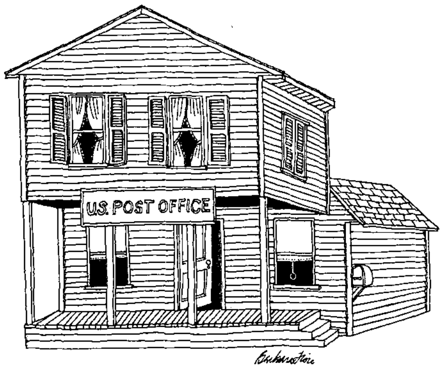
During this period, Father Takakura was one of many people whom Dr. Robert J. Lifton interviewed in preparing to write his book "Death in Life: Survivors of Hiroshima." In one conversation the priest hinted that he realized he had achieved a truer identity as a hibakusha than as a Japanese:

> If a person says to me that he is weary [*darui*], if it is a *hibakusha* who says it, it gives me a different feeling than if he is an ordinary person. He doesn't have to explain. . . . He knows all of the uneasiness—all of the temptation to lose spirit and be depressed—and of then starting again to see if he can do his job. . . . If a Japanese hears the words "*tenno heika*" [His Majesty the Emperor], it is different from a Westerner hearing them—a very different feeling in the foreigner's heart from what is felt in the Japanese person's heart. It is a similar question in the case of one who is a victim and one who is not, when they hear about another victim. . . . I met a man one time . . . [who] said, "I experienced the atomic bomb"—and from then on the conversation changed. We both understood each other's feelings. Nothing had to be said.

IN 1966, Father Takakura had to change cooks. A woman named Satsue Yoshiki, who was thirty-five years old, recently cured of tuberculosis, and recently baptized, had been told to report for an interview at the Mukaihara church. Having been given the Japanese name of the priest, she was astonished to be greeted by a big *gaijin*, a foreigner, dressed in a quilted Japanese gown. His face, which was rounded out and puffy (doubtless from medication), struck her as that of a baby. At once, indeed, there commenced a relationship, soon to blossom into one of complete mutual trust, in which her role seemed to be ambiguous: part daughter, part mother. His growing helplessness kept her in subjugation; she tenderly nursed him. Her cooking was primitive, his temper cranky. He had said he would eat anything, even Japanese noodles, but he was sharp with her about his food, as he had never been with anyone else. Once, he spoke of "strained baked potatoes" his real mother had cooked. She tried to make them. He said, "These are not like my mother's." He loved fried prawns and ate them when he went to Hiroshima for checkups. She tried to cook them. He said, "These are burned." She stood beside him in the tiny eating room, her hands behind her gripping the doorjamb so tightly that in time its paint was all worn away. Yet he praised her, confided in her, joked with her, apologized to her each time he lost his temper. She thought him—under the shortness, which she attributed to pain—gentle, pure, patient, sweet, humorous, and deeply kind.

Once, on a late-spring day, not long after Yoshiki-san arrived, sparrows alighted in a persimmon tree outside his office window. He clapped his hands to drive them away, and soon there appeared on his palms purple spots of the sort that all hibakusha dreaded. The doctors in Hiroshima shook their heads. Who could say what they were? They seemed to be blood bruises, but his blood tests did not suggest leukemia. He had slight hemorrhages in his urinary tract. "What if I get blood in my brains?" he asked once. His joints still hurt. He developed liver dysfunction, high blood pressure, back pains, chest pains. An electrocardiogram turned up an anomaly. He was put on a drug to ward off a coronary attack, and on an anti-hypertensive drug. He was given steroids, hormones, an anti-diabetic drug. "I don't take medicines, I eat them," he said to Yoshiki-san. In 1971, he was hospitalized for an operation to see whether his liver was cancerous; it was not.

All through this time of decline, a stream of visitors came to see him, thanking him for all he had done for them in the past. Hisako Naganishi, the woman he had baptized the day before his long hospitalization, was especially faithful; she brought him open-faced sandwiches on German rye bread, which he loved, and when Yoshiki-san needed vacations she would move in and tend him in her absence. Father Berzikofer would come for a few days at a time, and they would talk and drink a great deal of gin, which Father Takakura had also come to love.



ONE winter day at the beginning of 1976, Father Takakura slipped and fell on the steep icy path down to town. The next morning, Yoshiki-san heard him shouting her name. She found him in the bathroom, leaning over the washstand, unable to move. With all the strength of her love, she carried him—he weighed a hundred and seventy-five pounds—to his bed, and laid him down. For a month, he was unable to move. She improvised a bedpan, and cared for him day and night. Finally, she borrowed a wheelchair from the town office and took him to Dr. Sasaki's clinic. The two men had known each other years before, but now, one living in his monk's cell and the other in his grand apartment in the four-story clinic, they were light-years apart. Dr. Sasaki took an X-ray, saw nothing, diagnosed neuralgia, and advised massage. Father Takakura could not abide the idea of the usual female massagist; a man was hired. During the workout, Father Takakura held Yoshiki-san's hand, and his face reddened. The pain was unbearable. Yoshiki-san hired a car and drove Father Takakura to the city, to the Red Cross Hospital. An X-ray on a bigger machine showed fractures of the eleventh and twelfth thoracic vertebrae. He was operated on to relieve pressure on the right sciatic nerve, and he was fitted with a corset.

From then on, he was bedridden. Yoshiki-san fed him, changed diapers that she made for him, and cleaned his body. He read the Bible and timetables—the only two sorts of texts, he told Yoshiki-san, that never told lies. He could tell you what train to take where, the price of food in the dining car, and how to change trains at such-and-such a station to save three hundred yen. One day, he called Yoshiki-san, greatly excited. He had found an error. Only the Bible told the truth!

His fellow-priests finally persuaded him to go to St. Luke's Hospital in Kobe. Yoshiki-san visited him, and he drew out from a book a copy of his chart, on which was written "A living corpse." He said he wanted to go home with her, and she took him. "Because of you, my soul has been able to get through purgatory," he said to her when he was in his own bed.

He weakened, and his fellow-priests moved him to a two-room house in a hollow just below their Novitiate, in Nagatsuka. Yoshiki-san told him she wanted to sleep in his room with him. No, he said, his vows would not permit that. She lied, saying that the father superior had ordered it. Greatly relieved, he allowed it. After that, he seldom opened his eyes. She fed him only ice cream. When visitors came, all he could say was "Thank you." He fell into a coma, and on November 19, 1977, with a doctor, a priest, and Yoshiki-san at his side, this explosion-affected person took a deep breath and died.

He was buried in a serene pine grove at the top of the hill above the Novitiate.

FATHER
WILHELM M. TAKAKURA, S.J.
R.I.P.

The fathers and brothers of the Nagatsuka Novitiate noticed over the years that there were almost always fresh flowers at that grave.

IV. TOSHIKO SASAKI

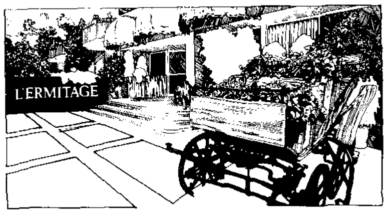
IN August, 1946, Toshiko Sasaki was just beginning to pull out of the ordeal of pain and low spirits she had undergone during the year since the bombing. A clerk in the office of the East Asia Tin Works, in the Kannon-machi section of town, she had been buried by the bomb, her left leg horribly twisted and broken, beneath a stack of books from the factory library and a rubble of plaster, splintered boards, heavy beams, and corrugated-iron roofing. Many hours had passed before rescuers dug her out, and then she was left in scorching heat for two days and nights under a propped-up sheet of metal roofing in the factory yard, along with a woman with one breast sheared off and a man whose face had been erased by a burn. All three smelled bad.

On the third day, some friends who had supposed her dead found her there, gave her the news that her father, her mother, and a baby brother had all been killed, and then left her there. Later, she was carted away in a truck, her whole leg discolored, swollen, putrid, and so painful that she kept fainting. She was shifted from relief station to relief station—four times in five weeks—with nothing done for her compound fractures except the insertion of a rubber tube to drain the pus.

At last, in early September, she was moved to the Red Cross Hospital, where she was put under the care of Dr. Sasaki (to whom she was not related). Having long since run out of plaster of Paris, he did not even try to set the broken bones. Over several weeks, he made three deep incisions to drain the wounds. The bones eventually mended after a fashion, leaving her left leg three inches shorter than her right, with her left foot turned inward. Nine months after the bombing, she was discharged on crutches and joined her thirteen-year-old brother, Yasuo, and six-year-old sister, Yaeko, who had escaped injury on the day of the explosion because they had been in the family home, in the suburb of Koi. Now, finally, living with them there, she was beginning to feel alive again.

THREE years earlier, Toshiko Sasaki's parents had entered into arranged-marriage negotiations with another family, and she had met the proposed young man. The couple had liked each other and had decided to accept the arrangement. They had rented a house to live in, but Toshiko's fiancé had been suddenly drafted to China. She heard now that he was back, but for a long time he did not come to see her. When he eventually showed up, it seemed clear to both parties that the engagement was doomed. Each time the fiancé appeared, young Yasuo, for whom Toshiko felt responsible, would rush angrily out of the house. There were indications that the fiancé's family had had second thoughts about permitting their son to marry a hibakusha and a cripple. He stopped coming. He wrote letters full of symbolic, abstract images—especially butterflies—evidently trying to express his trembling uncertainty and, probably, guilt.

The only person who had given Toshiko any real comfort in all this time was Father Kleinsorge, who had begun visiting her in the hospital and now continued calling on her in Koi. He was clearly bent on converting her. The confident logic of his instruction did little to convince her, for she could not accept the idea that a God who had snatched away her parents and put her through such hideous trials was loving and merciful. She was, however, deeply moved by the priest's faithfulness to her, for it was obvious that he, too, was weak and in pain, yet he walked great distances to see her. His warmth—together with the peni-



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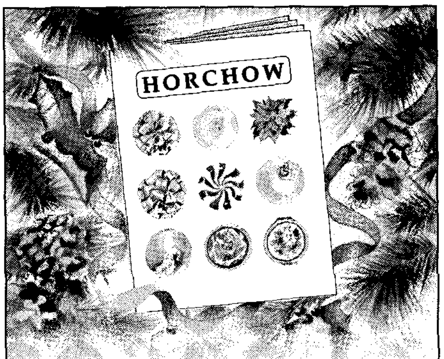

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cillin she was now able to take—helped heal her leg and her misery.

Her house stood by a cliff, on which there was a grove of bamboo. One morning, she stepped out of the house, and the sun's rays glistening on the minnowlike leaves of the bamboo trees took her breath away. She felt an astonishing burst of joy—the first she had experienced in as long as she could remember. She heard herself reciting the Lord's Prayer.

In September, she was baptized. Father Kleinsorge was in the hospital in Tokyo, so another priest, Father Cieslik, officiated.

SASAKI-SAN had some modest savings her parents had left, and she took in sewing to help support Yasuo and Yaeko, but she worried about the future. She taught herself to hobble without crutches. One day in the summer of 1947, she took the two for a swim at a beach at nearby Suginoura. There she got to talking with a young man, a Korean Catholic novice who was tending a group of Sunday-school children. After a while, he told her that he did not see how she could possibly go on as she was living, responsible for her brother and sister and so fragile herself. He told her of a good orphanage in Hiroshima called the Garden of Light. She entered the children in the orphanage, and a short time later she applied for a job as an attendant there. She was hired, and after that she had the solace of being with Yasuo and Yaeko.

She was good at her work. She seemed to have found a calling, and the next year, convinced that her brother and sister were well cared for, she accepted a transfer to another orphanage, called the White Chrysanthemum Dormitory, in a suburb of Beppu, on the island of Kyushu, where it would be possible for her to receive professional child-care training. In the spring of 1949, she began commuting by train, about a half hour each way, to the city of Oita, to take courses at Oita University, and in September she passed an examination that qualified her as a nursery-school teacher. She worked at the White Chrysanthemum for six years.

Her lower left leg was badly bent, its knee was frozen, and its thigh was atrophied by the deep incisions Dr. Sasaki had made. The sisters in charge of the orphanage arranged for her to enter the National Hospital in Beppu for orthopedic surgery. She was a patient there for fourteen months, during which she underwent three major operations: the first, not very successful, to help restore her thigh; the second to free her knee; and the third to re-break her tibia and fibula and set them in something like their original alignment. After the hospitalization, she went to a nearby hot-springs therapeutic center for rehabilitation. Her leg would give her pain for the rest of her life, and her knee would never again bend all the way, but her legs were now more or less equal in length, and she could walk almost normally. She went back to work.

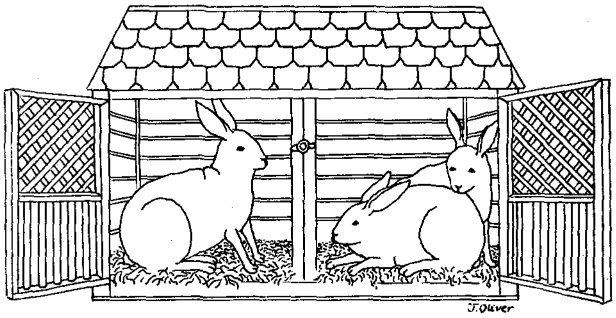
The White Chrysanthemum, with space for forty orphans, stood near an American Army base; on one side was an exercise field for the soldiers, and on the other were officers' houses. After the Korean War began, the base and the orphanage were packed. From time to time, a woman would bring in an infant whose father was an American soldier, never saying that she was the mother—usually that a friend had asked her to entrust the baby to the orphanage. Often, at night, nervous young soldiers, some white, some black, having sneaked off the base without leave, would come begging to see their offspring. They wanted to stare at the babies' faces. Some of them tracked down the mothers and married them, though they might never again see the children.

Sasaki-san felt compassion both for the mothers, some of whom were prostitutes, and for the fathers. She perceived the latter as confused boys of nineteen and twenty who as draftees were involved in a war they did not consider theirs, and who felt a rudimentary responsibility—or, at the very least, guilt—as fathers. These thoughts led her to an opinion that was unconventional for a hibakusha: that too much attention was paid to the power of the A-bomb, and not enough to the evil of war. Her rather bitter opinion was that it was the more lightly affected hibakusha and power-hungry politicians who focussed on the A-bomb, and that not enough thought was given to the fact that warfare had indiscriminately made victims of Japanese who had suffered atomic and incendiary bombings, Chinese civilians who had been attacked by the Japanese, reluctant young Japanese and American soldiers who were drafted to be killed or maimed, and, yes, Japanese prostitutes and their mixed-blood babies. She had firsthand knowledge of the cruelty of the atomic bomb, but she felt that more notice should be given to the causes than to the instruments of total war.

ABOUT once a year during this time, Sasaki-san travelled from Kyushu to Hiroshima to see her brother and sister, and, always, to call on Father Kleinsorge, now Takakura, at the Misasa church. On one trip, she saw her former fiancé on the street, and she was quite sure he saw her, but they did not speak. Father Takakura asked her, "Is your whole life going to be like this, working so hard? Shouldn't you be married? Or, if you choose not to marry, shouldn't you become a nun?" She thought long about his questions.

One day, at the White Chrysanthemum, she got an urgent message that her brother had been in an automobile accident and might die. She hurried to Hiroshima. Yasuo's car had been hit by a police patrol car; it had been the policeman's fault. Yasuo survived, but four ribs and both legs had been broken, his nose had been caved in, there was a permanent dent in his forehead, and he had lost the sight of one eye. Sasaki-san thought she was going to have to tend him and support him for good. She began taking accounting courses, and, after a few weeks, qualified as a Third Class Bookkeeper. But Yasuo made a remarkable recovery, and, using the compensation he was paid for the accident, he entered a music school, to study composition. Sasaki-san went back to the orphanage.

In 1954, Sasaki-san visited Father Takakura and said that she knew now that she would never marry, and she thought the time had come for her to go into a convent. What convent would he recommend? He suggested the French order of Auxiliatrices du Purgatoire, Helpers of Holy Souls, whose convent was right there at Misasa.



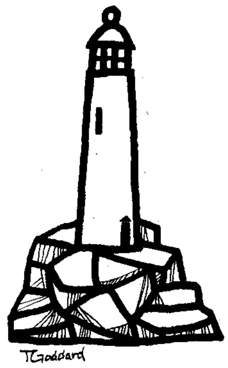
Sasaki-san said she did not want to enter a society that would make her speak foreign languages. He promised her she could stay with Japanese.

She entered the convent, and in the very first days she found that Father Takakura had lied to her. She was going to have to learn Latin and French. She was told that when the knock of reveille came in the morning she must cry out, "*Mon Jésus, miséricorde!*" The first night, she wrote the words in ink on the palm of one hand, so she could read them when she heard the knock the next morning, but it turned out to be too dark.

She became afraid she might fail. She had no trouble learning about Eugenie Smet, known as Blessed Mary of Providence, the founder of the order, who in 1856 had started programs in Paris for care of the poor and for home nursing and had eventually sent to China twelve sisters she had trained. But, at thirty, Sasaki-san felt too old to be a schoolgirl learning Latin. She was confined to the convent building except for occasional walks—two hours each way, painful for her bad leg—to Mitaki, a mountain where there were three beautiful waterfalls. In time, she discovered she had surprising hardihood and tenacity, which she credited to all she had learned about herself in the hours and weeks after the bombing. When the mother superior, Marie Saint-Jean de Kenti, asked her one day what she would do if she were told she had failed and would have to leave, she said, "I would take hold of that beam there and hold on with all my strength." She did hold on, and in 1957 she took vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience and became Sister Dominique Sasaki.

BY now, the Society of Helpers knew her strength, and it assigned her, straight from the novitiate, to the post of director of a home for seventy old people near Kurosaki, on Kyushu, named the Garden of St. Joseph. She was only thirty-three, and she was the first Japanese director of the home—in command of a staff of fifteen, five of whom were French and Belgian nuns. She had to plunge straight into negotiations with local and national bureaucrats. She had no books to read on care of the aged. She inherited a decrepit wooden building—a former temple—and an institution that had had difficulty even feeding its enfeebled inmates, some of whom had had to be sent out foraging for firewood. Most of the old men were former coal miners from the notoriously cruel Kyushu mines. A few of the foreign nuns were crusty, and their modes of speech, unlike those of the Japanese, were blunt, harsh, and hurtful to Sister Sasaki.

Her hard-earned doggedness told, and she remained fully in charge of the Garden of St. Joseph for twenty years. Thanks to her schooling as an accountant, she was able to introduce a rational system of bookkeeping. Eventually, the Society of Helpers, with support from branches in the United States, raised money for a new building, and Sister Sasaki supervised the construction of a concrete-block structure cut into the brow of a hill. A few years later, a subterranean waterway began to undermine it, and she saw to its replacement with a more modern building, of reinforced concrete, with single and double rooms fitted with Western-style washbasins and toilets.



Her greatest gift, she found, was her ability to help inmates to die in peace. She had seen so much death in Hiroshima after the bombing, and had seen what strange things so many people did when they were cornered by death, that nothing now surprised or frightened her. The first time she stood watch by a dying inmate, she vividly remembered a night soon after the bombing when she had lain out in the open, uncared for, in dreadful pain, beside a young man who was dying. She had talked with him all night, and had become aware, above all, of his fearful loneliness. She had watched him die in the morning. At deathbeds in the home, she was always mindful of this terrible solitude. She would speak little to the dying person but would hold a hand or touch an arm, as an assertion, simply, that she was there.

Once, an old man revealed to her on his deathbed, with such vividness she felt she was witnessing the act, that he had stabbed another man in the back and had watched him bleed to death. Though the murderer was not a Christian, Sister Sasaki told him that God forgave him, and he died in comfort. Another old man had, like many Kyushu miners, been a drunkard. He had had a sordid reputation; his family had abandoned him. In the home, he tried with pathetic eagerness to please everyone. He volunteered to carry coal from storage bins, and he stoked the building's boiler. He had cirrhosis of the liver, and had been warned not to accept the daily ration of five ounces of distilled spirits that the Garden of St. Joseph mercifully issued to the former miners. But he continued to drink it. Vomiting at the supper table one night, he ruptured a blood vessel. It took him three days to die. Sister Sasaki stayed beside him all that time, holding his hand, so that he might die knowing that, living, he had pleased her.

IN 1970, Sister Sasaki attended an international conference of working nuns in Rome and, after it, inspected welfare facilities in Italy, Switzerland, France, Belgium, and England. She retired from the Garden of St. Joseph at the age of fifty-five, in 1978, and was awarded a vacation trip to the Holy See. Unable to be idle, she installed herself at a table outside St. Peter's to give advice to Japanese tourists; later, she became a tourist herself, in Florence, Padua, Assisi, Venice, Milan, and Paris.

Back in Japan, she did volunteer work for two years at the Tokyo headquarters of the Society of Helpers, then spent two years as mother superior of the convent at Misasa, where she had taken her training. After that, she led a tranquil life as superintendent of the women's dormitory at the music school where her brother had studied; it had been taken over by the Church and was now called the Elizabeth College of Music. When he had finished at the school, Yasuo became qualified as a schoolteacher, and now he taught composition and mathematics in a high school in Kochi, on the island of Shikoku. Yaeko was married to a doctor who owned his own clinic in Hiroshima, and Sister Sasaki could go to him if she needed a doctor. Besides continuing difficulties with her leg, she had endured for some years a pattern of ailments which—as with so many hibakusha—might or might not have been attributable to the bomb: liver dysfunction, night sweats and morning fevers, borderline angina, blood spots on her legs, and signs in blood tests of a rheumatoid factor.

One of the happiest events in her life came in 1980, while she was stationed at the society's headquarters in

Tokyo: she was honored at a dinner to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of her becoming a nun. By chance, a second guest of honor that night was the head of the society in Paris, Mother General France Delcourt, who, it happened, had also reached her twenty-fifth year in the order. Mother Delcourt gave Sister Sasaki a present of a picture of the Virgin Mary. Sister Sasaki made a speech: "I shall not dwell on the past. It is as if I had been given a spare life when I survived the A-bomb. But I prefer not to look back. I shall keep moving forward."

V. DR. MASAKAZU FUJII

FROM the moment of the flash, Dr. Masakazu Fujii had been lucky. At that instant, he had been sitting cross-legged in his underwear on the porch of his private clinic, which overhung one of Hiroshima's seven rivers, the Kyo, reading that morning's Osaka *Asahi*. The blast of the bomb tilted the whole building behind him and pushed it and him into the river. Dr. Fujii found himself held by two beams, as if by big chopsticks, with his head out of the water. He discovered later that he had a broken left collarbone; deep cuts on his chin, back, and legs; bad bruises on his chest and trunk; and perhaps a couple of broken ribs. He realized, later still, that since the building had been between him and the heart of the explosion he had absorbed relatively little radiation. His wife and children, as it happened, were all out of the city on that day.

He managed to rescue two of his clinic's nurses from the wreckage in the river; four other nurses and the only two in-patients he had at that time were killed. He spent a nightmarish day and night on the banks of the river among living, dying, and dead grotesques, unable because of his own pain to render the slightest first aid. The next day, he walked with the two nurses through the smoldering ruins of an entire city to his parental home, in the suburb of Nagatsuka, only to find its roof collapsed. He made his way to the summer house of a friend in the town of Fukawa.

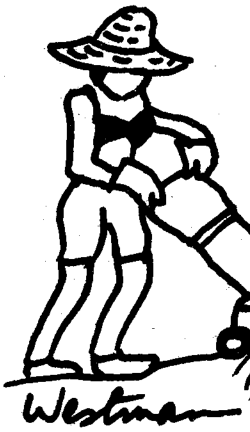
There, toward the end of September, he heard of an empty private clinic in Kaitaichi, a suburb to the east of Hiroshima. He bought it, moved in, and undertook a practice. Fully recovered from his wounds, he soon had many patients.

A convivial man, fifty years old, Dr. Fujii enjoyed the company of foreigners, and it was soon his pleasure, in the evenings, to ply members of the occupying forces with a seemingly endless supply of Suntory whiskey that he somehow laid hands on. For years, he had had a hobby of studying foreign languages, English among them. Father Kleinsorge had long been a friend, and had frequently visited him in the evenings to teach him to speak German. The Doctor had also taken up Esperanto. During the war, the Japanese secret police had got it into their heads that the Russians used Esperanto for their spying codes, and Dr. Fujii had more than once been questioned closely about whether he was getting messages from the Comintern. He was now eager to make friends with Americans, and the shingle of his clinic had these words on it in English:

M. FUJII, M.D.
MEDICAL AND VENEREAL

In 1948, Dr. Fujii built a new clinic, in Hiroshima, on the site of the one that had been ruined by the bomb. The new one was a modest wooden building with half a dozen bedrooms for in-patients. He had trained as an orthopedic surgeon, but after the war that craft was becoming subdivided into various specialties. He had earlier had as a special interest prenatal hip dislocations, but he now thought himself too old to go very far with that or any other specialty; besides, he lacked the sophisticated equipment needed for specialization. He performed operations on keloids, did appendectomies, and treated wounds; he also took medical (and, occasionally, venereal) cases. Through his Occupation friends, he was able to get penicillin. He treated about eighty patients a day.

He had five grown children, and, in the Japanese tradition, they followed in their father's footsteps. The oldest and youngest were daughters, Myeko and Chieko, and both married doctors. The oldest son, Masatoshi, a doctor, inherited the Kaitaichi clinic and its practice; the second son, Keiji, did not go to medical school but became an X-ray technician; and the third son, Shigeyuki, was a young doctor on the staff of the Nihon University Hospital in Tokyo. Keiji lived with his parents, in a house that Dr. Fujii had built next to the Hiroshima clinic.



DR. FUJII suffered from none of the effects of radiation overdose, and he evidently felt that for any psychological damage the horrors of the bombing may have done him the best therapy was to follow the pleasure principle. Indeed, he recommended to hibakusha who did have radiation symptoms that they take a regular dosage of alcohol. He enjoyed himself. He was compassionate toward his patients, but he did not believe in working too hard. He had a dance floor installed in his house. He bought a billiard table. He enjoyed photography and built himself a darkroom. He played mahjongg. He loved having foreign house guests. At bedtime, his nurses gave him massages and, sometimes, therapeutic injections.

He took up golf, and built a sand bunker and set up a driving net in his garden. In 1955, he paid the entrance fee of a hundred and fifty thousand yen, then a little more than four hundred dollars, to join the exclusive Hiroshima Country Club. He did not play much golf, but, to the eventual great joy of his children, he kept the family membership. Thirty years later, it would cost fifteen million yen, or sixty thousand dollars, to join the club.

He succumbed to the Japanese baseball mania. The Hiroshima players were at first called, in English, the Carps, until he pointed out to the public that the plural for that fish, and for those ballplayers, had no "s." He went often to watch games at the huge new stadium, not far from the A-Bomb Dome—the ruins of the Hiroshima Industrial Promotion Hall, which the city had kept as its only direct physical reminder of the bomb. In their early seasons, the Carp had dismal records, yet they had a fanatical following, something like those of the Brooklyn Dodgers and the New York Mets in their lean years. But Dr. Fujii rather mischievously rooted for the Tokyo Swallows; he wore a Swallows button on the lapel of his jacket.

Hiroshima, in its regeneration as a brand-new city after the bombing, turned up with one of the gaudiest entertainment districts in all Japan—an area where, at night, vast neon signs of many colors winked and beckoned to potential customers of bars, geisha houses, coffee shops, dance halls, and licensed houses of prostitution. One night, Dr. Fujii, who had begun to have a reputation as a *purayboy*, or playboy, took his tenderfoot son Shigeyuki, who was twenty years old and home awhile from the grind of his Tokyo medical school, out on the town to show him how to be a man. They went to a building where there was a huge dance floor, with girls lined up along one side. Shigeyuki told his father he didn't know what to do; his legs felt weak. Dr. Fujii bought a ticket, picked out an especially beautiful girl, and told Shigeyuki to bow to her and take her out there and do the quickstep that he had taught him on the dance floor at home. He told the girl to be gentle with his son, and he drifted away.

IN 1956, Dr. Fujii had an adventure. At the time the so-called Hiroshima Maidens went to the United States for plastic surgery, the year before, they had been accompanied by two Hiroshima surgeons. Those two could not stay away for more than a year, and Dr. Fujii was selected to take the place of one of them. He left in February, and for ten months, in and around New York, he played the part of a warm and caring father to twenty-five handicapped daughters. He observed their operations at Mount Sinai Hospital and acted as interpreter between the American doctors and the girls, helping the latter to understand what was happening to them. It pleased him to be able to speak German with the Jewish wives of some of the doctors, and at one reception no less a person than the governor of New York State complimented him on his English.

The girls, staying with American host families who spoke little or no Japanese, were often lonely, and Dr. Fujii devised ways to cheer them up. He was playful and considerate. He organized outings for Japanese food, taking two or three girls at a time. Once, a party was to be given by an American doctor and his wife just three days after one of the Maidens, Michiko Yamaoka, had undergone a major operation. Her face had a dressing on it, and her hands were bandaged and strapped to her body. Dr. Fujii didn't want her to miss the party, and he got one of the American doctors to arrange for her to ride through the city to the party in an open red limousine, behind a police escort with a siren. On the way, Dr. Fujii had them stop at a drugstore, where he bought Michiko a toy horse for ten cents; he asked the policeman to take a picture of the presentation of this gift.

Sometimes he went out alone to have a good time. The other Japanese doctor, named Takahashi, was his hotel roommate. Dr. Takahashi was a light drinker and a light sleeper. Late at night, Dr. Fujii would come in, crash around, flop down, and break into a sleep-shattering symphony of snores. He was having a wonderful time.

WAS he, seven years later, in Hiroshima, still so happy-go-lucky? His daughter Chieko's husband thought not. The son-in-law thought he saw signs of a growing stubbornness and rigidity in him, and a turn toward melancholy. So that Dr. Fujii could ease up in his work, his third son, Shigeyuki, gave up his practice in Tokyo and came to be his assistant, moving into a house that his father had built on a plot of ground about a block from the clinic. One cloud in the father's life was a quarrel in the Hiroshima Lions Club, of which he was president. The fight was over whether the club should try, through its admissions policy, to become an exclusive, high-society organization, like some of the Japanese doctors' associations, or remain essentially a service organization, open to all. When it appeared that Dr. Fujii might lose out in his fight for the latter view, he abruptly and disappointedly resigned.

His relationship with his wife was growing difficult. Ever since his trip to America, he had wanted a house like that of one of the Mount Sinai doctors, and now, to her chagrin, he designed and built, next to the wooden house Shigeyuki was living in, a three-story concrete home for himself alone. On the ground floor it had a living room and an American-style kitchen; his study was on the second floor, lined with bound books, which Shigeyuki eventually found to be volume after volume of meticulous copies he had made in medical school of course notes by a classmate named Iwamoto, who was brighter than he; and on the top floor were an eight-mat Japanese-style bedroom and an American-style bathroom.

Toward the end of 1963, he rushed

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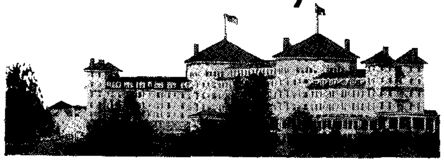
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its completion, so it would be ready to house an American couple who had been host parents to some Maidens and were coming to visit after the first of the year. He wanted to sleep there for a few nights to try it out. His wife argued against the haste, but he stubbornly moved in, late in December.

NEW YEAR'S EVE, 1963. Dr. Fujii sat cozily on the tatami matting of Shigeyuki's living room with his legs in a *kotatsu*, an electrically heated foot-warming recess in the floor. Also gathered there were Shigeyuki and his wife and another couple, but not Dr. Fujii's wife. The plan was to have some drinks and watch an annual New Year's Eve television program called "Ko-haku Uta-Gassen," a contest between red (female) and white (male) teams of popular singers who had been chosen for the program by a poll of listeners; judges were famous actresses, authors, golfers, baseball players. The program would run from nine to eleven-forty-five, and then there would be bell ringing for the New Year. At about eleven, Shigeyuki noticed that his father, who had not been drinking much, was nodding, and suggested that he go off to bed. And in a few minutes, before the end of the program, he did—this time without the ministrations of a nurse who, most nights, massaged his legs and tucked him in. After a while, worrying about his father, Shigeyuki went out and around to the river side of the new house, where, looking up, he saw a light burning in the bedroom window. He thought all was well.

The family had made a plan to meet the next morning at eleven for drinks and the traditional New Year's breakfast of *ozoni*, a soup, and *mochi*, rice cakes. Chieko and her husband and some other guests arrived and began drinking. At half past eleven, Dr. Fujii had not appeared, and Shigeyuki sent his seven-year-old son, Masatsugu, out to call up to his window. The boy, getting no answer, tried the door. It was locked. He borrowed a ladder from a neighbor's house and climbed to the top of it to call some more, and still there was no response. When he told his parents, they became alarmed and hurried out, broke a window next to the locked door to get it open, and, smelling gas, rushed upstairs. There they found Dr. Fujii unconscious, with a gas heater at the head of his futon turned on but not burning. Strangely, a ventilator fan was also turned on; the draft of fresh air from it had probably kept him alive. He was stretched out on his back, looking serene.

There were three doctors present—son, son-in-law, and a guest—and, fetching oxygen and other equipment from the clinic, they did everything they could to revive Dr. Fujii. They called in one of the best doctors they knew, a Professor Myanishi, from Hiroshima University. His first question: "Was this a suicide attempt?" The family thought not. There was nothing to be done until January 4th; everything in Hiroshima would be shut down tight for the three-day New Year's holiday, and hospital services would be at a minimum. Dr. Fujii remained unconscious, but his life signs seemed not to be critical. On the fourth, an ambulance came. As the bearers were carrying Dr. Fujii downstairs, he stirred. Swimming up toward consciousness, he apparently thought he was being rescued, somehow, after the atomic bombing. "Who are you?" he asked the bearers. "Are you soldiers?"

In the University Hospital, he began to recover. On January 15th, when the annual sumo-wrestling contests began, he asked for the portable television set he had bought in America, and he sat up in bed watching. He could feed himself, though his handling of chopsticks was a bit awkward. He asked for a bottle of *sake*.

By now, everyone in the family was off guard. On January 25th, his stool was suddenly watery and bloody, and he became dehydrated and lost consciousness.

For the next nine years, he lived the life of a vegetable. He remained in the hospital, fed through a tube, for two and a half years, and then was taken home, where his wife and a loyal servant cared for him, feeding him through the tube, changing his diapers, bathing him, massaging him, medicating him for urinary infections he developed. At times, he seemed to respond to voices, and sometimes he seemed to be dimly registering pleasure or displeasure.

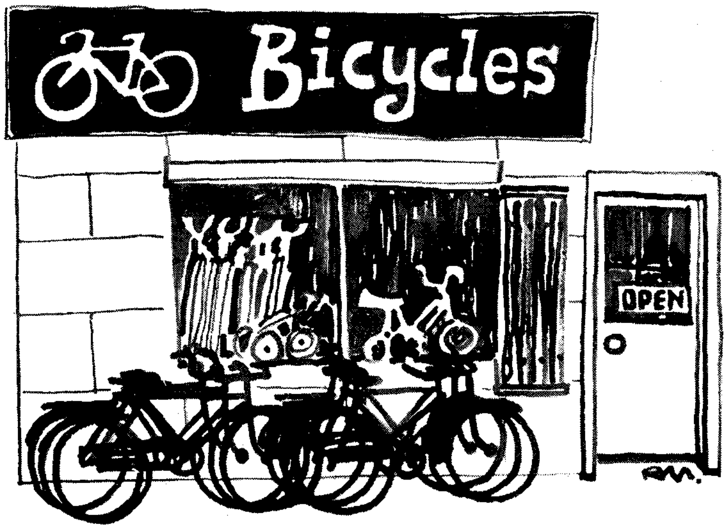
At ten o'clock on the night of January 11, 1973, Shigeyuki took his son Masatsugu, the boy who had climbed the ladder to call his grandfather on the day of the accident, now a premedical student of eighteen, to Dr. Fujii's bedside. He wanted the boy to see his grandfather with the eye of a doctor. Masatsugu listened to his grandfather's breathing and heartbeat and took his blood pressure; he judged his condition stable, and Shigeyuki agreed.

The next morning, Shigeyuki's mother telephoned him, saying that his father looked funny to her. When Shigeyuki arrived, Dr. Fujii was dead.

The Doctor's widow was against having an autopsy done. Shigeyuki wanted one, and he resorted to a ruse. He had the body taken to a crematorium; then, that night, it was taken out a back way and was delivered to the American-run Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission, on top of a hill to the east of the city. When the postmortem had been done, Shigeyuki went for the report. Finding his father's organs distributed in various containers, he had the strangest feeling of a last encounter, and he said, "There you are, *Oto-chan*—there you are, Papa." He was shown that his father's brain had atrophied, his large intestine had become enlarged, and there was a cancer the size of a Ping-Pong ball in his liver.

The remains were cremated and buried in the grounds of the Night of the Lotus Temple, of the Jodo Shinshu sect of Buddhism, near his maternal family home in Nagatsuka.

THEN came a sad ending to this hibakusha's story. His fam-



ily quarrelled over his property, and a mother sued a son.

VI. KIYOSHI TANIMOTO

ONE Sunday a little less than a year after the bombing, the Reverend Kiyoshi Tanimoto, pastor of the Hiroshima Methodist Church, draped a tent he owned over a badly damaged house he had managed to rent in the suburb of Ushida, and, though the roof still leaked, he conducted services for a handful of former parishioners in its living room. Just then, this was all he was able to do. He was slowly recuperating from a severe siege of radiation sickness, and his mind still staggered from all that he had been through.

At the moment of the explosion, he had been two miles from the hypocenter, because he had been helping a friend to evacuate some belongings, in fear of an air raid, to the house of a rich man in the hilly suburb of Koi. Appalled by the extent of the ruins he could see from up there, he made his way into the burning center, thinking to get back to his home and church. Going past a silent procession of gruesomely bomb-burned and maimed citizens fleeing the city's fires, and past houses where people buried under wreckage were crying out for help, he apologized aloud, over and over, for the shame of being unhurt and of not stopping to help. By an astonishing chance, he met his wife, Chisa, carrying Koko, their eight-month-old daughter. Pressed down under the wreckage of the parsonage, Chisa had clawed an escape hole for the baby and herself, and she was now making her way to the home of friends in Ushida. The couple parted as they had met, benumbed.

Kiyoshi Tanimoto got as far as Asano Park, by the Kyo River, which was the evacuation point for the people of his neighborhood. There he began ministering to the wounded and the dying. With a basin in his hand, he gave water to the thirsty, who, though unspeakably injured, would raise themselves slightly and bow their thanks to him. Much of the time, he ferried sufferers across the river. Once, as he was lifting a burned victim into the boat, he felt the skin slip off the flesh under his hands; the shock was so great that he had to sit down for a time to recover. He worked that way, with heroic fortitude, for five days and nights.

Far enough from the bomb's hypocenter at the moment of the burst to escape a heavy dosage of radiation from it, he had nonetheless become contaminated by his quick return to the saturated ruins and by having carried in his arms so many of the wounded and having moved so many corpses. In time, he came down with such a severe case of radiation sickness, with a fever of 104 for weeks on end, that his wife thought he was going to die. After two months in bed, he felt well enough to try to resume his ministry.

SOON after the Japanese surrender, SCAP—the Supreme Command of the Allied Powers for the Occupation and Control of Japan—had allocated releases of food for displaced Japanese, but the distribution system broke down. Kiyoshi Tanimoto took it on himself, weak as he was, to trundle a pushcart through the streets carrying American rations to the poor in his neighborhood. He also handed out, where they were needed, vitamin pills and saccharin that he began to receive from the United States—from fellow-alumni of the Candler School of Theology at Emory University, in Georgia, which he had attended before the war.

Gradually, Hiroshimans began to repossess the plots of rubble where their houses had stood. Many of them were building crude wooden huts, scavenging fallen tiles from ruins to make their roofs. There was no electricity to light their shacks, and at dusk each evening, lonely, confused, and disillusioned, they gathered in an open area near the Yokogawa railroad station to deal in the black markets and to console each other. Into this zone now trooped, each evening, Kiyoshi Tanimoto and four other Protestant ministers and, with them, a trumpeter and a drummer tooting and thumping "Onward, Christian Soldiers." Taking turns, the ministers stood on a box and preached. With so little to entertain them, a crowd always gathered, even including some *panpan* girls, as prostitutes who catered to G.I.s had come to be called. The anger of many hibakusha, directed at first against the Americans for dropping the bomb, had by now subtly modulated toward their own government, for having involved the country in a rash and doomed aggression. The preachers said that it was no use blaming the government; that the hope of the Japanese people lay in repenting their sinful past and relying on God: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these

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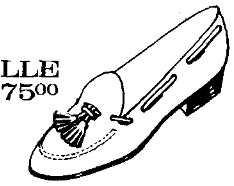

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things shall be added unto you. Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

Because he had no church into which to lure converts, if there should be any, Kiyoshi Tanimoto soon realized the futility of this evangelism. Parts of the reinforced-concrete shell of his Gothic-towered church in the city still stood, and he now turned his mind to trying to find ways to restore the building. He had no money. The building had been insured for a hundred and fifty thousand yen, then less than five hundred dollars, but bank funds had been frozen by the conquerors. Learning that military supplies were being allocated for various kinds of reconstruction, he got requisition slips for "conversion materials" from the prefectural government and began a hunt for things he could use or sell. In that time of widespread thievery and of resentment of the Japanese military, many of the supply depots had been looted. Finally, he found on the island of Kamagari a warehouse of paints. American Occupation personnel had made a mess of the place. Unable to read Japanese labels, they had punctured many cans and kicked them over, apparently to see what was in them. The minister got hold of a boat and carried a big cargo of empty cans to the mainland, and he was able to barter them with an outfit named the Toda Construction Company for a tile roof for his church. Little by little, over the months, he and a few loyal parishioners worked on the carpentry for the building with their own hands, but they lacked the funds to do much.

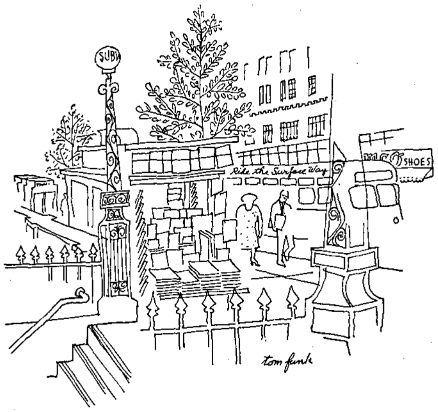
ON July 1, 1946, before the first anniversary of the bombing, the United States had tested an atomic bomb at the Bikini Atoll. On May 17, 1948, the Americans announced the successful completion of another test.

IN correspondence with an Emory University classmate, the Reverend Marvin Green, who was now pastor of the Park Church in Weehawken, New Jersey, Kiyoshi Tanimoto told of his difficulties in restoring his church. Green arranged with the Methodist Board of Missions an invitation to Tanimoto to visit the United States to raise money, and in October, 1948, Tanimoto, leaving his family behind, embarked for San Francisco on an American transport, the U.S.S. Gordon.

On the sea voyage, an ambitious idea grew in his mind. He would spend his life working for peace. He was becoming convinced that the collective memory of the hibakusha would be a potent force for peace in the world, and that there ought to be in Hiroshima a center where the experience of the bombing could become the focus of international studies of means to assure that atomic weapons would never be used again. Eventually, in the States, without thinking to check with Mayor Shinzo Hamai or anyone else in Hiroshima, he drafted a memorandum sketching this idea.

He lived as a guest in the basement of Marvin Green's Weehawken parsonage. Pastor Green, enlisting the help of some volunteers, became his manager and promoter. From a church directory he compiled a list of all the churches in the country with more than two hundred members or with budgets of more than twenty thousand dollars, and to hundreds of these he sent out hand-done broadsides soliciting invitations for Kiyoshi Tanimoto to lecture. He drew up a series of itineraries, and soon Tanimoto was on the road with a set speech, "The Faith That Grew Out of the Ashes." At each church, a collection was taken.

On and between speaking trips, Tanimoto began submitting his peace-center memorandum to people he hoped might be influential. On one visit to New York from Weehawken, he was taken by a Japanese friend of his to meet Pearl Buck, in the office of her husband's publishing firm. She read, and he explained, his memorandum. She said she was impressed by the proposal, but she felt she was too old and too busy to help him. She thought, however, that she knew just the person who might: Norman Cousins, the editor of the *Saturday Review of Literature*. Mr. Tanimoto should send his memo to Mr. Cousins, and she would speak to him about it.



One day not long afterward, while he was touring a rural area near Atlanta with his lecture, he got a telephone call from Cousins, who said he was deeply moved by the memorandum—might he put it in the *Saturday Review* as a guest editorial?

On March 5, 1949, the memorandum appeared in the magazine, under the title "Hiroshima's Idea"—an idea that, Cousins' introductory note said, "the editors enthusiastically endorse and with which they will associate themselves." Tanimoto had written:

> The people of Hiroshima, aroused from the daze that followed the atomic bombing of their city on August 6, 1945, know themselves to have been part of a laboratory experiment which proved the long-time thesis of peacemakers. Almost to a man, they have accepted as a compelling responsibility their mission to help in preventing further similar destruction anywhere in the world. . . .
>
> The people of Hiroshima . . . earnestly desire that out of their experience there may develop some permanent contribution to the cause of world peace. Towards this end, we propose the establishment of a World Peace Center, international and non-sectarian, which will serve as a laboratory of research and planning for peace education throughout the world. . . .

The people of Hiroshima were in fact, to a man, totally unaware of Kiyoshi Tanimoto's (and now Norman Cousins') proposal. They were, nonetheless, acutely aware of the special role that the city was destined to play in the world's memory. On August 6th, the fourth anniversary of the bombing, the national Diet promulgated a law establishing Hiroshima as a Peace Memorial City, and the final design for the commemorative park by the great Japanese architect Kenzo Tange was revealed to the public. At the heart of the park, there would be, in memory of those who had died, a solemn cenotaph in the shape of a *haniwa*, an arch of clay, presumably a house for the dead, found in prehistoric tombs in Japan. A large crowd gathered for the annual Peace Memorial Ceremony. Tanimoto was far away from all this, touring American churches.

A few days after the anniversary, Norman Cousins visited Hiroshima. Kiyoshi Tanimoto's idea had been pushed aside in Cousins' mind by a new one, of his own: that an international petition in support of the United World Federalists—a group urging world government—should be submitted to President Truman, who had ordered the dropping of the bomb. Within a short time, 107,854 signatures had been gathered in the city. After a visit to an orphanage, Cousins returned to the States with yet another idea—for "moral adoption" of Hiroshima orphans by Americans, who would send financial support for the children. Signatures for the World Federalist petition were being gathered in the United States as well, and Cousins thrilled Tanimoto, who until then had known very little about the organization, by inviting him to be in the delegation that would present the petition to President Truman.

Unfortunately, Harry Truman declined to receive the petitioners and refused to accept the petition.

ON September 23, 1949, Moscow Radio announced that the Soviet Union had developed an atomic bomb.

BY the end of the year, Kiyoshi Tanimoto had visited two hundred and fifty-six cities, in thirty-one states, and had raised about ten thousand dollars for his church. Before he left for home, Marvin Green happened to mention that he was about to give up on his old green Cadillac. His friend Tani asked him to donate it to the church in Hiroshima, and he did. Through a Japanese acquaintance in the shipping business, Tanimoto arranged to have it transported free of charge to Japan.

Back home at the beginning of 1950, Tanimoto called on Mayor Hamai and the prefectural governor, Tsunei Kusunose, asking their official support for his peace-center idea. They turned him down. Through a press code and other measures, General Douglas MacArthur, the supreme commander of the occupying forces, had strictly prohibited dissemination of or agitation for any reports on the consequences of the Hiroshima and Nagasaki bombings—including the consequence of a desire for peace—and the officials evidently thought that Tanimoto's peace center might get the local governments in trouble. Tanimoto persevered, calling together a number of leading citizens, and, after Norman Cousins had set up a Hiroshima Peace Center Foundation in New York to receive American funds, these people established the center in Hiroshima, with Tanimoto's church as its base. At first, it found little to do. (Only years later, when a Peace Memorial Museum and Peace Memorial Hall had been built in the park, and lively—and sometimes turbulent—annual international conferences on peace issues were taking place in the city, could Kiyoshi Tanimoto's early planting of seeds for these things, and his courage in ignoring the MacArthur restraints, be acknowledged by at least some Hiroshimans.)

The Cadillac arrived, and the minister jubilantly decided to take the gas guzzler for a spin. As he was climbing the heights of Hijiyama, to the east of the city, he was stopped by a policeman and arrested for driving without a license. It happened that he had recently begun serving as chaplain of the police academy, and when the higher-ups at the police station saw him brought in they laughed and let him go.

IN midsummer of 1950, Cousins invited Tanimoto to return to the United States for a second tour, to raise money for the World Federalists, for moral adoption, and for the peace center, and late in August Tanimoto was off again. Marvin Green arranged things, as before. This time, Tanimoto visited two hundred and one cities, in twenty-four states, over eight months. The high point of the trip (and possibly of his life) was a visit to Washington, arranged by Cousins, where, on February 5, 1951, after having lunch with members of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, he gave the opening prayer for the afternoon session of the Senate:

> Our Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for the great blessing Thou hast granted America in enabling her to build in this last decade the greatest civilization in human history.... We thank Thee, God, that Japan has been permitted to be one of the fortunate recipients of American generosity. We thank Thee that our people have been given the gift of freedom, enabling them to rise from the ashes of ruin and be reborn.... God bless all members of this Senate....

Virginia's Senator A. Willis Robertson rose and declared himself "dumbfounded yet inspired" that a man "whom we tried to kill with an atomic bomb came to the Senate floor and, offering up thanks to the same God we worship, thanked Him for America's great spiritual heritage, and then asked God to bless every member of the Senate."

THE day before the bomb was dropped on Hiroshima, the city, in fear of incendiary raids, had put hundreds of schoolgirls to work helping to tear down houses and clear fire lanes. They were out in the open when the bomb exploded. Few sur-

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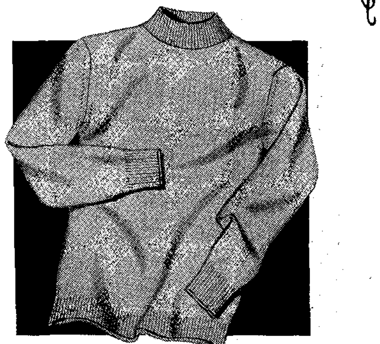

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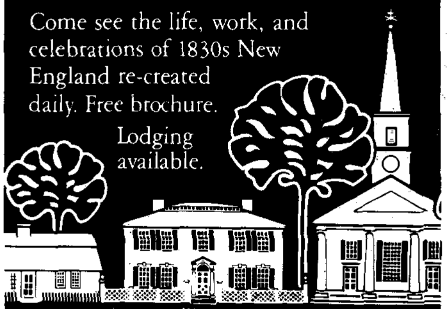

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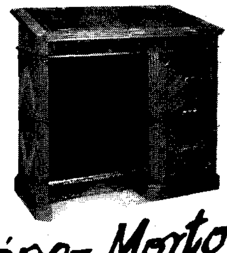

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vived. Of those who did, many suffered bad burns and later developed ugly keloids on their faces, arms, and hands. A month after Tanimoto returned from his second trip to the States, he started, as a project of his peace center, a Bible class for about a dozen of them—the Society of Keloid Girls, he called them. He bought three sewing machines and put the girls to work in a dressmaking workshop on the second floor of another of his projects, a war widows' home he had founded. He asked the city government for funds for plastic surgery for the Keloid Girls. It turned him down. He then applied to the Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission, which had been set up to study the radiation aftereffects of the bomb—aftereffects that those who made the decision to drop the bomb had utterly failed to foresee. The A.B.C.C. reminded him that it carried on research, not treatment. (The A.B.C.C. was keenly resented for this reason by hibakusha; they said that the Americans regarded them as laboratory guinea pigs or rats.)

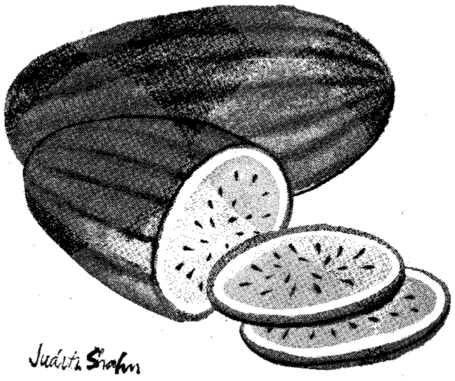
A woman named Shizue Masugi now visited Hiroshima from Tokyo. She had led a wildly unconventional life for a Japanese woman of her time. A journalist, married and divorced while young, she had later been the mistress, in turn, of two famous novelists and, later still, had married again. She had written short stories about the bitter loves and bitter solitude of women and was now writing a column for lovelorn women in the big Tokyo newspaper *Yomiuri Shimbun*. She would become a Catholic before she died, but she would choose to be buried in the Tokeiji Temple, a Zen center founded in 1285 by a monk who felt sorry for women with cruel husbands and decreed that any of them who took asylum in his temple as nuns could consider themselves divorced. On her trip to Hiroshima, she asked Kiyoshi Tanimoto what most needed to be done for women who were hibakusha. He suggested plastic surgery for the Keloid Girls. She started a campaign for funds in the *Yomiuri*, and soon nine girls were taken to Tokyo for surgery. Later, twelve more were taken to Osaka. Newspapers called them, to their chagrin, *Genbaku Otome*, a phrase that was translated into English, literally, as A-Bomb Maidens.

In October, 1952, Great Britain conducted its first test of an atomic bomb and the United States its first of a hydrogen bomb. In August, 1953, the Soviet Union also tested a hydrogen bomb.

The Tokyo and Osaka operations on the girls were not altogether successful, and, on a visit to Hiroshima, Kiyoshi Tanimoto's friend Marvin Green wondered whether it might be possible for some of them to be taken to America, where the techniques of plastic surgery were more advanced. In September, 1953, Norman Cousins arrived in Hiroshima with his wife to deliver some moral-adoption funds. Tanimoto introduced them to a few of the girls, and spoke of Marvin Green's idea. They liked it.

After their departure, an awkward meeting took place in the Mayor's office, at which distribution to orphans of the moral-adoption funds was discussed. Cousins had brought fifteen hundred dollars, but it turned out that two hundred dollars of this amount had been set aside for six particular children, sixty-five dollars had been allocated to the Maidens, and a hundred and nineteen dollars had been spent by Tanimoto at the Fukuya department store for briefcases to be presented as gifts by Norman Cousins to the directors of six orphanages. This left eleven hundred and sixty-five dollars, or only about two dollars and seventy cents for each of four hundred and ten orphans. The city officials, who thought they were in charge of the project, were furious about the sums Tanimoto had deducted. In a report of this meeting, the Hiroshima paper *Chugoku Shimbun* reported, "Rev. Tanimoto responded, 'I was following Mr. Cousins's instructions in this, not my own wishes.' "

Tanimoto had lately been getting used to criticism. His long absences from his church for trips to America had earned him the nickname of A-bomb minister. Hiroshima doctors had wanted to know why the Maidens were not operated on in Hiroshima. And why just girls? Why not boys? Some people thought they saw Reverend Kiyoshi Tanimoto's name in the paper too often. The enormous Cadillac had not gone down well, even though it had quickly turned out to be a dog and had had to be junked.



On March 1, 1954, the Lucky Dragon No. 5 was showered with radioactive fallout from an American test at Bikini Atoll.

Norman Cousins had gone to work in New York on the Maidens idea, and in late 1954 Dr. Arthur Barsky, the chief of plastic surgery at both Mount Sinai and Beth Israel hospitals, and Dr. William Hitzig, an internist on the Mount Sinai staff and Cousins' personal physician, arrived in Hiroshima to cull from among the Maidens those whose prospects for transformation by surgery were best. Of the many disfigured girls in the city, only forty-three presented themselves to be examined. The doctors chose twenty-five.

On May 5, 1955, Kiyoshi Tanimoto took off with the girls from Iwakuni Airport in a United States Military Air Transport plane. As the girls were being settled in host homes around New York, he was hustled off to the West Coast for the start of yet another fund-raising tour. Among other appointments on his itinerary was one for the evening of Wednesday, May 11th, at the NBC studios in Los Angeles, for what Cousins gave him to understand was to be a local television interview that would be helpful to the project.

That evening, somewhat fuddled, he was seated before bright lights and cameras on a living-room-like set. An American gentleman he had just met, named Ralph Edwards, beamed and, turning to the camera, addressed an estimated forty million Americans he attracted every Wednesday night: "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, and welcome to 'This Is Your Life.' The ticking you hear in the background is a clock counting off the seconds to 8:15 A.M., August 6, 1945. And seated here with me is a gentleman whose life was changed by the last tick of that clock as it reached eight-fifteen. Good evening, sir. Would you tell us your name?"

"Kiyoshi Tanimoto."

"And what is your occupation?"

"I am a minister."

"And where is your home?"

"Hiroshima, Japan."

"And where were you on August 6, 1945, at eight-fifteen in the morning?"

Tanimoto had no chance to answer. The ticking grew louder and louder, and there was an uproar from kettledrums.

"*This* is Hiroshima," Edwards said as a mushroom cloud grew on the viewers' screens, "and in that fateful second on August 6, 1945, a new concept of life and death was given its baptism. And tonight's principal subject—you, Reverend Tanimoto!—were an unsuspecting part of that concept. . . . We will pick up the threads of your life in a moment, Reverend Tanimoto, after this word from Bob Warren, our announcer, who has something very special to say to the girls in the audience."

The fateful clock of doom, now unheard, ticked off sixty additional seconds as Bob Warren tried to remove Hazel Bishop nail polish from a blonde's fingernails—an effort that was unsuccessful, even though he resorted to using a metal scouring pad, with which he had succeeded in removing rust from a frying pan.

Kiyoshi Tanimoto was totally unprepared for what followed. He sat there, torpid, sweating, and tongue-tied, as, after the manner of the famous program, his life was sketchily reviewed. Through an archway came Miss Bertha Sparkey, an elderly Methodist missionary who had taught him in his youth about Christ. Then came his friend Marvin Green, with a joke about life in divinity school. Then Edwards pointed out in the studio audience some parishioners Tanimoto had had just after his ordination, during a brief temporary pastorate in the Japanese-American Hollywood Independence Church.

Next came the shocker. In walked a tall, fattish American man, whom Edwards introduced as Captain Robert Lewis, co-pilot of the Enola Gay on the Hiroshima mission. In a shaky voice, Lewis told about the flight. Tanimoto sat there with a face of wood. At one point, Lewis broke off, closed his eyes, and rubbed his forehead, and forty million watchers across the land must have thought he was crying. (He was not. He had been drinking. Years later, Marvin Green told a young journalist named Rodney Barker, who was writing a book on the Maidens, that Lewis had panicked the show people by failing to turn up that afternoon for the rehearsal of all the participants except Tanimoto. It seemed that he had expected to be given a fat check for appearing on the show, and when he learned that he would not he had gone out bar-crawling. Green said he had found him in time to get a cup of coffee in him before the show.)

Edwards: "Did you write something in your log at that time?"

Lewis: "I wrote down the words 'My God, what have we done?' "

After that, Chisa Tanimoto trotted onstage with clipped steps, because she was wearing what she never wore at home—a kimono. In Hiroshima, she had been given two days to uproot herself—and the four children she and her husband now had—and get to Los Angeles. There they had all been incarcerated in a hotel, kept strictly away from their husband and father. For the first time on the show, Tanimoto's expression changed—to surprise; he seemed to have become a stranger to pleasure. Next, two of the Maidens, Toyoko Minowa and Tadako Emori, were presented in silhouette behind a translucent screen, and Edwards made a pitch to the audience for money for the Maidens' operations. And, finally, the four Tanimoto children—daughter Koko, who had been an infant in the bombing, now ten; son Ken, seven; daughter Jun, four; and son Shin, two—came running out into their father's arms.

INCOMING TELEGRAM:
CONFIDENTIAL
FROM: TOKYO
TO: SECRETARY OF STATE
MAY 12, 1955

EMBASSY-USIS SHARE WASHINGTON CONCERN LEST HIROSHIMA GIRLS PROJECT GENERATE UNFAVORABLE PUBLICITY. . . .

TANIMOTO IS LOOKED UPON HERE AS SOMETHING OF A PUBLICITY SEEKER. MAY WELL TRY TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF TRIP TO RAISE FUNDS FOR HIROSHIMA MEMORIAL PEACE CENTER, HIS PET PROJECT. DO NOT BELIEVE HE IS RED OR RED-SYMPATHIZER, BUT HE CAN EASILY BECOME SOURCE OF MISCHIEVOUS PUBLICITY. . . .

By diplomatic pouch:

SECRET

The Reverend Tanimoto is pictured as one who appears to be anti-Communist and probably sincere in his efforts to assist the girls. . . . However, in his desire to enhance his own prestige and importance he might ignorantly, innocently, or purposefully lend himself to or pursue a leftist line. . . .
RALPH J. BLAKE
AMERICAN CONSUL GENERAL, KOBE

UPON getting back East after the show, Robert Lewis, who had resigned from the Air Force and was

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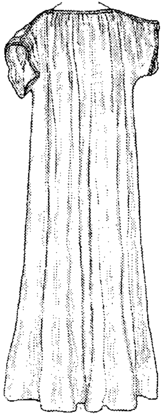
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working as personnel manager of Henry Heide, candymakers, in New York, was called to the Pentagon and given a heavy chewing out by the Defense Department.

THE whole Tanimoto family remained in the United States through the rest of Kiyoshi's speaking tour, which took him to a total of a hundred and ninety-five cities, in twenty-six states. The television show had brought in about fifty thousand dollars, and he raised ten thousand more. Chisa Tanimoto and the children stayed through a glorious summer in a guesthouse on Pearl Buck's farm, in Bucks County, Pennsylvania.

On August 6th, the tenth anniversary of the Hiroshima bombing, Tanimoto placed a wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier at Arlington National Cemetery. On that day, in Hiroshima itself, far away from him, a genuine Japanese peace movement, riding the anger over the Lucky Dragon incident, got under way. Five thousand delegates attended the first World Conference Against Atomic and Hydrogen Bombs.

The Tanimotos returned to Japan in December.

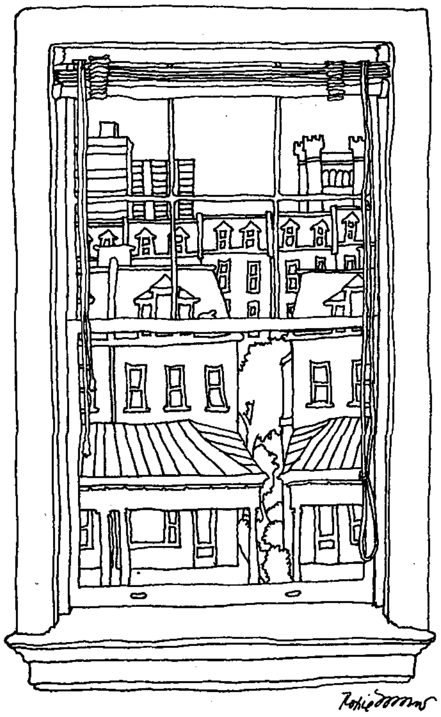
KIYOSHI TANIMOTO had been swept out of the mainstream into an eddy. On his American speaking tours, he had displayed an energy that was remarkable for a hibakusha, speaking night after night after night on the weary circuits. But the reality was that for some years now he had been hurled along on the white water of Norman Cousins' ferocious energy. Cousins had given him heady experiences that fed his vanity, but he had also now taken out of the minister's hands the control of his own undertakings. Tanimoto had started the whole effort for the Maidens, but he discovered that even though the money raised by "This Is Your Life" would pay the Maidens' expenses, all but a thousand dollars of the money he had raised on his tour was also to be controlled by New York. Cousins had bypassed the peace center in Hiroshima and dealt with the city government; Tanimoto had begged to have the moral-adoption project put under the center's wing, but his role had turned out to be that of a shopper for briefcases. The crowning blow came when the ashes of the Maiden named Tomoko Nakabayashi, who had died under anesthetic at Mount Sinai, were returned to her parents in Hiroshima and he was not even invited to the funeral, which was conducted by his old friend Father Kleinsorge. And after all the Maidens came home and, astonishingly, found themselves the objects not only of public curiosity but also of envy and spite, they resisted his publicity-minded efforts to form them into what he called The Zion Club, and they fell away from him.

Nor did he have any place in the Japanese peace movement, for he had been out of the country at crucial moments in its development, and, besides, his Christian outlook made him suspicious of the radical groups that were on the cutting edge of anti-nuclear activity. While he was away on this last trip, a national organization called Nihon Gensuikyo, the Japan Council Against Atomic and Hydrogen Bombs, had come into being, and there had been a surge of activity pushing the Diet for medical care for hibakusha. Like many hibakusha, he was repelled by the growing political coloration of these doings, and he stayed away from the mass meetings in Peace Park on the subsequent anniversaries.

ON May 15, 1957, Great Britain conducted its first hydrogen-bomb test, on Christmas Island, in the Indian Ocean.

KOKO, the Tanimoto daughter who as an infant had experienced the bombing, had been taken almost every year to the American-run A.B.C.C. for a physical checkup. On the whole, her health had been all right, although, like many hibakusha who had been babies at the time of the bombing, her growth was definitely stunted. Now, an adolescent in junior high school, she went again. As usual, she undressed in a cubicle and put on a white hospital gown. When she had finished going through a battery of tests, she was taken this time into a brightly lit room where there was a low stage, backed by a wall marked with a measurement grid. She was stood against the wall, with lights in her eyes so glaring she could not see beyond them; she could hear Japanese and American voices. One of the former told her to take off the gown. She obeyed, and stood there for what seemed an eternity, with tears streaming down her face.

Koko was so frightened and hurt by this experience that she was unable to tell anyone about it for twenty-five years.



ONE day toward the end of August, 1959, a baby girl was left in a basket in front of the altar of Kiyoshi Tanimoto's church. A note attached to its diaper gave the baby's name, Kanae, and its birth date, April 28th, and went on to say, "I am afraid I can't keep her at the moment. God bless her, and will you look after her in my stead?"

In the summer on Pearl Buck's farm, the Tanimoto children had played with the dozen orphans, mostly Oriental, that the American author had taken under her wing. The family had been impressed by Mrs. Buck's generosity, and now they decided to keep and raise the child who had been entrusted to them.

ON February 13, 1960, France tested a nuclear weapon in the Sahara. On October 16, 1964, China carried out its first nuclear test, and on June 17, 1967, it exploded a hydrogen bomb.

KOKO went to the States with her father in 1968, to enter the Centenary College for Women, in Hackettstown, New Jersey. Tanimoto had previously been back to America in 1964-65, when he visited his alma mater, Emory University, and then travelled home by way of Europe; and in 1966, when he received an honorary degree from Lewis and Clark College. Koko eventually transferred to American University, in Washington. There she fell in love with a Chinese-

American and became engaged to marry him, but her fiancé's father, a doctor, said that because she had been exposed to the atomic bomb she couldn't bear a normal child, and he forbade the marriage.

Back in Japan, Koko took a job in Tokyo, working for an oil-drilling firm, Odeco. She told no one she was a hibakusha. In time, she found someone she could confide in—her boyfriend's best friend. He turned out, in the end, to be the man she married. She had a miscarriage, which she and her family attributed to the bomb. She and her husband went to the A.B.C.C. to have their chromosomes checked, and though nothing abnormal was found they decided not to try again to have a child. In time, they adopted two babies.

THE Japanese anti-nuclear movement had begun to split up in the early sixties. Gensuikyo, the Japan Council, was dominated at first by the Japanese Socialist Party and by Sohyo, the General Council of Trade Unions. In 1960, it had tried to block revision of the United States–Japanese Security Treaty, on the ground that it encouraged a renewed militarism in Japan, whereupon some more conservative groups formed Kakkin Kaigi, the National Council for Peace and Against Nuclear Weapons. In 1964, a deeper division came about, when Communist infiltration of Gensuikyo caused the Socialists and the trade unions to pull out and form Gensuikin, the Japan Congress Against Atomic and Hydrogen Bombs. For Tanimoto, as for most hibakusha, these quarrels reached the zenith of absurdity when Gensuikin argued that all nations should stop testing, while Gensuikyo argued that the United States was testing to prepare for war and the Soviet Union was testing to insure peace. The division persisted, and year after year the two organizations held separate conferences on August 6th. On June 7, 1973, Kiyoshi Tanimoto wrote the "Evening Essay" column in the Hiroshima *Chugoku Shimbun:*

> These last few years when August 6th approaches, voices are heard lamenting that this year, once again, the commemorative events will be held by a divided peace movement. . . . The sentence inscribed on the Memorial Cenotaph—"Rest in peace, for the mistake shall not be repeated"—embodies the passionate hope of the human race. The appeal of Hiroshima . . . has nothing to do with politics. When foreigners come to Hiroshima, you often hear them say, "The politicians of the world should come to Hiroshima and contemplate the world's political problems on their knees before this Cenotaph."

ON May 18, 1974, India conducted its first nuclear test.

AS the fortieth anniversary of the bombing approached, the Hiroshima peace center was nominally still in place—now in the Tanimoto home. Its principal project in the seventies had been to arrange a series of adoptions of orphans and abandoned Japanese babies, who had nothing particularly to do with the atomic bomb. The adoptive parents were in Hawaii and the mainland United States. Tanimoto had made three more speaking trips, in the mainland States in 1975 and 1982, and in Hawaii in 1981. He had retired from his pulpit in 1982.

Kiyoshi Tanimoto was over seventy now. The average age of all hibakusha was sixty-two. The surviving hibakusha had been polled by *Chugoku Shimbun* in 1984, and 54.3 per cent of them said they thought that nuclear weapons would be used again. Tanimoto read in the papers that the United States and the Soviet Union were steadily climbing the steep steps of deterrence. He and Chisa both drew health-maintenance allowances as hibakusha, and he had a modest pension from the United Church of Japan. He lived in a snug little house with a radio and two television sets, a washing machine, an electric oven, and a refrigerator, and he had a compact Mazda automobile, manufactured in Hiroshima. He ate too much. He got up at six every morning and took an hour's walk with his small woolly dog, Chiko. He was slowing down a bit. His memory, like the world's, was getting spotty.

—JOHN HERSEY

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CLEAR DAYS AT THE AUDUBON SOCIETY

[From an editorial by Fred Heath in Western Tanager, published by the Los Angeles Audubon Society]

I would like to take this opportunity to set one aspect of the recent *Tanager* straight: the numbering. Volume numbers change with each September's issue which is *Number 1.* The 1984-85 volume is *Volume 51.* Unfortunately the volume number got pushed to 52 by accident with the November issue and has been carried through the January-February issue. I've set it back to the correct *Volume 51* with this issue. In addition both the November and December issues were called *Number 3.* December should have been numbered 4 and the January-February issue was correctly numbered 5, although the volume number had not been correct.

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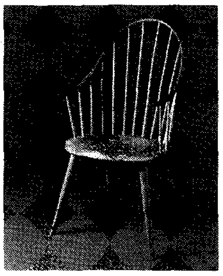

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THE THEATRE

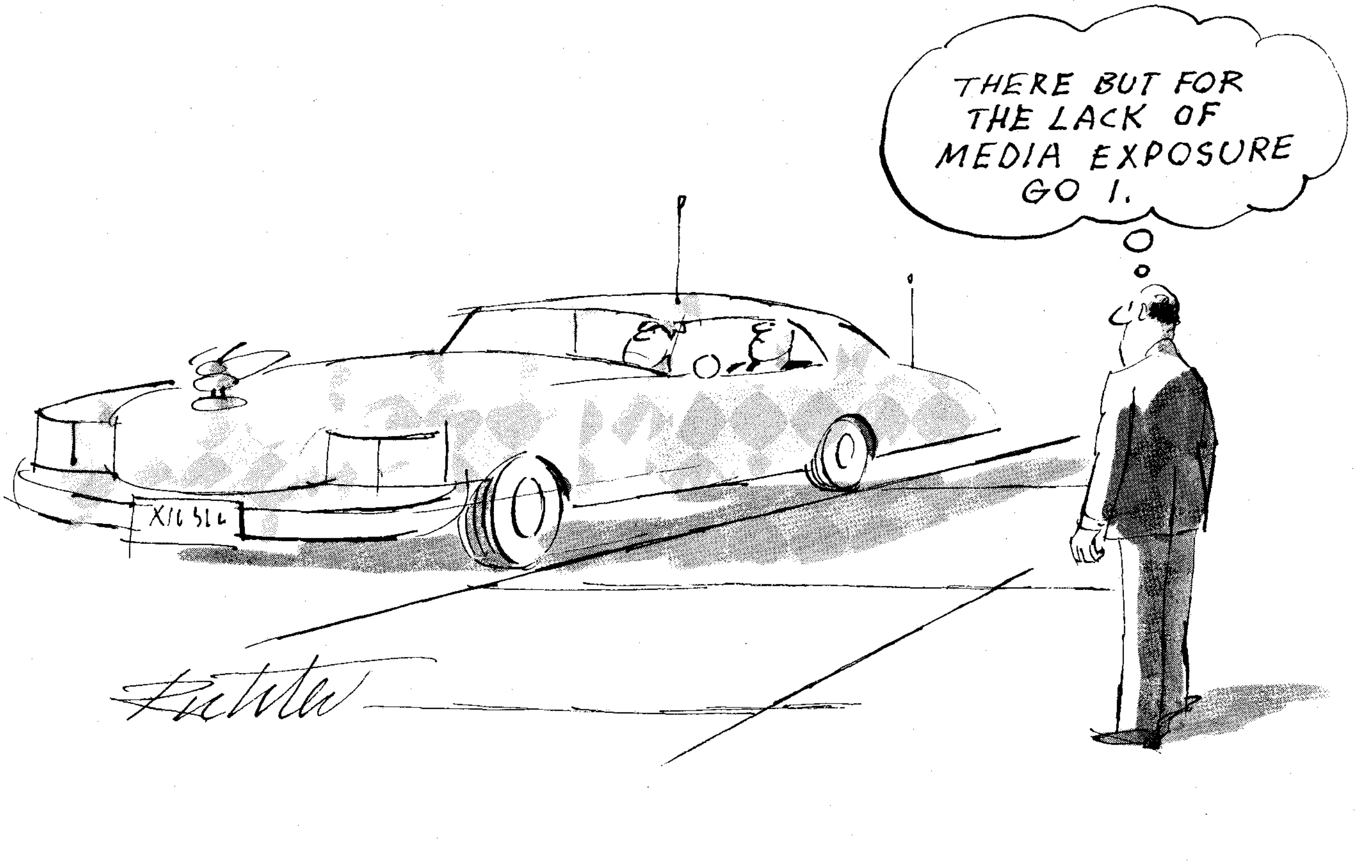
Whistlin' in the Dark

As Aristotle takes care to remind us, one swallow doesn't make a summer, and it is to be hoped that two manifestations of self-cannibalism in the course of a single season don't hint at a trend. A few weeks ago, Neil Simon brought to town a new version of his twenty-year-old play "The Odd Couple;" bearing the same name as its predecessor, it proved to have been altered almost beyond recognition by the author's having turned his male characters into females. Now we have Adolph Green and Betty Comden devouring themselves by turning their famous M-G-M movie musical of thirty years ago, "Singin' in the Rain," into a Broadway musical of the same name (at the Gershwin), with consequences little better than those enjoyed by the Simon comedy. Cannibalism, deplorable in life and rarely to be admired in art, is bad enough; self-cannibalism is far worse, since it provides meagre nourishment to the makers of a work of art and still less to the audiences for whom it is intended. Thanks to repeated showings of the movie in theatres and on TV, a vivid memory of Gene Kelly singing and dancing in the midst of a torrential downpour must be imprinted on the brains of nearly all living Americans; the technical resources of stagecraft being but a patch on those of movie studios, the rain falling from the fly loft of the Gershwin serves only to bring to mind the incomparable original. As stage rain cannot equal movie rain, so Don Correia, a competent dancer, cannot equal our long-cherished recollection of Kelly, drenched to the skin and skipping merrily from curb to curb.

As everyone knows, the story of "Singin' in the Rain" concerns that difficult time in Hollywood in the late nineteen-twenties when silent movies were reluctantly giving way to something called "talking pictures." The movie star Don Lockwood (the character played by Kelly and Correia) can speak as well as dance and sing, and so has nothing to fear from the new medium, but his popular co-star, Lina Lamont (Faye Grant), has the screechy voice of a peahen and must be dubbed—a feat performed by a sweet-voiced and sweet-tempered young newcomer named Kathy Selden (Mary D'Arcy). Lockwood and the two women form an uneasy professional and amatory triangle; meanwhile, we observe them engaged in making a movie that ends up being called "The Dancing Cavalier." In the Kelly version of "Singin' in the Rain," parodies of Busby Berkeley dance numbers of a somewhat later period provide much amusement; in the present stage version, the dances have been choreographed by Twyla Tharp, and it is her contemporary style of attack that is mostly on display. She gives us more dancing than the simple book of the show requires, and one's overriding impression is that of energetic incoherence. As for the songs—"Fit as a Fiddle," "Good Mornin'," "You Are My Lucky Star," "Would You?," and the like—they are welcomely familiar, and yet they, too, make up a jumble of seemingly unrelated odds and ends. As the evening passes, we are reminded of the old childhood game that begins with somebody's reciting, "I packed my grandmother's trunk, and in it I put . . ."

Green and Comden aside, the contributors to this disconcertingly overstuffed trunk are the late Nacio Herb Brown and Arthur Freed, who wrote most of the songs; Santo Loquasto, who designed the scenery; Ann Roth, who designed the costumes; and Jennifer Tipton, who designed the lighting. Miss Tharp directed the entire production. Since the cast numbers over forty, she must often have felt during rehearsals that she was standing not on the stage of the Gershwin but in Grand Central Terminal.

—Brendan Gill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MUSICAL EVENTS

Great Handel

THE Handel opera productions of this tercentenary season have been many and varied. No single one of those I've attended has united all the virtues a Handelian hopes to find, but not one has been without merits; not one was I tempted to leave. In general, besides being enjoyable they have taught two linked lessons, one long familiar to all ardent Handelians but still unlearned by some of the big companies, the other more readily demonstrated in the theatre than from the scores: that Handel's operas are not too long to be played without severe abridgment; and that every one of them has its distinctive character and atmosphere—what Verdi called the *tinta* of an opera. The old notion that Handel operas are strings of fine arias—some pathetic, some brilliant—but not true dramatic adventures dies hard. In *Das Orchester* I read of a potted "Agrippina" in Cassel, playing only two and a half hours and in which a third of the music played came from other Handel operas or from other composers. (The death scene from Handel's "Tamerlano," one of the most specific and carefully placed in all opera, was inserted; one could as decently drop Isolde's death into "The Flying Dutchman" or "The Mastersingers.") That's an extreme case; but in recent seasons the City Opera's hashing of "Giulio Cesare" and the Met's of "Rinaldo" were severe. The Fort Worth Opera's production of "Agrippina," in March, offered another approach. I didn't see the show, but this is what Michael Fleming, the music critic of the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram*, wrote:

> Many opera companies, when they stage Baroque works, operate on the assumptions that their general directors learned in Music History 101: that eighteenth-century operas were intolerably long, that audiences then attended only for the singers' vocal acrobatics anyway, and that audiences now will not attend at all unless a Baroque work is cut to the bone musically and gussied up visually.
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> The Forth Worth Opera gave such conventional wisdom a kick in the pants Thursday evening when it presented the U.S. stage premiere of Handel's "Agrippina."
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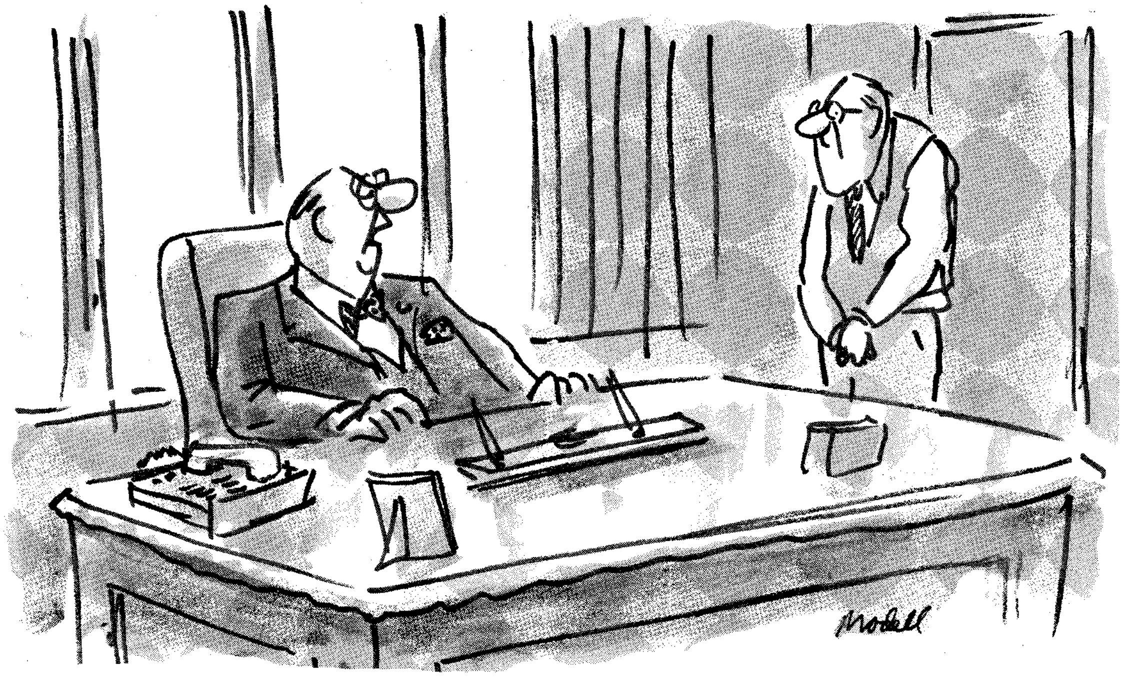
> "Agrippina" was presented virtually intact, in a lively, witty staging by Ken Cazan, and it was a grand success . . . [The audience] heard some of Handel's freshest music and saw a lively tale of intrigue that belied the notion of Baroque opera as a concert in costume.
>
> The opera seemed so rich—and in its way, so contemporary—because Handel was taken seriously.

All over the country, in cities large and small, one heard and read similar comments about unhashed, unabbreviated—or but slightly shortened—Handel productions. In Carnegie Hall, there were concert presentations of "Orlando," "Ariodante," "Semele," and "Alessandro" done complete, planned and cast by Matthew Epstein. Those were the performances given with star singers—Marilyn Horne, Kathleen Battle, Ashley Putnam and Gianna Rolandi (as the rival prima donnas of "Alessandro"), Tatiana Troyanos, Jeffrey Gall, Samuel Ramey—famous in our day as Faustina, Cuzzoni, Farinelli, Boschi were in Handel's. But since I—invited to be a critic before rather than after the event—played some part in the preparation of two of the Carnegie shows, I'll say no more about them.

"ARIODANTE" appeared again at the Spoleto Festival in Charleston, South Carolina, in May and June. It was slightly shortened—not much. (When Kennedy Center staged "Ariodante" in 1971, several arias were omitted and several were abridged; numbers from "Alessandro," "Teseo," and "Giulio Cesare" were inserted.) The "Ariodante" plot, laid in Scotland, is exceptional both in Handel's œuvre and in the "Orlando Furioso," from which it is derived: it is not heroic, dynastic, or magical but a direct, human drama, and closer to Shakespearean romance than anything else Handel set. (Shakespeare, indeed, had already treated the matter in the Hero-Claudio part of "Much Ado.") Ariodante is a magnificent role: welling with happiness in Act I; stricken in Act II when he apparently sees his Ginevra admitting another man to her bedchamber; grieved more deeply still in Act III when he learns that his accusation of her was unjust; finally joyful. Ginevra's music is on the same high level. She, too, passes from deep, loving joy to despair—when, instead of marriage to her beloved, a charge of infidelity which she cannot comprehend confronts her—and thence to happiness. The progress and pattern of the opera is from light to gloomy darkness and emotional bewilderment, and then to light more brilliant still. The prelude to Act II depicts moonrise in the



"I'd thank you Harrison, but, as you well know, yours is a thankless job."

royal garden, in ten magical bars; romance is soon polluted by the machinations of the villain, Polinesso; the act ends with Ginevra exclaiming in a troubled nightmare. Two of Ariodante's most striking airs are the anguished "Cieca notte," in C minor ("The Night's deceitful Shade, A faithless Dress and View, You have a Heart betray'd," in the 1734 translation), and the brilliant "Dopo notte," in D major, after Polinesso's villainy has been exposed ("After a black and stormy Night The Morning breaks more Fair and Bright"). There are four duets, three of them unconventional in structure. The opera, in the words of Burney's History, "abounds with beauties and strokes of a great master."

The Spoleto performance—sung in Italian, by and to Americans—was, alas, more decorative than dramatic. Catherine Turocy, the director, had taught her cast period movement but not passionate declamation. In some respects, the production essayed an "authentic" style, with attitudes and gestures based on precepts of the old primers and on contemporary images, but in other respects it was a sorry example of a staging cluttered with trivial and meaningless activity. There are nine and sixty ways of putting Handel operas on the stage, but not every single one of them is right. One right way was shown by Peter Sellars in his direction of the "Orlando" that ran for forty performances at the American Repertory Theatre, in Cambridge, in 1981-82. It was a production filled with movement—movement that at every point mirrored, enhanced, intensified the shapes of Handel's music and gave form to the characters' emotions. It was a dramatic tour de force of a kind only a Sellars could achieve—wonderful, gripping from beginning to end, unforgettable. Another possible, more modest way, it seems to me—and it would be disingenuous of me not to own that it was a way I tried when directing a student production of "Tamerlano" at Bloomington, Indiana, earlier this year—is to let Handel's music, the text he set, and the singers' utterance of it do most of the work and to restrict action to a few simple moves based on the "ground plan" of the arias. Miss Turocy's way was to "animate" the long arias with pointless business. When a singer stopped singing for a moment, she or he might cross the stage to take a flower from a vase and sniff it; or she might cross the stage to

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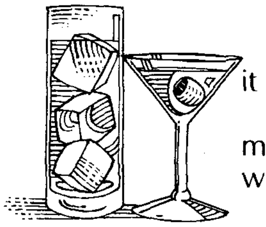

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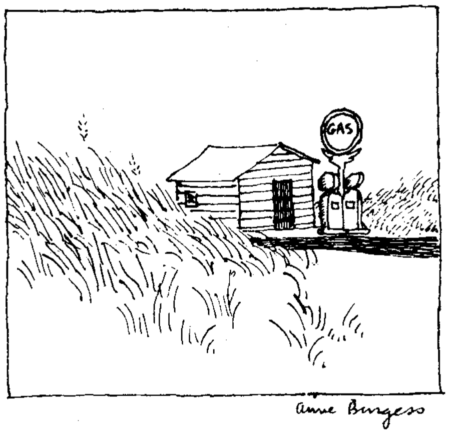
pick up a fan and fan herself; or other people might come on, mop and mow, perhaps dance around the singer, and then retire again.

Ariodante was Judith Malafronte, a mezzo with a vivid presence and a fluent, direct coloratura whose timbre reminds me of Giulietta Simionato's. Ginevra was Julianne Baird, a soprano who divides opinion, and who leaves me divided between admiration of her style (she is, as my *Times* colleague put it, "an interesting artist," and "one becomes curious to hear what she will do with the next aria, the next phrase") and dislike of the timbre of high notes that suggest the penetrating, vibratoless ringing of musical glasses. Cynthia Miller was a lively Polinesso. In the smaller roles of Dalinda and Lurcanio, the soprano Ann Monoyios and the tenor Jeffrey Thomas gave much pleasure. The band, the Concert Royal Baroque Orchestra, sounded thin and peaky. James Richman was a trudging conductor, and again and again he seemed to find it hard to bring his players in together. The décor was unattractive. Charleston's Dock Street Theatre, where "Ariodante" was given, purports to be built on eighteenth-century lines, but in fact it has a deep-sunken orchestra pit—a late-nineteenth-century innovation—which inhibits any easy rapport between instrumentalists and singers.

AMERICA's best Baroque players were evidently engaged elsewhere. The performances of Handel's "Teseo" that I attended at the Boston Early Music Festival in May boasted the finest eighteenth-century band I have ever heard, anywhere. The players of the Boston Early Music Festival Orchestra had been handpicked mainly from Boston, New York, and California, and had been rehearsing together six months before the festival began. The familiar merits of "authentic" orchestras—lithe timbre, lively articulation, limpid texture, easy balance with the voices—were attended by none of the frequent disadvantages: podium plod, out-of-tuneness, seasick string tone, curdled woodwinds, and a general lack of firmness and substance. This was playing to convince skeptics and to delight believers and unbelievers alike—spirited, adept, risk-taking, and beautiful. The band, as in the old days, sat in a long double row at house-floor level, principals facing the singers they accompanied. Nicholas McGegan, at one of two harpsichords, led the performance, with other continuo players—cello, two theorbos, violone—close at hand. The personnel list was a roll call of leading early-music artists. All thirty or so deserve to be named; the particular stars were John Gibbons (second harpsichord), Myron Lutzke (first cello), Dennis Godburn (first bassoon), Paul O'Dette and Jakob Lindberg (theorbos), and, above all, Stephen Hammer (first oboe), in the leading role that Handel wrote for the composer and virtuoso oboist John Ernest Galliard. Mr. Hammer and Mr. Godburn also played a dulcet pair of recorders. The opera is inventively and richly scored, but the orchestra's thus taking pride of place reflects the fact that the singers, who should rightly have held most of our attention, were less accomplished performers than their accompanists.

"Teseo," Handel's third opera for London, produced in 1713, remained unrevived in Britain until this year—in Manchester in March, at Covent Garden this month—and in Boston it received its American première. The libretto, by Nicola Haym, is adapted from one Philippe Quinault wrote for Lully. Aegeus and Theseus, father and son, both love the princess Agilea; Agilea and the princess and sorceress Medea, who is betrothed to Aegeus, both love Theseus. Aegeus doesn't know that Theseus is the son he begot years before in Troezen, and he connives with Medea in a plot to poison him. But in the nick of time the youth's identity is revealed. The action is a mixture of familiar legend and extravagant spectacle intended to display the scenic designer's art: "Medea by her Inchantments changes the Scene into a horrid Desart full of frightful Monsters;" "The Furies go off; and the Scene changes into an Inchanted Island;" "Medea in a Chariot drawn by flying Dragons." Medea is a magnificent role, passionate and powerful—one to set beside Handel's Armida and Alcina. Nancy Armstrong didn't seem to feel it, and she gave a rather blowsy performance, lacking in dignity. Agilea, Medea's gentle but far from colorless foil, another fine role, was pallidly played by Judith Nelson. Theseus was the soprano Randall Wong; it's surprising to hear high C-sharps from a male throat, but neither his singing nor his demeanor was heroic. The most stylish performance was Drew Minter's, as Arcanus—a fairly small part, originally taken by the contralto Jane Barbier. The work was sung in (mostly poor) Italian, but a facsimile of the 1713 bilingual libretto was available and there was light to read it by.



The Manchester production of "Teseo," it seems, was set in a country house serving as a wartime hospital, where nurses tended young officers. When Medea embarked on her horrid enchantments, gas masks were donned, and sentries kept watch on searchlight towers. The Boston performance, given in the Boston College Theatre Arts Center (a six-hundred-seater, acoustically dry), was a historical reconstruction along the lines of the celebrated "Orlando" at Washington University, St. Louis, two years ago. The same team was in charge: Mr. McGegan both musical and stage director, Scott Blake the scenic designer, Kevin Flynn the designer of light simulating that of an eighteenth-century theatre. Bonnie Cutter was the happily named costume designer. Some of the scenery was identical. It was once again fascinating and instructive to see a modern essay in Baroque theatre practice. Mr. Blake's inventive décor once again struck me as too "impressionistic" in facture, not definite enough in the drawing or the painting. The frightful monsters and the dragon-drawn chariot were fun. But the cast wasn't strong enough to fill the scenes with pulsing human emotion. Stock settings carried over from opera to opera—an apartment in the royal palace, a smiling grove, the shore (with long painted rollers revolving to counterfeit billows, as in St. Louis and Boston), a horrid cavern—were common in the eighteenth century. Nevertheless, I can't help feeling that Handel, the great dramatist who transcended conventions, deserves better than he got in his day: that, ideally, décor should be specific to the character, the *tinta*, of the opera concerned. (Trying to test such critical notions in practice, I rejected for "Tamerlano" a conventional, all-purpose Baroque set and proposed instead something Appiesque: tall, stark, simple spaces to house a tragic drama that is unique among Handel's operas in having every scene laid indoors.)

Authenticity, Robert Donington remarks in the closing section of his "A Performer's Guide to Baroque Music,"

> is for getting a natural match between the music and its interpretation. It is not history for history's sake. It is history for the music's sake. . . . The only authenticity of primary importance is the authenticity which, without any fuss or need for explanation, gets straight across to the audience.

And that's what the orchestral playing in this "Teseo" did. It had "the proficiency and the brilliance, the robustness and vitality" that Donington calls "part of the authenticity."

"Teseo," Handel's only five-act opera, is sometimes described as long, but the Boston performance, uncut, ran for less than three and a half hours. There was an intermission between Acts III and IV, and between Acts IV and V an entr'acte in the form of the D-Minor Organ Concerto, Opus 7, No. 4, with Mr. Gibbons, still at the harpsichord, as soloist and leader. Handel would play organ concertos between the acts of his oratorios; I know of no precedent for inserting one in an opera. But its presence could hardly be regretted, for Mr. Gibbons is an interpreter of rare intensity. He's not unmannered, but his declamation can hold listeners rapt. Moreover, the two-cello duet at the start of the concerto had the fervor and the fullness that much of the singing lacked.

"SERSE," at the Juilliard American Opera Center, must await a review. And so must the latest Handel production: "Giulio Cesare"—one of his greatest operas—directed by Mr. Sellars, which opened last week at the PepsiCo Summerfare festival, on the many-theatred campus of SUNY Purchase. There, too, "Teseo" and (with a professional cast) "Tamerlano" are being revived. On July 14th, all three operas play beneath one roof.

—ANDREW PORTER

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

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ROBERT ALTMAN has more sheer stubborn effrontery than any other great American director, as he proved in the string of recklessly original movies he made in the first half of the seventies: "M*A*S*H" (1970), "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" (1971), "The Long Goodbye" (1973), "Thieves Like Us" (1974), "California Split" (1974), and "Nashville" (1975). He has always been erratic, and he has an equally long list of bummers and valiant efforts that failed, but when he's working in top form there's nobody who can touch him. They can't even get near him. And in the eighties, working on a smaller scale, mostly with backing from cable television, he's still a terror. In 1982, he turned the most unlikely material—the sappy theatre piece "Come Back to the 5 & Dime Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean"—into an ethereal, balletic film that's unlike anything else he has ever done. (In lyricism, it rivals "McCabe" and "Thieves Like Us.") His version of "Streamers" in 1983 was all rant, and despite the visual beauty he lavished on Marsha Norman's hour-long "The Laundromat," which was shown on HBO in April, the awful play defeated him and the hardworking performers, Amy Madigan and Carol Burnett. But the Altman film that has already played in much of the country and has only now opened in New York City, his 1984 version of "Secret Honor"—a one-character, one-room-set play—is a small, weird triumph. Robert Altman, the master of large ensembles, loose action, and overlapping voices, demonstrates that with the help of a hot cinematographer (Pierre Mignot, the Canadian who shot "Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean") he can make film fireworks out of next to nothing. "Secret Honor" was filmed, with student assistants, in a residence hall at the University of Michigan, where Altman, who financed it himself, has been a visiting professor.

The actor is Philip Baker Hall, playing Richard Milhous Nixon, and the room is Nixon's wood-panelled study, where for ninety minutes Hall's Nixon paces the floor and raves and reminisces, like a caged Richard III. The play—a one-man docudrama by Donald Freed and Arnold M. Stone—is this semi-fictional Nixon's wild rumination on his life. It's a last testament, a mixture of confession and self-exoneration, delivered to a tape recorder by a man who toys with the idea of ending his life—he takes a revolver out of a fine case and puts it on top of his desk. Hall's Nixon speaks rapidly, and more and more incoherently. Words spew out of him, he stammers, sentences aren't finished, digressions interrupt digressions, and, as he becomes more and more self-justifying, conflicting half thoughts fight with each other in the air. And, constantly dissatisfied with his errant remarks, he keeps instructing his secretary to erase "all this crap." The material, much of it familiar from various memoirs, from journalists' accounts, and the Watergate tapes and transcripts, is like a nightmare mythology. He rails against Kissinger and Ike and the Kennedys, against Hiss and against Castro, against the Eastern Establishment, and, most of all, against the Committee of 100—the powerful men who, in this film's view, were his bosses. And he swigs down Chivas Regal. The movie has a heightened quality, as if all the tumult of Nixon's last year in the White House, his resignation and his pardon—all the news that we devoured from magazines and the papers and TV, and the constant stream of revelations—were compacted into this frazzled monologue. It's a seizure, a crackup, and the near-pornographic excess of the display is transfixing.

While Hall's Nixon flings himself about the room, glaring at the portraits on the walls—George Washington over the fireplace, Woodrow Wilson, Lincoln, the stern, baleful Kissinger—and howling out his resentments, Altman keeps the camera dancing. The visual pyrotechnics and the cutting have a basic purpose: to sustain the illusion of an unbroken harangue by a distraught—and gradually drunken—man. A few shifts and edits break the flow, but Altman picks it up so fast that they barely have time to register; the hypnotic spell isn't broken. And, of course, Altman's visual sleight of hand does more

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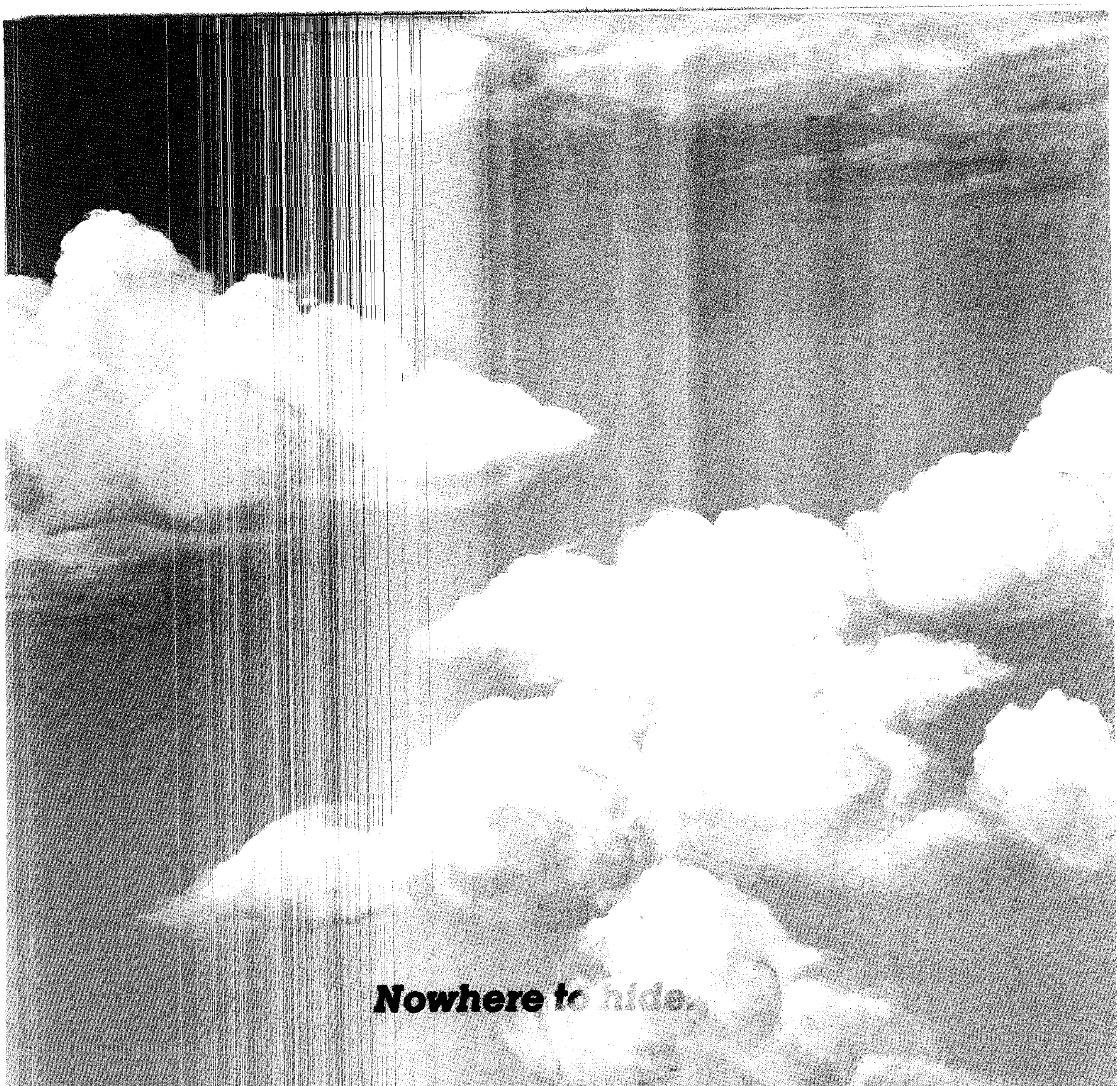

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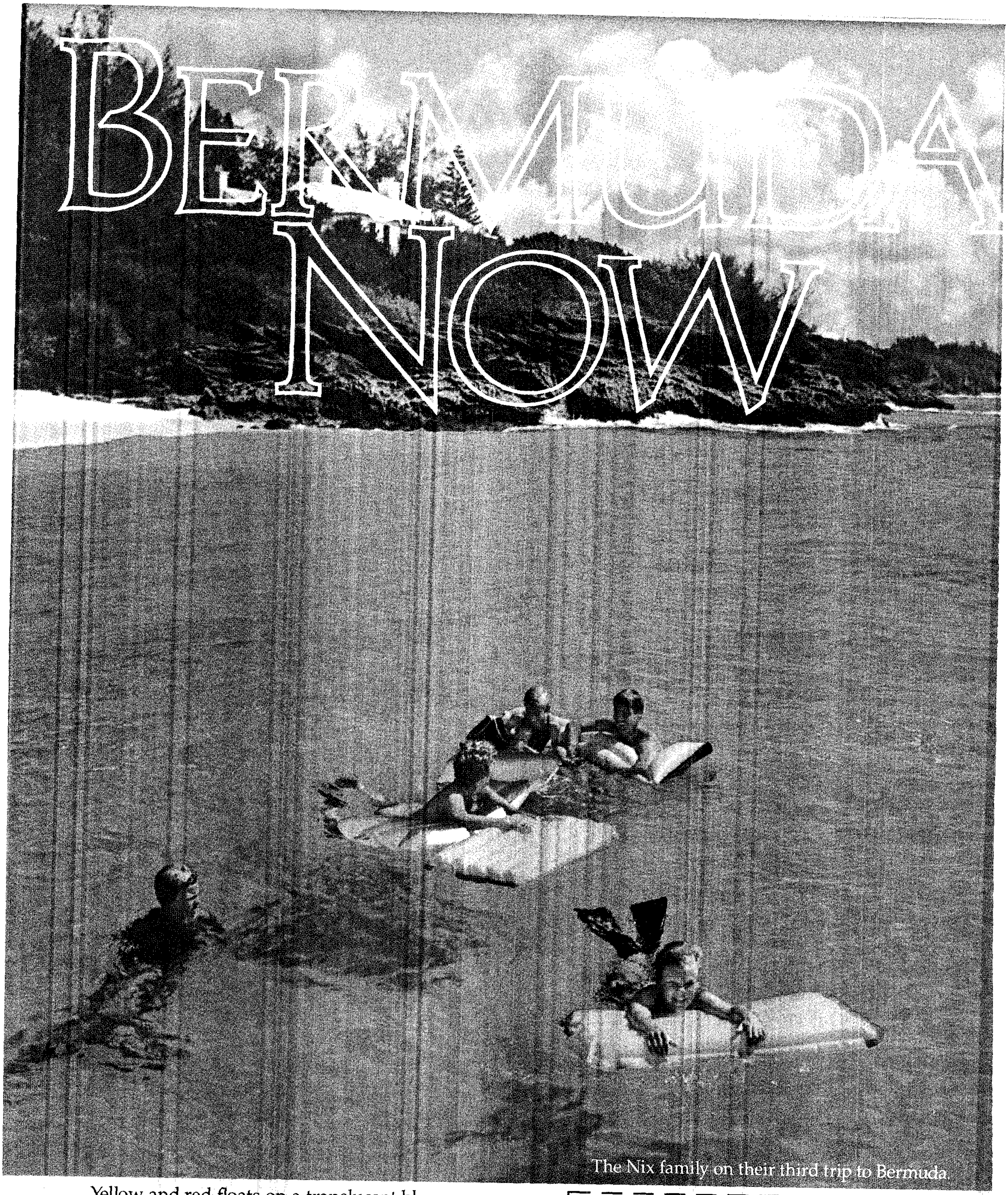

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for “Secret Honor” than just make it appear seamless. He holds Nixon’s unfinished thoughts and their overtones and associations in suspension. This film is as layered as any of Altman’s seventies movies, but what he did with voices in “California Split” and with characters and plot threads in “Nashville” he’s doing with elements that you don’t see or hear, that you can only intuit. He’s juggling with thistledown; we don’t know how he does it, and neither does he. (If he did, he wouldn’t have so many flops.)

A bank of four TV security monitors gives us a roomful of Nixons, and the movie is always in motion; it’s recording the turmoil inside this man, whose post-Watergate plight is obscenely tragic, and obscenely funny, too, because he blames it all on the big guys, who made him feel that he was playing out of his league. His self-pitying bitterness, his feeling of being used, and the anger that’s right under the surface are grotesquely vivid; they’re a hyperbolic form of emotions that seem common among struggling, defeated lower-middle-class men, and they bring him pitiably, repellently close. He’s a lot like John Schuck’s Chicamaw in “Thieves Like Us”—the robber whose attitude toward the world was screw or be screwed, and who wound up alone on a country road, yelling. Nixon poses in front of the four TV screens and addresses them as if he were speaking to a court of world opinion. He waves the gun about, then gets out his family Bible and rages at Kissinger for revealing that he knelt and prayed on the rug that was a present from the Shah. He clutches his sainted mother’s photograph and barks “arf” for her, calling himself her little dog. He preens, holding his arms up in front of a glass-panelled window, and his reflection is divided into sections; he’s splintering right before our eyes. We watch Nixon rehearsing to play Nixon; he’s his own creation, and he despises it and despises the world that he believes forced him into being what he is. He keeps looking for himself in the TV screens—framing himself—until at the end there’s nothing to frame.

It’s an acting feat by a man who probably isn’t a great actor. I’m not sure what is missing, but there’s a grayness about Hall, a lack of personality; he isn’t enough of a force on his own—he isn’t enough of a star—to replace Nixon in the mind’s eye. The smooth-voiced Hall, who originated the role on the stage, doesn’t create the character; he steps into Nixon’s skin—there’s an element of impersonation in the performance. At times, his face and hunched shoulders suggest Ed Sullivan, and he suggests other people, too (José Ferrer, Sinatra); he’s slightly anonymous. Yet it’s partly Hall’s not being a great actor that makes the performance work so brilliantly. Hall draws on his lack of a star presence and on an actor’s fears of his own mediocrity in a way that seems to parallel Nixon’s feelings. Though he doesn’t closely resemble Nixon, he’s got the Nixon twitches down pat, and he gets inside him with so much historical accuracy that it’s as if we were watching the actual Nixon in the wildest scenes that others wrote about, and as if we were seeing the man we heard on the tapes. At the same time, there’s enough of a stunt about the performance to distance us, so that we can respond more freely than we could if footage of the actual Nixon were cut to make him look rabid or viper-eyed.

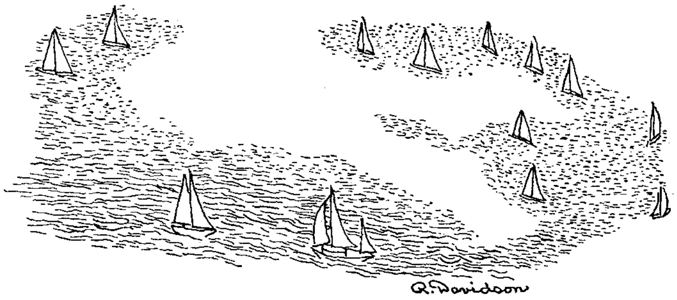
The least convincing part of the material is Freed and Stone’s notion of having their Nixon plead that he has “secret honor”—that is, that he deliberately “orchestrated” the Watergate mess rather than give in to the Committee of 100, who offered him a third term if he’d prolong the war in Vietnam (so the huge kickbacks on American aid to Vietnam would keep coming). But so much of the craziness of what the film’s Nixon says rings little bells in the memory that this leap in the conspiratorial dark doesn’t do much damage. It may even add a hallucinatory streak to the burlesque: Nixon’s big revelation is a phony. It certainly doesn’t hurt Hall’s performance, or Altman’s, either. He directs like a man on a roll, who can do no wrong.

There’s a virtuoso naughtiness about the sureness of Altman’s touch here. Morally, there’s probably no way to justify this movie. Unlike Richard III, Richard Milhous Nixon hasn’t been dead for centuries. And I think our knowledge that he’s still around—that he was the President just a few years ago, and that Ronald Reagan is actually the President now—is part of what gives the movie its kick. I feel a temptation to try to justify it—and it would be possible to say that it isn’t an act of political revenge, that its portrait of Nixon transcends revenge by making him creepily sympathetic. But it’s only if you accept Freed and Stone’s view that he was just the hireling and stooge of the Committee (which means accepting the playwrights’ whole paranoid outlook on American capitalism as a monolithic, controlled system, and on the Presidency as a post for an indentured servant) that the character we see is a victim, an Everyman, and sympathetic. The film’s Nixon is practically a werewolf; he’s horrifying—an intellectual slob. And that, I’ll admit, is what held me. The movie has the power of the most raucous, mean, and dirty caricatures of our thirty-seventh President, and those caricatures are alive here. Maybe it’s because Nixon in office began to look—to some of us—like some crazy Kabuki figure that no exaggeration seems too vile.

It’s only dramatically (and aesthetically) that I can justify this gonzo psychodocudrama. It has a grandeur to it because the trapped, rancorous man it shows us made a raw spectacle of his Presidency.

MOVIES that are consciously life-affirming are to be consciously avoided, and the warning signs are easy to spot in the ads for “Cocoon.” Look at the quotes: “The biggest hug of the summer,” and “Offers something for everyone who’s perennially young at heart,” and “You’d have to be a Scrooge to resist it.” You’d have to be a damn fool not to heed all that. “Cocoon” is sunny, freckled, and flatulent—a science-fantasy sitcom. In Victorian fairy tales, children who died were lifted up to Heaven; in “Cocoon,” it’s the oldsters who go to Heaven. These oldsters—a lovable, crotchety breed, familiar to us from TV—are like sagging teen-agers. And dolphins, who now seem to be the officially designated ambassadors for the beyond, fill the function of the loons in “On Golden Pond.”

The plot is less than in-



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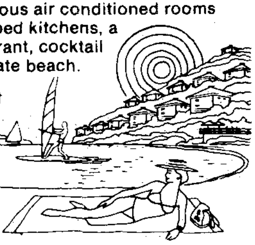

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genious. Disguised as earthlings, several aliens from the planet Antares arrive in St. Petersburg, Florida, where their leader (Brian Dennehy, all six feet five of him, and with his fathoms-deep voice) calls himself Walter. He's as bland as a baby-food salesman, and that's not part of a disguise. Walter rents an estate with an indoor swimming pool; then he charters a fishing boat, and he and his three helpers proceed to dive into the Gulf for twenty big, heavy clamshell-like cocoons, covered with barnacles and algae, which they move, a few at a time, to the pool. Three old men from a nearby retirement community have been sneaking in for a daily swim in this pool; with the first batch of cocoons in it, the water has a rejuvenating quality, and the men—played by Wilford Brimley, Don Ameche, and Hume Cronyn—frisk in it happily, and emerge cured of afflictions and eager for sex. But if we assume that the cocoons are responsible for their renewed vitality, we're wrong—as we discover when a whole batch of the oldsters rush into the pool (which now has all twenty cocoons). It turns out that the Antareans have been pumping some sort of life force into the water (though we never see them do it). Their purpose is to energize the members of the ground crew left behind from an expedition ten thousand years earlier, who have been in the cocoons all this time, and the oldsters by draining out the life force are killing them. This demoralizes Walter, who turns weepy, and the movie creaks to a temporary halt. It never recovers from this messy explanation scene and from the fact that the superior being Walter gives up too easily; it's left to roly-poly Brimley and the other oldsters to save the day. Or sort of save it. When the best that Walter and the Antareans and earthlings working together can do for the cocoons is throw them back in the Gulf, nobody involved in the movie seems very resourceful.

The script, by Tom Benedek, based on a novel by David Saperstein, has no internal logic, and plot devices keep popping up and shutting down. The worst comes at the end, with a trumped-up final crisis: Should a little boy (Barret Oliver) go off to the Shangri-La in space with his grandparents (Brimley and Maureen Stapleton) or stay behind with his mother (Linda Harrison)? This is a way of getting into a big-chase finish, with the faces of the old people irradiated by the light of the alien craft that's picking them up, while cars and helicopters and a Coast Guard cutter are speeding after them. The sequence isn't helped by the fact that the tired wizards of Industrial Light & Magic, who did the spacecraft effects, have once again come up with warmed-over versions of the basic imagery of "Close Encounters of the Third Kind."

If audiences are responding to "Cocoon" and turning it into a huge success, it's largely because of the elderly actors and the affection that the young director, Ron Howard (whose last picture was "Splash"), shows for them. Brimley, with his walrus mustache and his friendly belly, brings an ornery impudence to his role. I particularly liked the way he moves in the early scene (before the revitalization) when, having failed the eye examination for renewal of his driver's license, he covers his car with a white tarpaulin that billows in the wind with the finality of a shroud. Brimley is good and gruff until he has to begin showing what a decent, sage fellow he is. And Don Ameche, who holds his head back, with his chin thrust forward, plays a vain, natty old sheik, and he's amusingly light on his feet when he's dancing with his womanfriend (Gwen Verdon). Ameche gives an entertainingly stylized performance that's marred by the crude joke of his doing a breakdance—with the obvious help of a double. And Cronyn has a tough, buzzardy quality after the water has cured his cancer. The actresses—Stapleton, Verdon, Jessica Tandy—bring the film the bearing of major performers, but they aren't as lucky. They're playing such warm, loving helpmates that even rejuvenation doesn't change them much.

Ron Howard is an infectiously good-humored comedy director, but he overworks his "heart" and his ecumenical niceness—his attempt to provide something for all age groups and all faiths. In addition to the grandparents and the little boy with divided loyalties, the film features Steve Guttenberg, who's wet-eyed and overenthusiastic as the skipper of the fishing boat; this overgrown puppy develops a crush on the one Antarean girl, played by the spectacularly pretty Tahnee Welch—daughter of Raquel, though she looks more like Ali MacGraw.

(One of the other young aliens, who are background characters, is played by the fourth-generation actor Tyrone Power, Jr., who, like Tahnee Welch, is so pretty he looks unreal.) The way the performers are directed, it's as if the little runaway boy and the group in their twenties and the retired folks all represented different stages of the same waxworks figures.

Ron Howard keeps trying to extract tender emotions from scenes that could get by only as slapstick, and from scenes that can't get by as anything. Since the retirement community has just one Jewish couple, Bernie and Rose (Jack Gilford and Herta Ware), and one black man (Charles Lampkin), they could be taken satirically, as the community's tokens of integration. But Howard treats them so gently and seriously that they become the *film's* tokens of integration. Bernie is also the film's token spoilsport; at times I could practically hear Shirley Temple's piping little voice demanding to know why he was such a worrywart and grumpy grouch. That's the level on which he's conceived. Bernie is the scaredy-cat who doesn't believe in miracles. He won't go into the water, and he won't let his Rose, whose mind is failing, go in, either. He adores her, though, and when she dies he carries her in his arms to the estate and takes her into the pool—but it's too late, the water has already been drained of its magic. This cloying scene suggests that Ron Howard doesn't know how thin the material is—that he thinks he's making a drama, and, perhaps, a religious allegory. Bernie stays behind when the other members of the community leave for the promise of eternal life in the hereafter; he isn't saved.

Bernie could be the lucky one: when the equable Walter (whose followers are serene, obedient space cadets) assures Brimley and the other recruits for eternity on Antares that "you will all lead productive lives," the remark has sobering undertones of "Better Red than dead." "Cocoon" seems to have been made by people who were suffering from a slight malfunction of the noggin.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

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—*The Times.*

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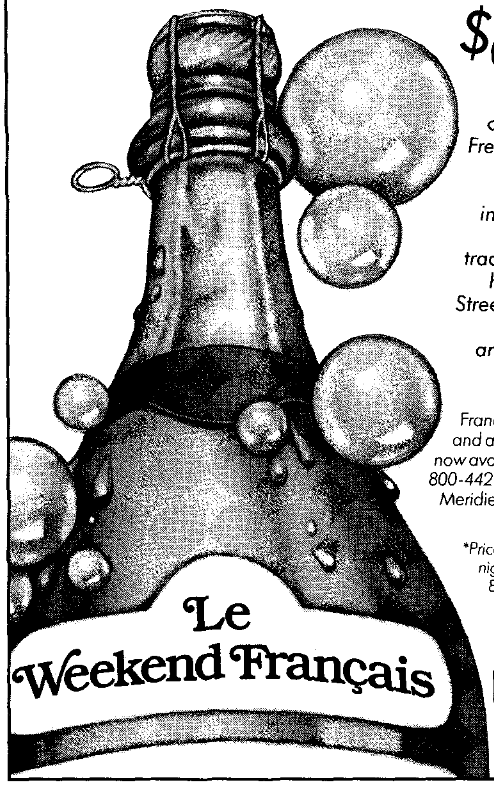

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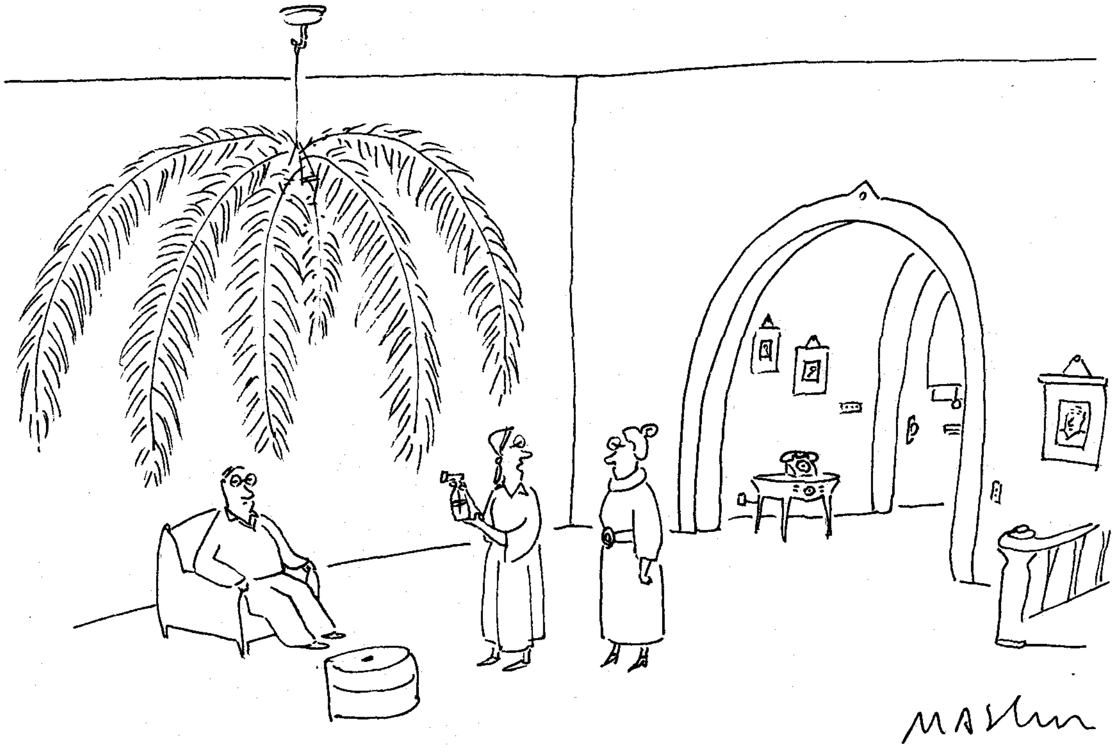
EXCHANGES

"TERRORISTS ZERO IN ON N.Y.—CIVILIANS FACE ATTACK BY SIKH SKY BOMBERS" was the message that took up most of the front page of the June 27th New York *Post.* In the accompanying story, on the inside pages, the only basis for that headline was a report credited to Frank Camper, a Vietnam veteran who runs a school for mercenaries in northern Alabama whose academic specialty is the training of soldiers for hire in the skills they need to commit bombings and assassinations. Camper was quoted as saying that four of his Sikh students—one of them is being sought on suspicion of having planted the explosive devices that caused an Air-India plane to blow up in midair last month, killing all three hundred and twenty-nine people aboard—had had blueprints for attacking civilian targets in California, Toronto, India, and, yes, New York. In devising its headline, the *Post* may have been moved by editorial frustration over the fact that New Yorkers, whose activities the paper covers as if they were at the center of everything, had been relegated to the role of mere sideline observers of the terrorist actions that darkened the international scene in these early-summer weeks of 1985. None of the hijacked passengers were residents of this city or this state; nor were any of the other principals in the "scenario" that was being "played out" in the Middle East, as television commentators kept putting it.

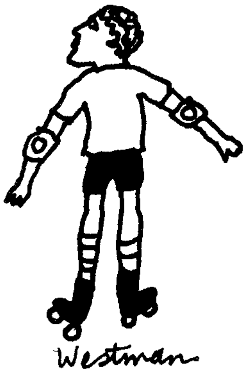
There were indications that some of the principals may not have been offended by the show-business terminology. The wife of Nabih Berri reported that one of his favorite pastimes was watching American cowboy movies—especially those featuring John Wayne. And the daughter of Allyn Conwell, of Houston, described the original spokesman for the hostages as being right out of "Dynasty." The impression was that they would not feel much at home in "Taxi Driver" or "Cagney & Lacey" or any of the other dramas set in this city's crowded and grungy streets, which, to the benefit of the local economy, are increasingly serving as movie and television settings, as if they were some exotic foreign locale. Not only were the hostages not New York residents but most of them did not come from other large cities. The T.W.A. Flight 847 passenger roster may not have been a typical overseas-airline list. Still, citizens here who watched the hostages, during their days in Shiite custody, step before the television cameras, identify themselves and their home towns, and talk about their lives, often with Southern or Western intonations, could understand how members of the Reagan Administration see America as primarily not an urban but a small-town and suburban nation. This judgment has left the White House free to appear far less attentive to the plight of the cities than national political figures were a decade ago, and even to imply, on occasion, that the concerns of big-city dwellers—or, at any rate, those outside the Sun Belt, and particularly those in the Northeast, including New Yorkers—tend to be alien to those of many Americans who live in other places. Some observers believe this view of things was what persuaded the Administration that the provision in the President's current tax-reform bill which proposes to end the deductibility of state and local taxes on federal income-tax forms would breeze through with little opposition that counted for anything. After all, the loudest cries of pain would come from New York State, which has the highest combination of state-and-local taxes of any state, and which—to the distress of residents of places like Wappingers Falls and Canandaigua—is often viewed in the Great Out There as merely an extension of this city. The word that the end of deductibility would be a heavy blow to New York was not expected to cause many members of Congress to vote against it.



"*A good late-afternoon misting really perks them up.*"

Just because no New Yorkers were prominently involved in the events in Beirut didn't mean, of course, that residents here didn't feel strongly on the subject. At Gracie Mansion, during a visit here in January, 1983, President Hosni Mubarak of Egypt noted that "New York has a foreign policy all its own." A number of leaders of national Jewish organizations that have their headquarters here issued statements early in the recent crisis warning against caving in to terrorists. A few days after the hijacking, however, Mayor Edward Koch said that Israel should release the seven hundred and sixty-six

Shiites and other Lebanese citizens from Atlit prison without requiring a formal request from the United States. In advising against ever negotiating with terrorists, the Mayor said, somewhat cryptically, "This time it's prisoners, next time it's foreign policy, and on the third occasion the Statue of Liberty"—thus shifting his city putatively back into the center of things. Koch also referred to the Shiite Muslims as "animals," but an animal-lover complained; he then apologized to the animals for the comparison. Saying "My blood boils," New York's Republican Senator Alfonse D'Amato urged the United States to retaliate if the "moving force" responsible for the hijacking could be identified. The Mayor had no trouble identifying the moving force. "It is Iran that has initiated and supported this particular terrorism," he said, and he urged the President, once the hostages were released, to make "an appropriate physical response to punish Iran . . . to the greatest degree with the least amount of loss of civilian life." Koch's closest rival in this year's campaign for the Democratic mayoral nomination is City Council President Carol Bellamy, who, according to a recent poll, is some thirty-six points behind him. In the early nineteen-seventies, the battles between John Lindsay, operating out of the mayor's office in the west wing of City Hall, and members of the City Council, in the east wing, were so fierce that the rotunda between the two wings was known as the demilitarized zone. It's back to DMZ time now. Miss Bellamy urged Koch to keep quiet during the Beirut crisis, saying, "It is time for all good Americans to stand behind their President." Koch's response was "She's getting political again." In the increasingly bitter rhetoric of the campaign, it is a rare day when one of them doesn't accuse the other pejoratively of being "political" about some issue. After Adlai Stevenson's loss to Dwight Eisenhower in the 1952 Presidential election, E. B. White wrote in this magazine, "Governor Stevenson . . . had a way of pronouncing the word 'political' that invested it with honor even in the middle of a slugging match, and that made politics seem the noblest of all works. . . . He always seemed to utter the word with a mixture of affection, awe, and delight"—which is not the way it is being uttered in New York's 1985 mayoral campaign.



For the most part, local politicians were far less aggressive in expressing their views about the recent international crisis than they were after the shooting down by the Russians of Korean Air Lines Flight 007, in September, 1983. On that occasion, D'Amato and Koch led a march on the Soviet Mission to the United Nations by local citizens, who, shouting "Godless barbarians!," burned a Soviet flag while Koch assured the Russians inside, "We will make you pay!" Some local unions announced that they would not service the Aeroflot plane on which Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko was scheduled to fly in for a General Assembly meeting later that month. New York's Governor Mario Cuomo, saying that he could not guarantee Gromyko's safety, joined with New Jersey Governor Thomas Kean in defying the wishes of the State Department by forbidding the plane to land at John F. Kennedy International Airport or at Newark International Airport, which are controlled by the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey. Gromyko cancelled his trip. Last month, a local union announced that it would not handle the cargoes of the Beirut-based Middle East Airlines at Kennedy Airport, but this time Cuomo was generally content to leave foreign policy to Washington. Possibly he saw this as in keeping with his recent refusal to answer any more questions from reporters about international affairs, since answering would only encourage speculation that he had some interest in the 1988 Democratic Presidential nomination—whereas, he said, nothing could be further from his thoughts. During a June 19th Cuomo roast at a fund-raising dinner in Washington, one of the roasters was Paul G. Kirk, Jr., the chairman of the Democratic National Committee, whose appointment Cuomo had opposed—although not, the Governor insisted, because Kirk was a longtime associate of Massachusetts Senator Edward Kennedy, a likely Cuomo rival in 1988. Kirk had some success with a story about a Cuomo appearance in New Jersey in which he attacked the end to state- and local-tax deductions (now popularly known as SALT-D) in the Reagan tax-

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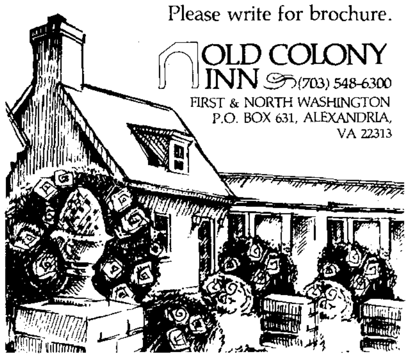

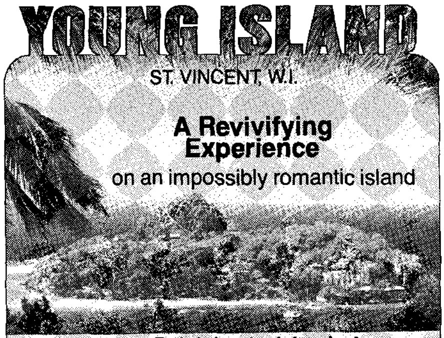

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reform plan. "A man asked the Governor, 'What does this tax deduction mean for Perth Amboy?' " Kirk reported. "And the Governor said, 'Sorry, I don't want the press to think I'm running for President. I don't take any questions about foreign policy.' "

THE fact that no war has been fought on this nation's soil in this century may help explain why Americans tend to be rather casual about invoking warlike metaphors for disputes in which no actual blood will be shed or shots fired. When the President announced the details of his tax-reform plan, on May 28th, he called it "the Second American Revolution." The next day, protesting the proposed ending of deductibility of state and local taxes, two New York members of Congress boarded a small boat and dumped a bunch of empty boxes in New York Harbor in a photo-opportunity version of the Boston Tea Party. What may have surprised the White House Republicans was the fact that although one of the insurrectionist politicians was Bronx Representative Mario Biaggi, a Democrat, the other was Senator D'Amato—one of their own. A few days later, a letter writer to the *Post* suggested that Biaggi and D'Amato be fined for polluting the waters—a complication that Sam Adams and his friends did not encounter in 1773. The New Yorkers took to the seas, however briefly, even though the President, after warning that "the special interests are trying to pick apart our tax-reform package," had added, "The sharks are circling our tax plan." D'Amato reported later that he had received indirect word from Deputy Secretary of the Treasury Richard Darman that if he continued to fight for SALT-D the President wouldn't campaign for him when he runs for reëlection next year, and the Senator then denounced "some little drip in the White House." A few days later, when Darman tried to talk Representative Raymond McGrath, a Long Island Republican who had previously been a down-the-line Reaganite, out of opposing the end of the deductions, McGrath threw him out of his office. "Nothing like that has ever happened to me," Darman was quoted as saying. The President himself then called McGrath in for a talking-to. Holding his ground, at least for the moment, McGrath mentioned that—as Cuomo had been pointing out—in April, 1983, the President himself, noting that some Democrats had proposed an end to deductibility, had said that the levying of federal taxes on money that had already been paid in taxes to local authorities would be "a tax on a tax," and had opposed it. When he left the White House, McGrath reported of the usually genial President, "His lips were tight, and he had an angry stare aimed at me." Meanwhile, up in Albany, this state's two most powerful Republicans had called for a constitutional amendment to forbid the ending of local deductions. "This holds the seeds for the ultimate destruction—a tough word, but I want to use it—of our federal system," said State Senate Majority Leader Warren Anderson, while John Marchi, the chairman of the State Senate Finance Committee, described the proposed tax reform as one that would have "the dramatic effect of almost a civil war." By that time, members of the Reagan Administration pushing the end of SALT-D may well have concluded that most New Yorkers of both parties were simply impossible, and have set about concentrating instead on establishing that citizens of this high-tax state were an isolated special interest, whose concerns few other Americans shared.

The proposal to end state- and local-tax deductibility appeared last fall in the first version of the Reagan Administration plan, known as Treasury I, and during most of the spring Cuomo was saying privately that, damaging as the change would be to the state, there seemed to be no chance that New York could rally enough national support to get it knocked out of the final legislation. Some of his advisers spoke of the political folly of appearing in the forefront of such a losing battle. However, no other leading Democrat moved in an energetic way to challenge the White House on the issue. By late May, Cuomo had made it his fight—some thought out of a sense of outrage at what he saw as grand larceny on the part of the Republicans. White House aides explained at one point that in pushing their tax plan they couldn't decide whether to stress its fairness or its special benefits for families. Patrick Buchanan, Reagan's chief communications adviser, was said to support the family option. Since Reagan took over as President, it has been the Democrats who have kept raising questions about governmental fairness. As for the issue of the family, Cuomo often acts as if he had invented it. Before one Cuomo speech, a *Times* reporter said, "If he talks about the 'family of New York' one more time, I'm leaving home," and on occasion Albany politicians have reminded the Governor of what the acronym for the phrase is. Cuomo discussed the concept of the national family in his widely acclaimed address to last summer's Democratic Convention in San Francisco, a speech that Buchanan has described as a "trash-America tirade." In recent weeks, the President, even during the Beirut crisis, was moving about the country telling audiences how unfair it was for high-tax states "who can't say no" to be subsidized, through the deductibility provision, by states with prudently low taxes. Cuomo was also on the road (luckily, it was commencement time, and he had agreed to give eleven graduation addresses, in places as far apart as Harvard and Stanford), preaching about the unfairness of a tax on a tax and a proposed reform designed, as he described it, "to cut in half the tax rate for the richest people in the country" and at the same time "to punish all the states and communities that have borne the burdens of the immigrants and the poor." It was the latter kind of charge that moved Buchanan last month to accuse Cuomo and other SALT-D supporters of being "neo-socialists" who favored the redistribution of wealth. Buchanan's launching of an all-out attack on Cuomo was generally considered a stroke of great political good fortune for the New York Governor. "Mario Cuomo's incessant invocations of the poor, the downtrodden, the ill, almost invariably turn up as a preamble to budget requests that would augment the power of his own political class—the welfare statists," said the White House communications director in a letter to the *Times*. He also accused Cuomo, who likes to present himself as the great conciliator, of "unbuttoned bellicosity" and of being a "glib, fast-talking lobbyist for a reactionary liberalism that would kill tax reform in its crib." Buchanan's attack came in response to some of Cuomo's comments on the tax plan after Buchanan had told reporters that one of its purposes was to favor "the traditional family," which he indicated was one with a working husband and a wife who takes care of the children. "It wouldn't shore up Mario Cuomo's traditional family," he said, although Cuomo is, in fact, a working husband with a wife who stayed at home and took care of their five children. (Buchanan explained later that he had meant

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Cuomo's *political* family, which he suggested was not a pretty sight.) The Governor had charged that what members of the Reagan Administration were proposing was not a tax-reform plan but "a plan to foist their political ideology on the nation." In any event, being taken on this way by the President's spokesman, which gave the impression that some of his attacks on the tax plan might have the White House worried, clearly elevated the national status of the New York Governor, whom a year ago few Americans outside this state had ever heard of. In the question-and-answer period after a June 19th speech on the tax plan at the National Press Club, in Washington, Cuomo was asked whether he thought Buchanan had attacked him as "part of his professional responsibility" or as "a hired political gun." The Governor's answer was "Yes."

There have been signs of late that Cuomo definitely has the Republicans rattled. The same month that Buchanan accused him of being a "welfare statist," Richard Thornburgh, the Republican Governor of Pennsylvania, and Tennessee Governor Lamar Alexander, also a Republican, declared at a White House meeting of selected governors (Cuomo was not included) that Cuomo was a spokesman for the rich, and was taking money from poorer taxpayers and giving it to richer taxpayers—"a reverse Robin Hood," as Alexander put it. However, the New York Governor, covering another base, called the plan, in his National Press Club speech, "an assault on the middle class." Some observers have found it hard to adjust to the spectacle of a Northern liberal asserting the sacred Southern-conservative principle of states' rights. "We're not a special interest. That's the way the country was founded," Cuomo said at City Hall in late May. "This runs to the very heart of the Republic," he said at the National Press Club, figuratively waving the Constitution. Some taxpayers have a high resistance to rhetoric, however. More compelling, perhaps, was the reminder from Cuomo and other opponents of the ending of SALT-D that under the new rules property taxes would not be deductible. Cuomo also pointed out that in low-tax as well as in high-tax states more than ninety per cent of public-school costs are paid through state and local taxes. As for the matter of favoring redistribution of wealth, critics of the plan pointed out that it would accelerate the geographical redistribution of national wealth which many believe to be already under way. Residents of high-tax states, which are mostly in the Northeast and the Midwest, where taxes would rise sharply with the end of deductibility, would be likely to move to low-tax states, most of which are in the South and the West. "This will reinforce the national constituencies of the new Republican Party—the Sun Belt," said Jack Albertine, the president of the American Business Conference, which is a strong supporter of the plan. Meanwhile, New York's Republican Senator and Democratic Governor were asking, almost in unison, what was fair about the circumstance that under the plan Americans would be forbidden to deduct from their federal returns taxes paid to states and localities while they could deduct taxes paid to foreign governments. Problems arose with Reagan Administration math. Because of continued generosity in the oil-drilling and capital-gains areas, reforms would turn out not to be revenue-neutral, as advertised, but instead would contribute to the already out-of-control deficit. And a few days after the President had hailed his plan as "pro-family" it was discovered that the family it would help was the one-earner kind that the Reagan Administration regards as not only traditional but worthy. Two-earner families, which are now in the majority, would pay higher taxes. A poll taken last month showed that, far from being considered a special interest, the deduction for state and local taxes was favored by sixty-four per cent of all Americans. Abandoning it, Cuomo told the National Press Club, would divide the nation, setting state against state. "As Lincoln said, 'A house divided against itself cannot stand.'" A few days earlier, at the annual convention of the United States Conference of Mayors, which is made up of Republicans and Democrats from all over the country, a committee proposed a resolution describing the tax plan as "the most fundamental and far-reaching in our federal system of government since the Civil War." On June 19th, the hundred and sixty mayors at the convention voted overwhelmingly against the ending of the SALT-D provision.

SEVERAL of the T.W.A. Flight 847 hostages said in television interviews during their captivity that it had been "a learning experience" for them, and surely many Americans, here and elsewhere, would say the same. For one thing, those who deplore the inferior status of women in the Arab world had to face the fact that because of this attitude it was only the male passengers who were put at terrible risk, including that of being murdered. During the Beirut interviews, several hostages remarked that Americans were ill-informed about events in the Middle East, and Conwell, their spokesman, reported that when the hijackers announced to the T.W.A. passengers, "This plane is going to Beirut," a number of voices asked, "Where is Beirut?" If some of the passengers had been from New York, the largest Jewish city in the world, many of whose citizens naturally keep up with what is going on in and around Israel, the chances are that fewer would have asked that question. Although no New Yorkers were directly involved, the crisis was an uneasy time for many people who live here. They had to adjust to hearing loud praise for the helpfulness of President Hafez al-Assad of Syria, a country they are used to hearing denounced at frequent intervals, especially at City Hall, as a "pariah nation." And there was the revelation that when negotiations—that is, *non*-negotiations—with the captors of the hostages broke down the government of Iran, another local synonym for pariah, had been of significant assistance. An ABC News–Washington *Post* poll reported that, by a margin of fifty-four to twenty-four per cent, Americans felt that Israel, their country's longtime ally, was not doing all it should to resolve the hostage situation. The Shiites gave as the reason for the hijacking Israel's continuing to hold—illegally, according to the United States government—the hundreds of Lebanese in Atlit prison. A cartoon by Jim Borgman in the Cincinnati *Enquirer* that was reprinted elsewhere showed men-in-the-street deploring two hostage crises—one in Beirut and one in Israel.

In 1981, a few days after the fifty-two Americans were released by Iran, Mayor Koch, against the wishes of the State Department, invited them to town for a huge ticker-tape parade up Broadway. At the end of that year, which was also the end of his first term as mayor, he told reporters that the most memorable event of his first four years, hands down, had been the hostage parade—with, as he said, "me in the lead car." It would be hard for any of his opponents in the 1985

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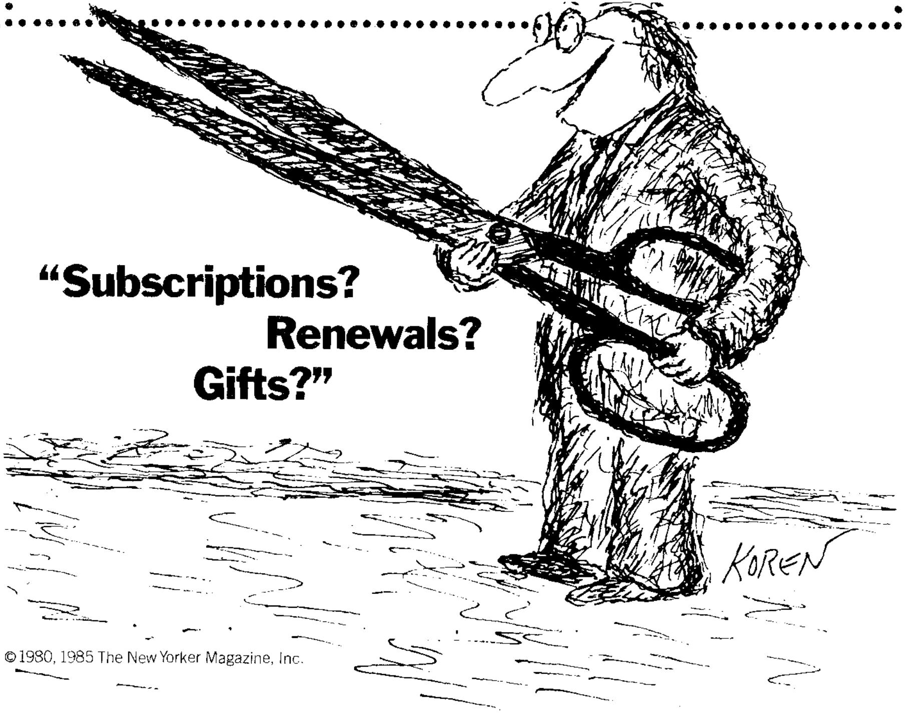
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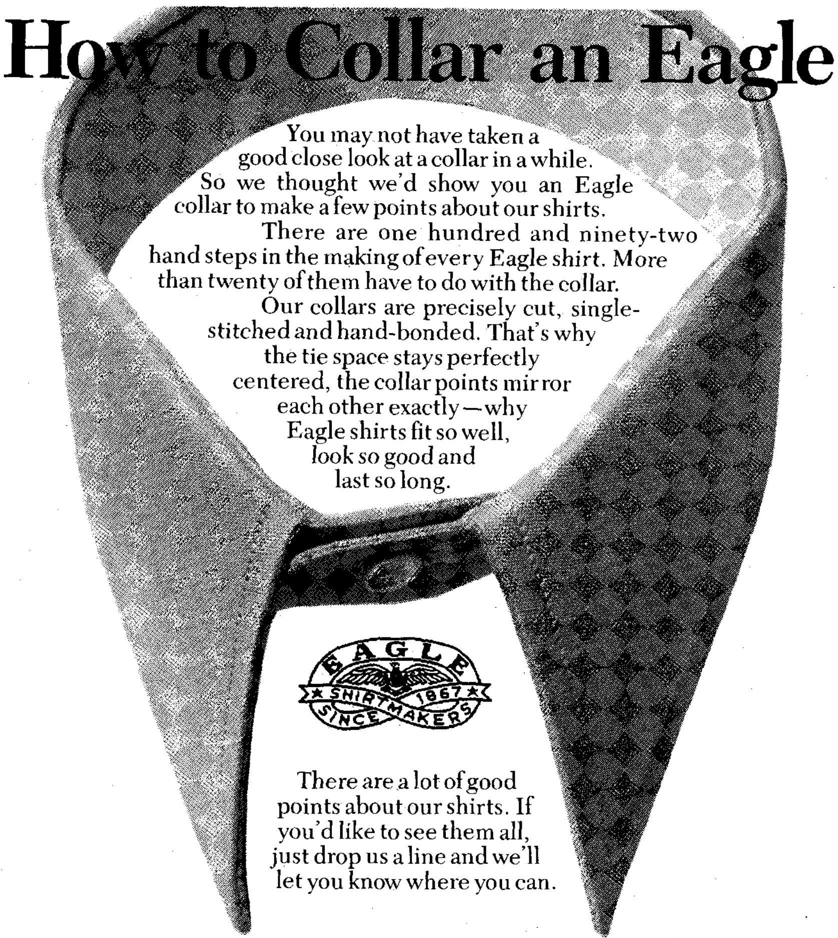

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mayoral race to top a reprise of that event, but so far there has been no talk at City Hall of a parade honoring the Beirut hostages. This doesn't mean that the Mayor hasn't been thinking about terrorism. Two weeks after Cuomo addressed the National Press Club, Koch spoke before the same group. "No great country can allow itself to be humbled, blackmailed, extorted, or reviled," he told the Washington reporters. He urged that in revenge—"notwithstanding the danger to the hostages who are now there or those who have been kidnapped"—the United States take diplomatic, economic, and military action against Lebanon, Iran, and Syria. "We should give notice that we will militarily destroy the city of Baalbek and Kharg Island and its major oil facilities in Iran." As for the Beirut airport, he said, in a TV interview the same day, "I think we should take it out—in other words, militarily destroy it." Bay Rigby's cartoon in the *Post* the next day showed Koch decked out in a two-star general's outfit, playing with toy airplanes, guns, and tanks, in a City Hall situation room. The captioned message, directed at figures—apparently constituents—clustered at the door, was "Sorry, Mayor Koch is too busy with his anti-terrorist hard line to see anybody today." In his Washington speech, Koch made a point of stressing that though "he may have a pleasant face and manner," Shiite leader Nabih Berri must be the object of this nation's revenge along with the other terrorists. President Reagan had no immediate comment on the anti-terrorist actions proposed by New York's mayor, but Nabih Berri had also been on his mind. At the White House meeting of governors late in June, after someone had referred to Cuomo's opposition to the tax-reform plan, the President remarked that he saw a physical resemblance between the Governor of New York and Berri. "Has anyone ever seen the two of them together in the same room?" he asked.

—ANDY LOGAN

•

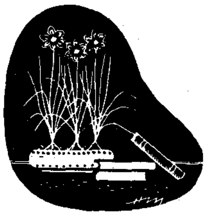
BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From the Washington Post*]

"The Council of Institutional Investors dramatizes the developing consensus among large investors that market forces may offer adequate opportunity to remedy many of the excesses that may not be in the best interest of shareholders," Goldin says. ". . . We would not want the blunt instrument of legislation needlessly to throw the baby out with the bathwater."

BOOKS

Complications

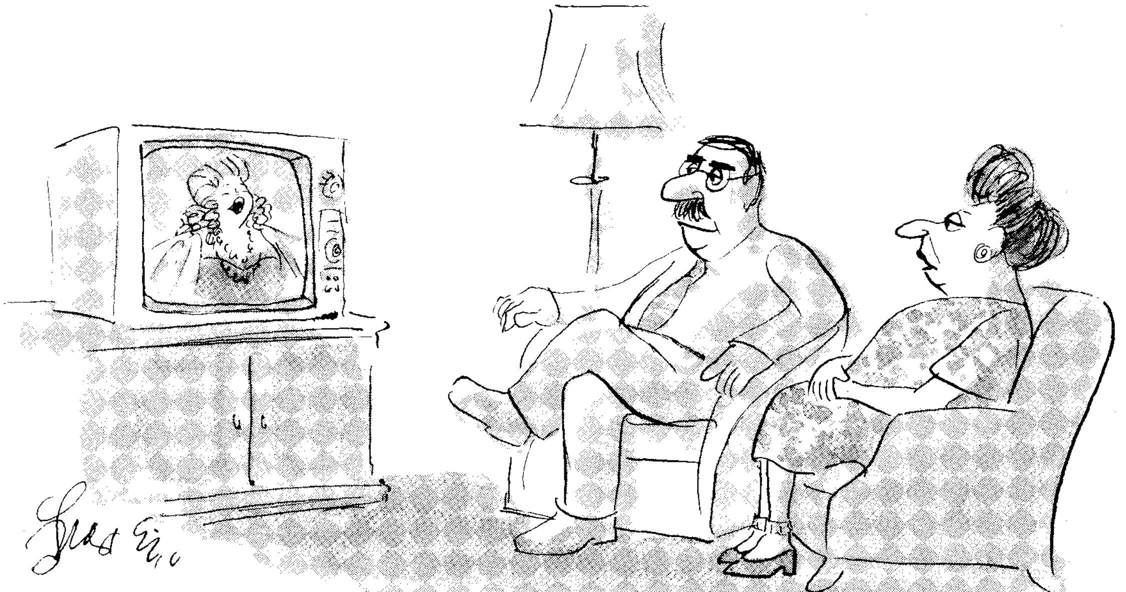


BESIDES human interest and a certain length, a novel ought to offer a certain complication—ingenuity of thought and ripeness of expression that surpasses what the reader has time for or talent. Emotional effectiveness, as a rule, doesn't make up for a shortage of characters and plot and familiar narrative routines. There are no lasting surprises in "Fortune's Daughter" (Putnam; $15.95), by Alice Hoffman, a streamlined tale of two women in distress, plumped up with dreams and portents. Unwed motherhood is the plight under consideration, and the theme is the strengths and weaknesses of maternal feeling. Lila, a gloomy woman of forty-six who works as a fortune-teller, has been mourning for more than twenty years, since her baby daughter was born and immediately taken from her to be adopted by strangers. Rae, young enough to be Lila's daughter, has run away from home with a ne'er-do-well and become pregnant, just as he is heading elsewhere to find himself. Although married (to a paragon of patience), Lila lives like a hermit, mainly in her mind, brooding, dreaming, hallucinating, while Rae, abandoned, grows spunky. However, she, too, is prone to significant dreams. "It was earthquake weather," goes the opening line of the book, "and everyone knew it." The earthquake occurs, of course, about two hundred and thirty pages later, heralding the less predictable turns of the plot.

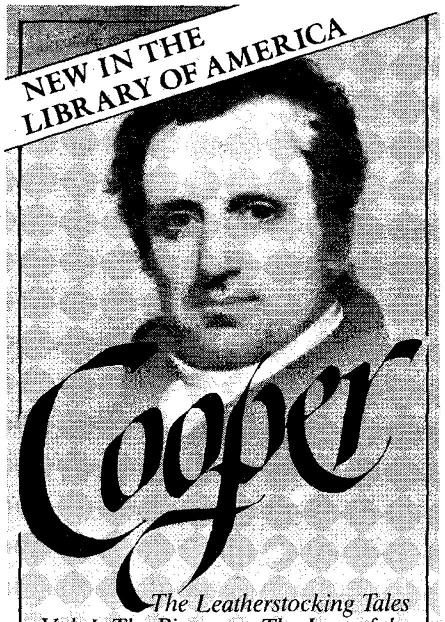
"Fortune's Daughter" is written well; the stories run smoothly alongside one another, propelled by brisk declarative sentences from ominous beginning to sentimental ending. Adverbial phrases insure that shifts back and forth in time are intelligible; e.g., "At first," "That night," "After that," "Late one night, in the middle of a warm, dry winter," "Eight days later," "In the mornings," "In November," "The following week." And Hoffman is an insouciant narrator, explaining what Lila was certain of, what she began to wonder, that she felt perfectly safe; that Rae woke up after five, that she felt like crying, that she couldn't stop herself from imagining the worst. Dialogue is well done, and in the scenes between Rae and her boyfriend there are touches of humor. Hoffman ably exploits the suspense of Rae's pregnancy and of Lila's deep depression, and, with the aid of traditional symbols—the moon, ice, assorted birds and flowers, including blood-red roses—evokes the intense emotions that seize women at turning points in their lives. In its manipulation of meteorological, floral, and other imagery (red shoes, food) to steer a contemporary story in the direction of folklore, "Fortune's Daughter" is reminiscent of the novels of Toni Morrison, but Hoffman lacks the conviction that enables Morrison to introduce flying men and bloomless marigolds into human affairs; her effects are more decorative than persuasive. The observations of the activity of birds and flowers may enhance the poignancy of the circumstances described, and perhaps their universality, but more social information and less botany would have been welcome.

To a susceptible reader, at least, "Fortune's Daughter" is something of a tearjerker. (It is hard to imagine a man reading it beyond the first few pages.) Like the quickly forgotten pain of childbirth, however, which is referred to in the book, the euphoria of Hoffman's ending wears off, leaving the reader with a gullible feeling and certain questions. As though there were hardship enough in the life of a middle-class unwed mother, the difficulties of relationships between women and men are underplayed, and, in contrast to the demonstrated force of maternal instinct in Rae and Lila, the coldness of *their* mothers is presented with little comment. These omissions and others, like the peculiar passivity of Lila's husband, contribute to a finale that suits the moment but not a residual sense of the indefinite and complicated future implied by the book itself. Unlike the end of "Jane Eyre," for example, where "Reader, I married him" is uttered by a woman who has shown herself able to handle anything.

TO impose that legendary quality on a story, it may be necessary to work at some indeterminate distance from the present, as Toni Morrison has usually done, or to create an original time zone, like Denis Johnson in his new novel, "Fiskadoro" (Knopf; $14.95). "Fiskadoro" is an ambitious book, both in its method and in its subject—the end of the world. Could it be, as in Johnson's cyclical



"At least once in my life I'd like to have hit high C."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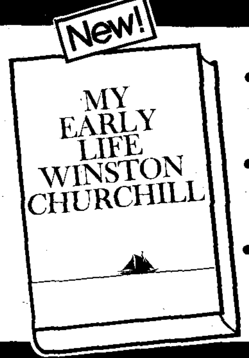

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eschatology, that in a nuclear war two missiles could fall on Key West and fail to go off? Might the descendants of whatever survivors there were be found, sixty years later or so, huddled in small, primitive communities between the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic, speaking in pidgin dialects, living in huts and houses furnished with leftovers, thinking unclearly and remembering in loose ends? Johnson imagines the possibilities and raises the question of whether the people and the place he describes represent a renewal of life on earth (as we more or less understand it) or just a delayed extinction. Despite Johnson's formal acknowledgment of his debt to a number of stately scholars—"students and teachers of humankind"—"Fiskadoro" is not heavy with the weight of its sources (mainly psychological and anthropological treatises) or ponderous as a result of its grim suppositions. His account of an earthly afterlife, or half-life, is constructed as a tale of the past related by a spokesman for a future civilization, who apologizes for its reactionary aspect, saying, "Thinking about the past contributes nothing to the present endeavor," and "Can we help it if sometimes we like to tell stories that want, as their holiest purpose, to excite us with pictures of danger and chaos?" Once past the first few pages, in which there is reference to "the god Quetzalcoatl, the god Bob Marley, the god Jesus," the rather condescending voice of the narrator fades out, and the story is left to speak for itself.

As announced, there are three main characters: Grandmother Wright, one hundred years old, a witness to the end of the world, now too old to tell ("The nearest she came to speech was to form various silences with her lips"); her grandson, known as Mr. Cheung, a middle-aged man who grows sugarcane, plays the clarinet, and struggles to hold on to what he remembers of the past, including the names of the fifty states and the words of the Declaration of Independence; and Fiskadoro, an adolescent native of a fishing village that has replaced an old military base. Identified enigmatically by the narrator as a famous figure, "the only one who was ready when we came," Fiskadoro is portrayed by Johnson as an ordinary restless teen-ager. Having inherited a clarinet ("From a long time . . . grandfather, grandfather, grandfather, like that"), he goes to Mr. Cheung for lessons. Afterward:

> Fiskadoro started toward his home in a frenzy and held onto his briefcase with a sense that it gave out shafts of fire that would blind all his relatives and friends. He would be a member of The Miami Symphony Orchestra. This organization hadn't yet "grown up." The orchestra never gave any performances and didn't get together very often, even for rehearsals. It wasn't widely known of. Fiskadoro had heard of it only recently himself. Just the same he'd tell everybody in his village about it and then it would be famous.
>
> It was several kilometers to the Army, and he was asleep on his feet by the time he got there. Now the fact that he was getting home crowded out of his mind the fact that he'd been somewhere, and he forgot all about his new status.

Although Johnson uses the narrator to frame the story and to indicate an ending, he concentrates on the fractured mentality of his interim society, an assortment of fishermen, housewives, entrepreneurs, and bums, with a handful of scholars and musicians—racially mixed, semiliterate, superstitious, or, as Johnson more objectively describes them, entertaining a variety of religious beliefs: disciples of Voodoo, Bob Marley, and/or Allah, black Israelites, Jimi Hendrix devotees. Through scavengers trading in radiated goods, they are in touch with the area to the north, where "the bodies still just go on and on, and the Lord, as foretold, has crushed the mountains," and to the south, via the intermittent broadcasts of Cubaradio, a bilingual station that features the music of Jimi Hendrix.

Johnson moves through the minds of his characters without judging them or their prospects—describing their lives and the places they live in as they see and understand them, attending their occupied and idle moments:

> They waited in silence. He picked up sand and let it drift away between his fingers. The shapes of the young men, flattened out by the firelight, seemed to shift when the wind plagued the flames. Whenever the drift of smoke turned around and came at a man, he ducked his face thoughtfully into the crook of thumb and finger, covering his eyes and nose with his hand.

In this way, he breaks down the reader's defenses against uncertainty and revives the frightening sense of mystery that is blunted by reliable experience and predictable turns of phrase. With analogies and metaphors that are suggestive but not definitive—sugarcane, for example, and Grandmother's amazing escapes—he suggests questions that have no sure answers: about the destiny of his survivors (what is likely and what each imagines it will be); about the reality and the exact nature of an event like Fiskadoro's initiation ceremony, from which he emerges both like and unlike other men; about the importance of remembering the past, compared with forgetfulness, which in one case releases musical talent and the ability to read. Are there really Cubans, fellow-survivors, ninety miles away, broadcasting and biding their time? Is there really a future or only lingering death, spread by the enterprising scavengers, who may represent human curiosity turned against itself, ultimately destructive? What kind of future? The introductory voice seems to speak for a complacent theocracy—"Thanked be the compassion and mercy of Allah"—and belittles the significance of the story. But by the end the voice is forgotten—thanked be the prose and ingenuity of Denis Johnson—and the reader has landed with Cheung, Fiskadoro, and all the rest, waiting silently on the beach for something from the "place out there beyond the end of all thought" to take shape.

—SUSAN LARDNER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

IF NOT NOW, WHEN?, by Primo Levi, translated from the Italian by William Weaver, with an introduction by Irving Howe (Summit; $15.95). "*Gruppo*, lovely signora. Group. *Sempre* together. Russia, Polandia. March. Forest, river, snow. Dead Germans. Many. We *partizani*, all of us, *porca miseria*. No DP. We, war, *partizanka*. All soldiers, *madosha*. Women, too." With these macaronic words, a Jewish-Russian partisan at a refugees'-assistance center in Milan sums up his, and his thirty-four comrades', last several years. It is August, 1945: the end of the war in Europe, and the end of this remarkable novel, which was inspired, as Mr. Levi explains in an afterword, by testimony heard by a friend who worked in that center at that time. The story begins in July, 1943, and focusses on a partisan band named for its leader, Gedaleh, which has incorporated into its marching song the line "If not now, when?"—part of the saying of Rabbi Hillel that begins, "If I am not for myself, who will be for me?" The Gedalists' route is westward, across Poland, in pace, more or less, with the Allied front, and their mission is to ambush retreating German forces while dodging refugees and partisans who may be anti-Semitic as well as anti-German. That so many of the Gedalists survive is almost miraculous, but Mr. Levi makes it clear that the band's victories are not miracles. A watchmender, for instance, mends a steam locomotive because he understands gears; a ploy involving pumpkins succeeds because Gedaleh understands, all too well, how the German mind works. The Gedalists' survival is explained by another of Rabbi Hillel's lines: "If I am for myself alone, what am I?"

SHORT OF GLORY, by Alan Judd (Viking; $15.95). The choice of dust-jacket art—a David Hockney painting titled "Still Life Taj Hotel Bombay 1977," featuring a British Airways luggage tag dangling from an attaché case—makes increasing sense as the plot of this novel set in South Africa thickens, because it is as much about caste and class as it is about apartheid. Early in the story, the British ambassador, the absent-minded possessor of a knighthood and a Jaguar, tells the hero, a Grade Nine newcomer to the Foreign Office, that South Africa needs a Waugh. "With whom?" a middle-echelon official wonders. By the end, that question is answered, but South Africa proves more resistant to Alan Judd's attempts at humor, which include a black gardener-butler getting stuck in a kitchen serving hatch, and a diplomat, somewhat tipsy, falling into a swimming pool.

GENERAL

A TRAVELLER IN ROMANCE: UNCOLLECTED WRITINGS 1901-1964, by Somerset Maugham, edited by John Whitehead (Clarkson Potter; $16.95). The writings in this book—which range from prefaces, a scrap done for a souvenir program, and brief book reviews to short stories, essays, and extended magazine articles—bring back to us, twenty years after his death, the somewhat murmurous tones of the Master's voice. Maugham writes of England at war, and of the United States, where he came in the early nineteen-forties, and of the alliance that he hoped would save the world for civilization. He writes of paintings he has liked, of the art and craft of the storyteller, of people he has admired (Peter Arno, Gladys Cooper, Dorothy Parker, the Aga Khan),

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and of himself: as a young playwright, as a middle-aged and hugely successful novelist, as what he called an "old party" in his mid-sixties, and as a truly old party of eighty and—in an interview full of resignation, and even agony—of ninety.

WITH ALL DISRESPECT, by Calvin Trillin (Ticknor & Fields; $14.95). A second collection of the columns that Mr. Trillin writes for *The Nation*. This one begins in January, 1982, and it finds him in full cry after the more egregious absurdities of the new politics; some of his most barbed, and funniest, pieces are aimed at the White House staff and at the intellectual capacities of Ronald Reagan. There are, as well, examples of Mr. Trillin's ability to start an essay on a down-to-earth subject—like, say, wearing a tuxedo—and take off into the pure serene of the surreal. He can also be pithy: "When someone reaches middle age, people he knows begin to get put in charge of things, and knowing what he knows about the people who are being put in charge of things scares the hell out of him."

MYSTERY AND CRIME

SWEET JUSTICE, by Jerry Oster (Harper & Row; $13.95). We are brought to immediate attention here by a stunning (and gory) anticipation of Bernhard Goetz. A moment later, we are given an indelible glimpse of a man-eating television star in action, followed quickly by her murder. A black drug dealer from Detroit is found shot to death in Harlem. The blood continues to flow, and it soon becomes apparent that these several murders are assassinations, and that they are somehow related, and that, furthermore, they have their roots in the Vietnam War. The investigation is directed by the homicide team of Jake Neuman and Bobby Redfield, and it couldn't have been handled by anyone else. Annie Dillard will be interested to know that a paperback edition of her "Pilgrim at Tinker Creek" provides them with a valuable clue.

•

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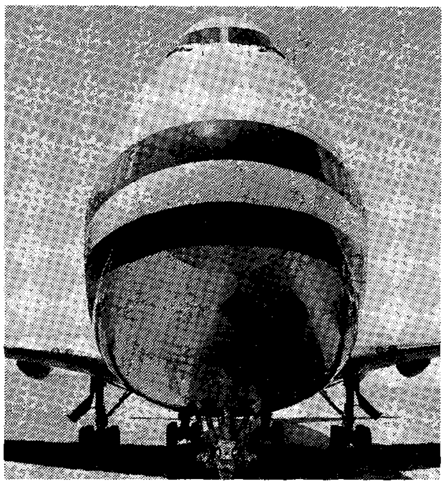
[*From the Honolulu Advertiser*]

The 77-year-old developer said there will be 11 types of houses in the Florida development. "This project is going to represent an awful lot of mistakes we've learned from in the past," he said.



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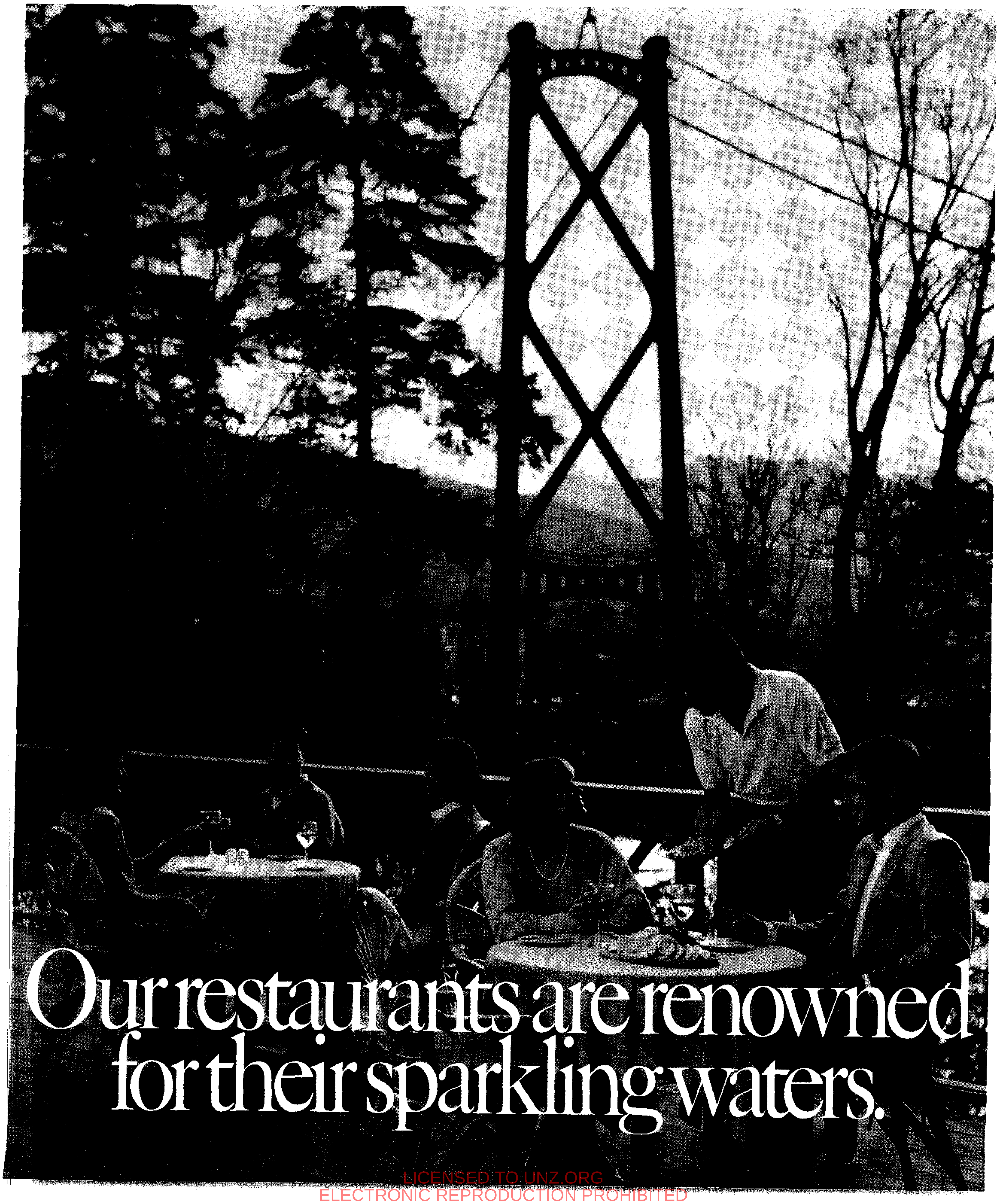

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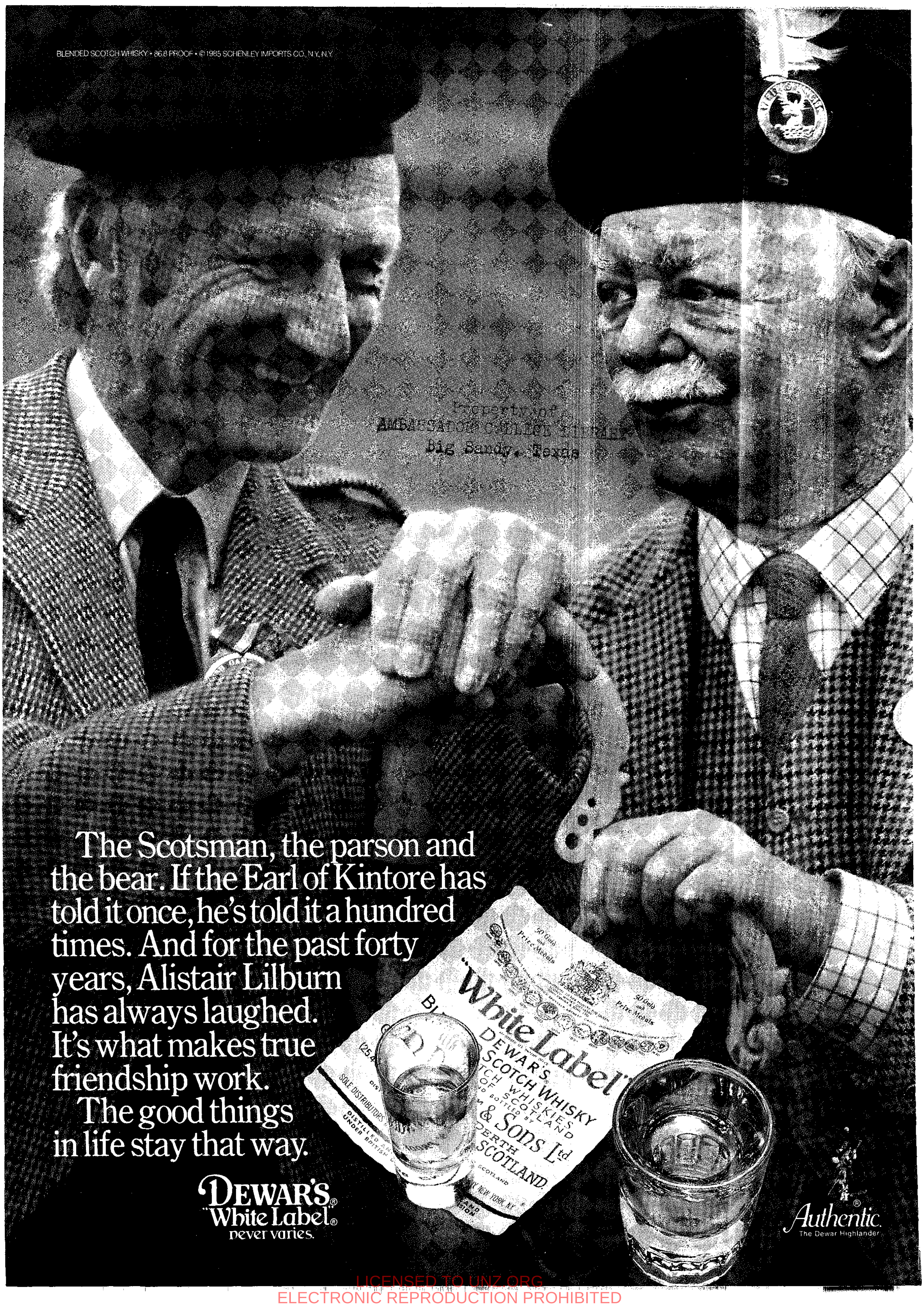
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